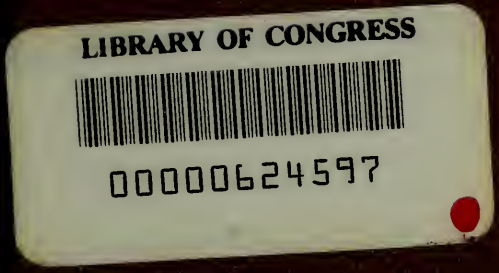
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THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

WE FOUR.

WHERE WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW IN EUROPE.

BY

MISS L. L. REES.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

J. H. PAYNE.

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1880.

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TO OUR

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS IN AMERICA,

Who wish to know our impressions of our first trip to Europe, this little volume is respectfully

DEDICATED;

It being a truthful account of a visit paid to Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Belgium, and a portion of Germany.

ONE OF THE FOUR.

PHILADELPHIA, 1879.

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WE FOUR:

WHERE WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW IN EUROPE.

PART FIRST.

DEPARTING.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

THE Centennial Exposition—the glorious triumph of '76 and Philadelphia—was over; the immigration of country friends had ceased; the exodus of foreigners had commenced; and a dulness fell upon us like the plague of darkness that had fallen upon Egypt when their *foreigners wanted* to return to their own country. Suffering as we did from this terrible spirit of unrest, we looked around, seeking something to occupy our minds, and there, before us, was Utopia,—the most magnificent of cities,—the Paradise of the earth, as Monsieur A., with all a Frenchman's vivacity of appropriate gestures, said, "I kiss my hand to thee, Paris, *la belle ville!*"

Yes! to quiet that perturbed spirit we decided to visit the Exposition to be held in Paris in 1878, and planned and anticipated and talked, while our friends looked scornfully on and concluded it would all end in plans, anticipation, and talk. But we patiently bided our time. "Who is meant by *We?*" I hear somebody ask. Allow us to introduce ourselves. *We* are four. That tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed lady is Artemis; the slender, brown-eyed, low-voiced one is Clio;

the stout, lively damsel, who was dubbed by the captain of the outbound steamer as the "jolliest woman on board," is called Pomona; the shortest of the party answers to Erato. We four called a meeting to consider the question of going to Europe, which question was decided in the affirmative by a unanimous vote. This being disposed of, the next question before the meeting was a more serious one, as to what line the party would commit their precious selves; so the society went into a committee of the whole to discuss the relative merits of the various steamers brought before them, by means of circulars, for investigation. All carrying grain were to be ignored; those who made the passage in about eight days were eyed askance; so, after much careful scrutiny, the committee decided on trusting themselves to the National Line, as being slow and sure, although we do not mean to imply that safety is a natural result of slowness, nor that slowness is the handmaiden of sureness. The motion was carried. The National Line steamers are large,—from the bow to the stern constitutes a walk for an appetite,—their progress is consequently a more steady one; so the quartette were to be carried to Europe, starting on the 26th of June, by the Canada. But the 26th of June dawned beautifully for us, far out "on the ocean," steaming,—for companies keep to themselves an individual right, and that is the privilege of changing their mind, which liberty resulted in the Canada starting from Pier 39, foot of Houston Street, New York, on the 18th of June.

Oh, the rain, the rain! how the crystal drops bedewed the ground on the 17th of June! Were the clouds weeping for our departure, as with heavy waterproof cloaks, heavy satchels, heavy umbrellas, but with light hearts, we took the Bound Brook route for New York? New York, in contrast to Philadelphia, gives one an impression of a foreign city until one sees those of the old world; and then, New York

stands out in bold relief as one of the busiest metropolises of the *new*.

Cities, like people, have their important characteristics,—landscapes have features and personalities, so while we recognize our friend's face among a multitude of strange countenances, so we can individualize cities as distinct from one another. "The clouds that had lowered over our house" in Philadelphia brooded not over New York, and the morning of the 18th of June wore her robes of golden hue, instead of the dun-colors of the day before.

Shall we ever forget the feeling of bidding *good-by* to one's own land and friends with the consciousness of departing for one unknown, and to strangers, even if it be but for a little while? What lay before us on that trackless ocean? What snares in those vast thoroughfares of London and Paris? What fell disease was lurking for us in the highways and byways of that unknown land of Europe? We knew not,—but God knew, and into His hands we committed ourselves and our future. How strange to look around at our fellow-passengers and imagine what we should find them to be when we knew them better,—to imagine which were husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and friend! But hark! a bell warns us that we must say "good-by" to those dear ones who had come to see us off into a *brief existence on the ocean wave*. Adieux were uttered, the anchor hoisted, and amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs we steamed off down the bay. Those figures on the wharf grew smaller to our sight in the distance until they resembled marionettes, and we looked around for some new object of excitement to take the place of vanished friends. It came in a pleasant form too: to write a letter to those same friends,—their first letter to be received from sea,—and we to send it by the hands of our pilot, who leaves us at Sandy Hook, and then the last apparent link which bound us to America would be severed. But *we*

four, in our ignorance, had never thought of this pleasant episode, and so were unprovided with postal cards or stamps; but a lady on board, who had travelled before, and came provided, put the remainder of her cards at our disposal in such a kind manner that we could not refuse them. We received suggestions as to what to say to our friends from one of the officers,—a fair specimen of the English seaman, florid and weather-beaten, but with a low voice and kindly manner that told of the sailor's warm heart. "Tell your friends," said he, "that there was no wind but plenty of weather." Then he eulogized the vessel in which he had the honor of sailing. We asked him why we had never heard of the staunch vessel before in such glowing terms. "Because we never have an accident to make us known; ill news travels fast, but the Canada, always carrying good tidings, travels slowly."

But our postal cards were written, and the last shore-friend we had was sailing away from us, when we realized that we were out on the broad ocean as we looked at Erato. Her naturally pale countenance was reflecting the green tinge of the waves mixed with the yellow sunlight, and by the manner in which she held her handkerchief to her mouth told us that a certain squeamishness was arising at this, her first adventure on the briny deep. Suddenly she disappeared from the smiling deck to the gloom of the cabin below, and there she remained for three days. No kind attentions from her three companions, no assiduous waiting from the stewardess, could arouse her from her state of despondency, from the abject misery in which she imagined she lay; and, as her mind reverted to those who had said they envied her the trip to Europe, she wished they were only there to share her first bitter experience of a European tour. But the wheels of time moved slowly, and when the ship's surgeon sent a verbal message by Pomona that he "could do nothing for the invalid, that she must go up on deck if she wanted to get

well; *that* was the only remedy for sea-sickness," the *invalid's* indignation was aroused. "Go on deck!" Unfeeling doctor! while the limbs were weak, the head hot with fever, the pulse beating rapidly, the stomach loathing food; *on deck*, indeed, in the very sight of those remorseful waves that swallow up the smallest mouthful one tries to take,—*on deck!* "I shall go on deck or die in the attempt!" was the thrilling determination of Erato, and, wrapping her cloak and nubia about her, she, with Clio, who was also feeling—well, decidedly weak, managed to reach the companion-way, where the *friendly* and strong hands of gentlemen bore them the rest of the way. "Where are they placing us?" was the mental question as we were comfortably seated under the shadow of a stack of hay and corn, which we learned afterward was stored there for the accommodation of the cattle and horses with which the vessel was freighted.

"Now, imagine yourselves in the country and get well," came to our ears from a motherly voice that belonged to one of those lovely women whose only mission is to do good. I often wonder if, when she gathers her group of five children around her in her Canadian home, she ever thinks of those who gave their hearts to her beneath the haystack.

How rapidly convalescence sets in! how good the soup, beef-tea, crackers and cheese, and, above all, how deliciously the strawberries tasted when eaten, away from the odors of the kitchen! How the sunbeams sparkled upon the white-capped waves, which murmured greetings as they danced around our noble steamer! Mother Carey's chickens flew around us; we watched the bright shoals of porpoises, and laughed at their curious movements; rumors of spouting whales seen at a distance reached us, and a rush was made to the side of the vessel to see, for everything was novel, and we were well enough now to enjoy the novelty, and yet I could not exclaim with Byron, "I love thee, Ocean!" The breakers,

dashing their foamy arms in air in mockery of our art-work of time in contrast with their eternity, awed me into quietude; but I can cling to nature like child to a mother in the midst of the forest, where the wind murmurs through the grand old trees, murmurs its story of the past over and over again; or on the mountain's side, whose peak is lost in the azure of the skies; or where the rivers, streams, and cascades are merry with their rippling waters, not like the sullen dash of the boundless ocean!

If one is a student of human nature, an interesting volume is opened before him on shipboard. There may be disguises by the tailor or the coiffeur, profession or standing in society may be hidden, but the natural disposition, the every-day trait, will manifest itself in a two weeks' sojourn on shipboard. And if one had opportunities of noting the peculiarities of the steerage passengers, we could well say that a vessel is a mimic world, and every trait of character, as well as nationality, is represented on it. In our walks to the bow of the vessel, where the motion is least perceptible and where either sunrise or sunset is witnessed with a brighter effulgence, and where the waves dash the highest and the wind blows the fiercest, we noticed a woman with a little child,—a girl with a sweet, clean face, that was very attractive. A smile and pleasant word to the child soon won the mother's heart, and she told us her simple story: her husband had obtained work in his own country, and had sent for her to return and bring her household goods with her. She had taken passage for herself and child on the same vessel with her furniture, and which had sailed on Saturday for Liverpool; but, as she naïvely remarked, "In our country the steamers never start on time, so I thought it would be the same way here, and I reached the wharf just five minutes after the hour published, and saw the vessel going off, and we had nothing with us but the clothes on our backs; all my things are aboard the Erin. The

company were very good to me; they telegraphed to my husband in Liverpool that I would start on the next Wednesday for London." I might as well mention here, by way of parenthesis, that the judgment uttered by the poor woman on the punctuality of the English steamers was a correct one, and we, from our experience, can say the same of the ever-varying time-table of the railroads. As the passengers began to recuperate and, consequently, to become more social, plans by which amusement could be gained were on foot,—mere singing and playing the piano, although entertaining for the time, wearied on the taste, so a mock trial for breach of promise was decided upon. The plaintiff and defendant were a lady and gentleman from Philadelphia, but for the time being, the first had a vegetable stall, or in her own parlance, "sold *garden sass*," while the recreant lover was a dealer in oysters and fish. The lawyers were personated by gentlemen from England, New York, and Michigan; the judge was a lawyer from Pennsylvania; the crier of the court also claimed Philadelphia as his home, and the jury was composed of the rest of the gentlemen passengers, who would take part. The foreman of the jury occasioned bursts of laughter by his absurd questions, as the defendant's lawyer also did by his legal quibbles.

The trial was abruptly brought to a termination (as on shipboard every amusement must be short) in a very easy manner. Ridiculous love-letters were produced in court, which were said to have been carried backwards and forwards by a boy. The boy was not to be found, so the court adjourned until he could be procured and brought in as a witness, and so ended one very amusing evening, and Miss Georgiana Clementina Scroggins, the plaintiff, Mr. Thomas Titmouse, the defendant; Mrs. Deborah Betty Tadpole, Miss Anna Maria Simpkins, and Mrs. Wilhelmina Sauerkraut, witnesses for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Grubb, Flipkins, and Grouse,

the lawyers, together with the twelve jurymen with jaw-breaking names, retired into the circle of society from which they had sprung.

Another evening amusement and one of the regular ones on the National Line is a concert given for the benefit of the Liverpool Sailors' Orphan Asylum, so we mustered up the talent that was scattered about so loosely, and, we flatter ourselves, managed to have a very fine programme. Two lady vocalists, professional, with exquisite voices, gave us sweet melody. The purser (why is it that pursers always sing?) gave solos, as also did other gentlemen, while choruses enlivened the repertoire. Professor Charles Whitney, of Binghamton, New York, a distinguished elocutionist and a hale, fine-looking old gentleman (travelling with Mr. E. Mason, of Philadelphia), entertained us with recitations, both humorous and pathetic. Two young ladies also gave, one a reading, the other a recitation. The first was an original poem, and was very well received by the audience, but we will let the programme tell its own story.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture on the Piano. Mrs. Dr. Moore.
2. Song—"Grandfather's Clock." Mr. A. H. Pilley.
3. Recitation—"A Ballad of Sir John Franklin." Prof. Charles Whitney.
4. Song—"Good-By, Sweetheart." Mr. McIntosh.
5. Recitation—"The Curfew." Miss Converse.
6. Duet—"Hail, Smiling Morn." Mrs. Littlehale, Mr. McIntosh.
7. Recitation—"First Sight of a Woman." Prof. Charles Whitney.
8. Song—"Hannah at the Window binding Shoes." Mrs. Anna P. Sears.
9. Address. Rev. Dr. Morrell, of New York.
10. A Plea for the Orphans. Read by the Authoress.
11. Piano Solo by Miss Simpson. Collection.
12. Recitation—"Speech of Wolf Jim in the Missouri Legislature." Prof. Charles Whitney.
13. Sleighing Chorus. By the Young Ladies.
14. Song—"The Warrior Bold." Mr. J. J. Perkins.

15. Recitation—"Charge of the Light Brigade." PROF. CHARLES WHITNEY.

A PLEA FOR THE ORPHAN ASYLUM AT LIVERPOOL.

Father of fatherless, to thee we cry,
Touch, touch each heart to move in sympathy
With Thee in Thy great acts; frail though we be,
A likeness still, imperfect though, to Thee!
Thou lov'st all Thy works in harmony to move,
Each pulse to beat with Thy Great Heart of Love,
And so, what seemeth evil is Thy glorious plan,
To wake diviner thoughts in erring man.
Thou brought'st *this* work to us; the orphan's cry
To heed, and every tear-washed cheek to dry.
To read the loneliness that haunts the soul
When sorrow's billows o'er her treasures roll,
And washes them away; while sad despair
Finds in the sterile rock her secret lair;
Our work to lure her from her mourning seat,
And Thy rich promises ever to repeat.
To teach the boundless Love that in its hand
Carries the waters, and each shining sand
That glistens on the shore; reflects each star
That from the darkness gazes not more far
Than we, to learn the height, the depth of the vast mind
Of Thine, who came to this sad earth to find
Thy children; yes, e'en in their darkest hour
Of pain, they felt Thy mighty power.
And should we, then, turn sternly, coldly by,
Saved by the same Hand, from that piteous cry
That rises up to Heaven like martyrs' song,
That piteous lay, "*How long, O God, how long?*"
Look! warm-hearted men on every side,—
The gallant crew, their glorious country's pride,
Beset with dangers hid, yet braving all;
So firm in action, prompt at duty's call!
Then, to the memory of the sailor dead,
Let's think of those who sit with bowed head
And mourning robes,—so wan with grief,—
And come with open hands to their relief;
For *Pure Religion* bids us be a part
Of the life-current from the Greater Heart.

The entertainment concluded by the singing by the passengers of "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

A Sabbath on shipboard,—how peaceful it was! It was one of those beautiful June mornings, and we imagined our friends sitting in the soft summer light in their respective churches, and we felt that their spirits were blending with ours in the unison of prayer. How solemn the sweet words of that dear old English liturgy! and although not read by one in consecrated canonicals, yet we know it needs no outward observance for the human heart to reach the divine. At the close of the sacred service, Professor Charles Whitney was called upon to recite the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles,—"Paul's Defence before King Agrippa." No longer before us stood our companion of the voyage,—it was Paul, pleading,—telling, in all self-abasement, the errors of his early life; explaining in all humility, his Christian experience; urging in all modesty, the conversion of those around him, until he reaches the climax of his oration, and, with his fettered arms outspread, says: "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." So graphically was this rendered, that before the nobleness of the apostle we could see the cowering figures of the two royal sinners, and the "Almost thou persuadest me" trembling on King Agrippa's tongue.

But we had some incidents that were not programmed, and afforded us amusement from the very nature of the surprise they gave us. One afternoon, while a party of ladies and gentlemen were clustered together, some on chairs, others stretched out on rugs on the deck, some reading, others writing, and all laughing and talking, a wave, a mocking, treacherous wave, threw itself upon us, and as we rushed away from its moist embrace, chuckled a gleeful chuckle at our discom-

fiture as it receded. A certain fellow-passenger will never forget his impromptu salt-bath when he was enjoying a view of the boundless ocean from the bow of the vessel, nor will he perhaps forget the amusement he gave us all by his exaggerated account of the billow that washed the deck.

We had also a party of school-girls on board from an institute near Boston, under the charge of Professor B. and wife, and they brought with them the pent-up fun of the last six months, and it evaporated during their voyage. Their girlish voices were often heard in the beautiful melodies of Sankey, and the captain invariably styled them the "Sweet Bye and Byes." One day, under the superintendence of Captain H., a retired sea-captain, these young ladies hoisted a sail, while the crew stood back and watched the performance. The song, to which their manual movement was an accompaniment, was something after this fashion:

"Were you ever down in Baltimore?
Fire down below!
Dancing on the sandy shore?
Fire down below!

"Chorus.—I'll pull this time,
But I'll pull no more;
Fire down below!
Pay me my money
And I'll go ashore,
Fire down below!

"Were you ever in Mobile Bay?
Fire down below!
Picking cotton by the day?
Fire down below!"

There were several more stanzas appertaining to other seaports of the United States, but as Captain H. was an improvisatore, and varied his solos to suit himself, the two I have given are a fair sample of the rest. One evening the young

ladies had a good romp in the way of playing "*tag*"; but we do not think one of the gentlemen participants in it will consider "*tag*" in the future as a very good after-dinner recreation, as his sudden adjournment to the side of the vessel and his anxious gazing into the depths below testified to his uneasiness of soul.

We had quite a treat one lovely summer afternoon. Most all the passengers were on deck, for sea-sickness had flapped its wings like a gull and flown away, but we were all in the *dolce far niente* mood, and lay basking in the glowing sunlight. The shuffle-board had lost its attractions for the gentlemen, and lounging by the side of the ladies seemed to have superseded it, when the treat I spoke of disturbed the serenity of the half-sleeping passengers.

Here comes the cabin-boy, a veritable Ganymede, with a large salver covered with a white napkin, and on the snowy ground reposed molasses candy done up in packages, which packages were handed to the ladies with the captain's compliments. How we enjoyed it!—a change from the sugar-plums which we had brought from home,—and then to share with the gentlemen, and have the exquisite pleasure of seeing our neighbor as ourselves, with smeared lips and sticky fingers!

But we were now approaching Great Britain and entering into stratas of rain,—the distinguishing feature of an English climate, which gave to us another treat; but this appealed to the eye, not to the taste, to the heart, and not to the stomach. It was a rainbow just at sunset, spanning the waters from horizon to horizon,—just such a bow as Noah must have seen over that lonely waste of waters, and the promise made to the patriarch seemed more impressive to us on this boundless ocean. We stood enwrapt before the magnificent spectacle; hardly any one dared to break the silence by a word until Erato said, "I have been thinking of the legend which says 'that a golden cup is at the bottom of the ocean, and some

day the rainbow will draw it up. Whoever is fortunate enough to seize it at that precious moment insures the wealth of all this world for his own for the future,' and I was moralizing on the enigmatical construction of all those legends, that Orientalists only learned truths through the medium of the principal senses; thought in itself was but an attendant to the eye."

"Why not give us a poem on the rainbow, Erato?" asked Clio, as the two girls stood in the stern of the vessel gazing at the arc above them.

"Yes, I shall, Clio, and consider it as dedicated to you for the happy thought. And yet, it seems so far beyond my reach, so vast, so infinite in grandeur, that my feeble thought cannot grasp it. But I will try, and angels can do no more," was added, sententiously.

L'ARC-EN-CIEL.

"Arching the world of waters with its tinted rays,
Sweet symbol of the promise of the ancient days,
We greet the glowing view,
Reflecting from the sky to sea the mystic seven,
Giving the sevenfold word to earth from heaven,
Unchangeable and true.

"No deluge e'er again shall overwhelm the world,
God's flag of truce is in the sky unfurled,—
We greet the hallowed sight.
The water waves the tinted signal back,
A golden radiance lingers on its track
Until it fades to white.

"When sorrow's storms across our pathway roll,
Affliction's tempests overwhelm the soul,
With all their surging wrath,
Across the troubled waters comes the bow,
Heaven's own hallowed glory bending low,
To show the holy path.

"We thank thee, Father, for this sign of love,—
Another link to bind our hearts above,
A link in mercy given,—

And may the rainbow in its beauty form
A promised arch across each earthly storm,
A sacred bridge to heaven!"

"There, Clio," said Erato, as she handed the above in manuscript, "that is for you, as you kindly gave the suggestion."

"Thanks, Erato." And very soon, like the "Plea for the Orphans," the little poem was jotted down in several note-books. May we all, who witnessed together that beauteous bow of promise, be among the ransomed ones who surround the great white throne upon which "he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald."

One evening, the pedestrians of the deck (boulevards, as we termed it) were attracted by a group around the stairway leading to the officers' quarters. The centre of the group was the second mate, a man who had endeared himself to all the passengers by his kindly qualities of heart and manner. He was full of jokes and tricks, and was now entertaining his audience by sundry mathematical, scientifical, and simple puzzles, and with wondrous tales.

"I can tell you how much money you have in your pocket, miss," he said to a young lady who was passing, leaning on the arm of her escort.

"That will be very easily done, Mr. F.," she responded, laughing.

"Ah, you have none, then; but I want to show you that I can tell." So, looking around, he found a gentleman who became a willing victim to the officer's jokes. That poor man took his money from the pocket at his right side to that at his left, transported it to his coat-tail pockets, then to his vest pockets, then to his hat, first from one hand to the other, until, his patience being near exhausted and both hands full of small change, Mr. F. quietly informed him

that "there was no money in his pockets." The relative merits of the English and American flags being up for discussion, and the beauty of the latter being extolled by those who lived under it, "Your flag," said Mr. F.; "why, it is made up of *minus* marks; nothing but subtraction, while the English contains the two signs of *plus*, which mean increase and multiply."

"But," answered Clio, "you must remember that we did one very grand example in subtraction when we subtracted our nation from Great Britain, so our flag bears minus marks in honor of our victory. What became of your plus marks then?" But a dead silence fell on all after this query, and it remains unanswered to this day.

"The sails we see on the ocean
Are as *white* as *white* can be;
But the sails we see in the harbor
Are never as white as at sea."

So recited Clio, leaning over the railing of the vessel watching those snowy birds of passage coming to us, those carrier-birds on the ocean of hopes and fears, loves and hates, wealth and poverty; on they come, birds of art, specimens of man's skill, yet none the less under God's care, as the little sparrow which "shall not fall on the ground without your Father." We landsfolks soon learned to detect the calling of those different vessels which we met on our route, and we were much interested in the mode of telegraphy adopted on sea, by which communications can be held. With most of those which we met the signals were perfectly correct, and it seemed sad after an introduction to see the vessel sailing off on the far ocean, never to cross *our* paths, at least, again. One brig was very desirous of imparting some information; anyhow, she put on an appearance of anxiety, for her signals were incorrect or unreadable, and she, too, sailed away from us enveloped in mystery.

Men of business often use the misnomer *curiosity* for the interest that women take in that which appears to their more absorbed minds as the petty affairs of life, never thinking that the monotonous round of home-duties would wear upon the wife's spirits were it not for the outlet her feelings can have in sympathy and interest in her neighbors. It is true, it may descend into prying and scandal-monging, but it is not the want of *occupation* that makes the gossip, but the want of *education*, which would give the mind a new direction and the talents a new field. Even these very men of business, of whom we spoke, were attracted by the petty items of life on shipboard. Without the daily paper to read, he must look around for something fresh with which to regale himself; novels could not take the place of the morning press. How well-thumbed became the London papers, the great treat of the Channel pilots, to us poor travellers, who had watched the log every day and carefully noted in our tiny books—latitude and longitude—how many miles we had gone and the state of the weather! But one day we had to record the death of a horse; with what interest many of the passengers watched the ascension of the carcass from its late stall to be descended to one in the mermaids' stables! And we gazed at the animal as it floated away as if we believed in the immortality of the brute creation, and some day, perchance, we might see it again. Ah! it was only one of the few breaks in the monotony of sea-life. While the horse gave food to the fishes it also afforded a topic for conversation, that of ship funerals. One sad incident was told of a wealthy Irishman returning to his native land, there to breathe his last sigh and lay his bones among his own people. Within two hundred miles of the Irish coast his spirit departed, and the remains, instead of lying beneath the sods of the Emerald Isle, found their home within the green depths of the ocean.

We, too, are nearing land, and in every heart rises the feeling of anxiety; so near the goal, will we reach it in safety? Have we crossed the ocean, with not a sail often in sight, to be lost with the very land-breezes blowing upon us? God only knows, and we are not beyond His knowledge.

"Erato, when are we to see the sun rise?"

"Let us endeavor to rise *to-morrow* morning betimes."

For our wanting to see the sun rise had become a standing joke with our two compatriots, as we had made resolves every night only to be broken the next morning and we not out of our berths when the first bell rung. We had an idea, and we found it substantiated, that the deck was a very sloppy concern early in the morning.

"Why do you wake us up so early with such a noise over heads?" Pomona inquired of a sailor.

"We're 'oly-stonen the deck, ma'am," was the reply.

"I am sure we can dispense with your 'oly stone,' if it is always so disturbing."

A merry twinkle was in his eye as he answered, "I think the passengers hought to complain."

"Oh, no; we can submit to regulations if they are necessary." But as we moved off we saw the man's countenance change as he found how ineffectual was his manœuvre to have a stop put to "'oly-stonen" the deck.

"What kind of a morning is it, Artemis? for I do not feel like getting up."

"Cloudy," was the reply from her point of observation,—the upper berth, by the port-hole. "The sun will rise sulky. What's that man stamping for above us?"

"That's our signal, I suppose, from Mr. F. But he may stamp his boots off, shall he not, Clio, before we get up so early this dull morning?"

"Yes; if there's no *gorgeous sunrise*, what's the use of

getting up at three o'clock in the morning? That signal has given me the headache."

> "She cometh not, he said:
> And then below he went, to bed."
> (*Slightly altered from Tennyson.*)

"I waited for you," said Mr. F., "for I had coffee made expressly for you."

"Ah, that's too bad!" we cried, in one breath. "And was that you stamping so furiously?"

"Yes; did I wake you?"

"No, we were awake before; but the other passengers, whom you did wake, blessed you softly before closing their eyes to sleep again."

"Shall I knock, then, to-morrow morning?"

"No, sir; if you call that noise knocking we will hear no more of it. Why, you'll have everybody on deck at that rate; we will wake in time."

Yes, we did wake in time, and with comfortable wraps stole quietly to the deck. The cleaning had not yet begun. The watch were still at their posts. Intently the man at the lookout was gazing far into the gray horizon. We, at our station to the larboard,—and anxiously, too,—gazed into that misty horizon. Cloudland formed itself into many shapes as we watched; at length it became a long stretch of woodland on a slight eminence; from it the land sloped to the water's edge. Beyond this woodland a delicate pink hue was suffusing the landscape; surely that was the herald of the morning sun. Yes, rising from that roseate bed, encircled by a halo of glory, he comes,—the King of Day. We had witnessed sunrise on the ocean. But there was no coffee for us this time; so, chilly and sleepy, we crept down to our state-room. How glad we will be when once again on *terra firma!* Poor Pomona! no sleep visited her eyelids; even

opiates had not the desired effect. How could she sleep when she felt, every night, like a clock must feel—if clocks could give expression to their sensations—while being wound up. Did not that propeller screw itself into her spine as if she was a piece of mechanism, to be manipulated according to theory? Did not the rotary and oscillatory motions in that state-room far exceed any manifestations that could be given at a spiritual séance? Did not one watch one's feet soaring far above the horizontal plane upon which one is supposed to be lying, and feel conscious that a rush of blood to the head must certainly be the consequence? Did we not have a hearty laugh at Artemis and Pomona, pirouetting in the latest fashionable glide on our cabin floor? and when they gave us the old style, "forward two, and back to places," in measured time to the music of the machinery, we concluded to put a "*shingle*" out of our state-room door: "*Dancing taught here in all its branches.*"

But the cry of "Land! land!" resounds from the upper berth, and Monday morning, July 1, is memorable for giving us our first view of the shores of Old England. Centuries ago there had been woods and meadows and arable lands between what is known now as the Scilly Islands and the coast, but the ruthless ocean gradually submerged the verdure-covered ground, and the submarine forests of this tract show a subsidence of at least twelve feet. And on still comes the devastating water. At Cornwall, upon which we are now looking, the workings of the tin mines are on the very verge of the cliff, and the dashing of the waves is heard by the miner at his work. Here the antiquary has a wide field of research, Druidical stones, ruins of baronial castles, claim his attention; here the mineralogist studies silver, lead, zinc, iron, tin, manganese, cobalt, bismuth, and antimony; and here the historian traces the discovery of the mines by the Phœnicians, the manners of the ancient Britons, the results of

the Saxon and Norman invasions, down to the fact that the Prince of Wales is also the Duke of Cornwall. The solemn minster in that royal duchy has seen generations rise and fall, and the bones in that old graveyard are mingled with its dust.

"Pomona, you will never get dressed in time for breakfast if you stand admiring scenery much longer."

"But just look, Artemis, is not that exquisite? This port-hole reminds me of a large stereoscope, through which one sees revolving landscapes."

"Descend from your flights of fancy, for there's the second bell."

Breakfast, indeed, with England before us,—England, with its history, its poetry, its religion, its memories! Once more, before I die, may I see thy shores again, O Albion, our mother!

Out again to sea, for the shores are receding from our sight, and watching for the dim line of coast filled in the long summer day, and it was near sunset before we hailed the Isle of Wight. The western horizon was one blaze of glory; the yellow glow in which the Sun God had been arrayed was thrown aside for the purple robe of royalty. The throne was the dark ocean; the crown was still the massive gold of the morning, but around was the scarlet and purple and fine linen of his majesty. The gray mists of night were gathering in the eastern horizon like a horde of robbers on the pathway of the silvery moon, gliding along in her regal lonely beauty. Now we are approaching the Needles, the long, chalky, curious formation that bear the name. St. Catherine's Hill is pointed out to us, being eight hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, and many a benighted mariner has blessed the beacon-light that shone on him from St. Catherine's Hill. The Isle of Wight is a miniature edition of every variety of landscape, and the

sovereign of England could find no more beautiful spot in which to spend the long summer days than this, circumscribed, as she is, to the limits of her own dominion. Passing the Bay of Southampton, where a little vessel is moored in safety for the night, like a panorama before us, we see the lights in the village of Ventnor.

A young lady had inquired of a gentleman standing near her whether our vessel would approach near enough to the Isle of Wight to see it.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "you will be able to see it distinctly. Ventnor is plainly discernible, but I doubt if Cowes is within our range of vision."

"Cows! I did not expect to be near enough to see cows," was the reply, given in a puzzled tone of voice.

The gentleman was too polite to show his amusement, but as he attempted to explain, the lady's geographical knowledge had returned by one of those sinuous routes that form the road to learning, and she enabled her partner to enjoy his laugh by participating in it. She declared she "should never in the future see *cows* without thinking of Cowes."

It was there that Charles I. was imprisoned before he was given up to Cromwell, his persecutor.

But the awful mist is gathering around us; thicker and thicker it grows, and now and then we hear the warning voice of the fog-signal. No passengers are allowed on deck; but we listen anxiously at the steady tread of the quartermaster, the calm tones of the captain, the nervous voices of the younger officers, and the gruffer tones of the elder. Shall it be that we may be obliged to use those guns whose preparation amused us so much this afternoon, joking about danger from the Russian fleet, when, perhaps, the danger was from the very elements that surround us, and our merriment end in sorrow? Suddenly the vessel stopped. Many voices inquired, "*What's the matter?*" Clio and Erato started to

investigate, and seized upon their own particular waiter at the table, a dark-haired, good-looking youth.

"William, what's the trouble? why is the vessel stopped?"

"Beg pardon, mum, but the vessel hain't stopped."

"Why, it is, William. We demand the reason."

He looked steadily at the two ladies with those brown eyes of his,—two ladies in dressing-gowns and slippers, with their back hair floating in Indian fashion, and their front hair in crimps, certainly did not come out there in dishabille to be trifled with.

"Well, mum, you wouldn't 'ave hus run hinto hanother vessel?"

"No, certainly not; is that what we've been doing?"

"Yes, mum." And off he rushed to attend to those invalids who need unmitigated draughts of brandy and water.

However, he had told us the truth. An answering fog-signal was heard off of our bow, and on stopping our engine, although going at a snail's speed, it was discovered that we had been very near running down a German steamer. How does one's cheeks blanch with terrror at the thought of the "*might have been*"!

The morning dawned in loveliness; the sun dispelled the fogs of the night; the German vessel was safe at a distance; all was cheery; and with light hearts we seated ourselves on the bulwarks to watch the coast of England, to us a new country. We passed Folkestone with its bath-house and its large factories, with the black smoke belching from the chimneys. But now the chalk cliffs rise before us from which the "tight little island" derives the name Albion. We are nearing Dover. That old castle, whose antiquity is coeval with the invasion of the Romans, stands three hundred and fifty feet above the water, and occupies a space of thirty-five acres. It is still used as barracks, for its spacious keep forms a bomb-proof magazine which enables Dover Castle to rank

still as a fortification. We watched a train of cars passing along the beach under the white cliffs; they disappeared in the dark depths of the rocks, and as suddenly emerged into the sunlight again from the mouth of the short tunnel. A steamboat, whose deck was full of excursionists, was just leaving the pier, and the regular packets between England and France were ploughing their way over this cross-sea to Calais, which we could just discern to the south of us. One of our passengers, Professor Charles Whitney, of whose recitations I have already spoken, and who had been making the part of King Lear in Shakspeare's play of that name an especial study, quoted the passages from the scene near Dover, so familiar to the student of Shakspeare. But, while thinking of Edgar wandering on those precipitous peaks, we had glided on to the town of Diehl, thus seeing the famous country-seat of the Duke of Wellington (*Walmer Castle*). Out again to sea, we are leaving with a sigh the summer resorts of Ramsay, Broadstairs, and Margate scarcely seen. They tell us most beautiful shells can be gathered there, but inexorable destiny carries us on to London, not to gather shells.

At Thames Haven we landed the cattle. Splendid steers they were, good American beef for the English market. The horses—the death of one being recorded in these notes—were intended for the London tramway, as yet a species of conveyance only seen south of the Thames River, the northern section being content with the old-time omnibuses and their disagreeable motion and still more disagreeable noise. It was a difficult undertaking to make the first animal step on the gangway; but when the scent of the green fields came to his nostrils, it needed no goading to throw its head into the air and snuff in the redolent hay. As we waited for the departure of these dumb passengers of ours, we saw a skylark winging its way to the azure fields above, and its

song came sweetly to our ears, and the red-tiled roof cottages and the thatched barns brought to my mind a painting in oil I had seen in a gallery at home,—"An English Landscape" it was called. Could the artist have stood where I was standing then, he could not have made his sketch more accurate of this view of Thames Haven. On account of the tide we were obliged to land at Gravesend and take the cars for London. Opposite to us was Tilbury, and there still stood the fort from which, some two hundred years ago, Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops in that famed Spanish Peninsula War. As we embarked on the tender that was to take us to shore, we bade good-by to our noble vessel, gave three cheers to the captain and officers, sang the chorus of the famous sea song of our voyage, and set our eyes like Dick Whittington did, steadily to the great metropolis of the world.

PART SECOND.

LONDON.

"London is a goodley city."
Old Chronicles.

We had often read and heard of the cottages of England, of the culture of the flowers and the taste displayed in out-door arrangements, and so we were charmed with the vine-covered porches of the rural homesteads, the bright glow of the poppies along the hedges, and the well-cultivated fields, as we took our first ride on an English railway. It may be a national prejudice, but we could not learn to like the arrangement of the cars. Two small windows in a conveyance calculated to hold ten persons does not give air enough to an American, nor can we believe it conducive to the health of an Englishman. To ride with one's back to the engine may prevent one from being annoyed by dust or smoke, but as it generally produced on Erato a spell of sick headache, she was in a nervous trepidation whenever she entered a car, lest the calamity of being obliged to ride backwards should overtake her. One of the pleasant impressions made upon us at first was the long twilight. It seemed to us as if there was no night there, for the lingering rays of the sunset shook hands over a gray chasm with the first gleams of the sunrise. It was still the gloaming then, although nine o'clock, when *we four* first saw London, and then only so much as one can see through cab-windows. Travellers have told us that their first idea of that great city was of its solidity; but with us its dinginess was the most impressive, and the feeling became an

incubus the longer we remained under the influence of those dark walls and heavy atmosphere. Our coachman was ordered to drive to the Portland House, in that heavy, respectable portion of the city known as West End. It was quite a handsome hotel, in the broadest street in London, Portland Place being one hundred and twenty-six feet wide from house to house. Artemis and Erato alighted to reconnoitre, armed with references and credentials, if, peradventure, there were stringent rules in reference to the admittance of women to hotels at night, for even though the sun was lingering in the west, it was verging on to the dark hours. The girls entered, and were astonished at being met at the office-window by a lady (?), which fact appeared very strange to our American eyes, but before we were half over Great Britain it became a matter of course; but we doubt very much whether the *so-called independence* of American women carries them quite as far into public notice as our sisterhood on the other side of the water have been borne with their apparent reserve. The natural delicacy of the American lady often receives a shock from actions of Europeans of her own sex and station, and yet *we four* were objects of surprise simply because we had travelled without the guardianship of a gentleman. And here let me have a little quiet talk to my sisters, hoping my brothers will be kind enough not to listen. Please forego all hankering after the ballot; be content with your own position in America, for in no other country will you find it so well assured. In no other country but America do women receive the courtesy that their sex requires. I do not mean to imply that in our travels we met with any insult whatever, but the deference and respect to which we had been accustomed was lacking, excepting from those to whom we had received introductions, and casual attentions were only given by gentlemen travellers from our own country. The name *American* is a password in Europe,

and was like a Masonic signal among travellers. Let us then be careful, my sisters, lest in grasping more privileges we lose those which we now possess. But to return to the lady (?) clerk of the Portland House.

"Can you accommodate four ladies here?"

"No; we're full," was the rejoinder, in a surly tone, with an equally surly expression of countenance.

"The steamship Canada is just in, and a party of the passengers have been recommended here by Mr. M., of Philadelphia, who has lodged here previous summers. More will be along shortly." The cards and references were here displayed.

"We're full, and I don't know Mr. M.," was reiterated in the same monotonous English voice.

"No accommodations whatever?" was uttered, in a frightened tone by both ladies.

"Oh, yes; we've one bedroom and sitting-room adjoining, suitable for two ladies."

"We could make that answer for four for one night. What are your terms?"

"Fifteen shillings.'

"Fifteen shillings for what?"

"Lodging for one person one night."

Here we went into a problem of mental arithmetic. Fifteen shillings for one meant fifteen dollars for four, without a mouthful to eat. Supper and breakfast must then be proportionally large in expense. That would never do.

"Can you direct us to the American House?"

"Never 'eard of hit," was the response.

"I know it is in the vicinity of the Langham Hotel."

"Don't know the Langham 'Otel, but hall haround 'ere har full."

A parting shaft had to be given. "It is very strange you do not know the Langham Hotel,—one of the handsomest in London, and in Portland Place also. Good-evening, madam."

Returning to the cab, the question was asked the driver as to the whereabouts of the American House. He did not know, but as the Langham Hotel was familiar to him, we gave directions to be driven thither.

"Ladies, let me take you to a private boarding-house; the Langham may be full."

"Can you assure us of its respectability, and is it far?"

"Yes, ma'am, 'ighly respectable, and honly hon Brunswick Square."

We thought it needless to acquaint him with the fact that so far as our knowledge was concerned Brunswick Square was named after the Duke of Brunswick, but its locality was mythical, so we told him to drive us there, and we remarked *sotto voce* that we should judge of its respectability for ourselves.

In the West End of London there are many beautiful squares enclosed by iron railings, where trees give a delightful shade, and flowers a pleasant fragrance, and fountains a refreshing coolness; the keys to which paradise are in the possession of the surrounding residents, and the beauty only enjoyable by them, excepting so far as the view refreshes the weary pedestrian. Around these squares are blocks of well-to-do-looking houses; a grim respectability overshadows them; the stone steps are miracles of whiteness even to our eyes, residents as we are of immaculate Philadelphia. A touch-me-not air pervades them even to the brass knocker on the ponderous door, and the only encouraging sign on their grim fronts was now and then a lamp over the front entrance, which betokened said house to be a "private hotel." To one of these we went, and thanking the cabman for his recommendation, not only by words but in the current coin of his country, we took up our abode at No. 15 Brunswick Square. Pomona wanted quiet; for two weeks the material spirit of the vessel had disturbed her repose and driven away nature's sweet restorer—sleep. Could she find it here? Yes; a back-

room was at her disposal where naught would disturb her and make her afraid, and for the two weeks we remained there we realized to the fullest extent the meaning of "*quietness.*" Away from the din of the busy mart, the sombreness of this very respectable neighborhood was felt as much inside of the brick walls as without. No household noises broke the stillness of the mansion; no voice was raised above that graveyard pitch common to the English; no merry laughter resounded up the stairway, nor did the decorous housemaid even break a plate to jar the methodical tenor of the domestic arrangements. The four American ladies brought in life from the Western world, and, I am obliged to add, paid a very good price for the privilege. We received our quietness and dulness at expensive rates. The first day after our arrival in the great London was spent in reconnoitring, visiting the shipping office at 33 Grace Church Street, and Brown, Shipley & Co., bankers, Founder's Court, Lothbury. Their handsome office was just back of the Bank of England, and consequently the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is riveted on our memories never to be effaced. She is an immense old lady, taking up in dimensions a space sufficient for her feet, of about four acres, and is blind (*windowless*) to the busy world about her. For here congregate the business community; the omnibuses roll from here to nearly every part of London; hansoms and four-wheelers put your life in jeopardy, and were it not for the helmeted, white-gloved, stalwart police one could not cross either Princes Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, Lombard Street, and King William Street, which here diverge. The bank employs nine hundred persons; its management is intrusted to a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, eight of whom have to be voted for every year. The owners of stock to the value of five hundred pounds vote for the directors. The governor must have stock to the extent of four thousand pounds, the deputy-governor, three thou-

sand pounds, and a director two thousand pounds. The sum paid in salaries is about two hundred and ten thousand pounds a year. Within the walls is a fine garden to rest the busy eye, and a splendid library relieves the busy ear. A very large amount of bullion is kept in its vaults, and they have some delicate apparatus for weighing gold and silver. Mr. W. Cotton's machine is employed in the weighing office to detect light gold coin, and so ingenious is its mechanism and so quick in operation that thirty-five thousand may be weighed in a day. The bank-note printing-machine is the invention of a father and son by the name of Oldham, and its operation is well worth seeing. The paper is of peculiar make, the texture and water-marking almost beyond imitation. Each half of a note is numbered alike, and as the printing proceeds the machine alters the number in readiness for the next note. A note returned is immediately cancelled, consequently new notes are continually issuing.

Near the Bank of England stands the Royal Exchange, which is the third building of that name erected on that site. The first belonged to Sir Thomas Gresham, and was given by him, during the reign of good Queen Bess, to his fellow-merchants. His motto has been placed over the centre arch on the north side—"*Fortun à my*,"—and his arms over the corresponding arch on the south side. The city's arms and motto, "*Domine dirigo nos*," and the Mercers' Company's arms and motto, "*Honor Deo*," adorn the other arches. These arms are repeated on the entablature at the east end of the building, which was designed by Sir W. Tite, and opened in October, 1844; the second edifice having been destroyed by fire in 1838. In front of the great portico is a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington on a granite pedestal, and near is a fountain; its design is a female figure in bronze pouring water from a vase into a granite basin. A tall tower on the east side of the building carries a clock surmounted by a

great gilt grasshopper, the device of Sir Thomas Gresham. Passing through the great portico we reach an open area surrounded by a spacious arcade, whose roof and walls are painted in fresco. Coats of arms with arabesque designs are here given in lively colors. In the middle of the area stands a marble statue of the present queen, and in the eastern corners are statues of Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. The chief days on 'Change are Tuesdays and Fridays, and the busy hour from half-past three to half-past four. The third building which occupies this city-space is the Mansion House, the residence of the lord mayor during his year of office. It has a Corinthian portico, with six fluted columns and a pediment of allegorical sculpture. This memorable day, the 3d of July, we were initiated into the vagaries of an English climate by receiving a baptism of rain, very unexpectedly, too, as the sun had been shining benignly upon us, as benignly as a sun doth shine when its way is obstructed by high buildings and its course contracted by narrow streets. We wished to find a Ladies' Restaurant, but those accommodating places are so "few and far between" that, with this shower coming down upon us like one broad sheet of water, we concluded to take a four-wheeler and return to our head-quarters, and there draw up a plan for future peregrinations. The result of that committee-meeting was a decision to take the Tower of London for a Fourth of July excursion. We knew the "world and his wife" would be out at the Crystal Palace, for the display of fire-works given there is always very fine, but feeling our ignorance yet of London habits, and wearing still the garb of strangeness, we concluded not to trust ourselves yet where crowds do surge, but move cautiously to our sight-seeing. The first object of interest to us was "The Monument" on Fish Street Hill, erected by Wren, at a cost of fourteen thousand pounds, to commemorate the scene of the great fire. St. Margaret's Church once stood

where this fluted Doric column of Portland stone towers two hundred and two feet into the air. It contains a winding staircase of three hundred and forty-five feet, but we were not yet strong enough nor willing enough for the ascent, so we contented ourselves with viewing London at its base, and contrasting, as best we could, the old with the new. But the Tower of London! Sacred to the memory of Baliol and Bruce, kings of Scotland, William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, Archbishop Laud, Jeremy Taylor, Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and others whose histories are equally as sad. The ground on which the Tower stands is an irregular square, measuring about thirteen acres. A moat surrounds the battlemented wall, but is now drained of its waters. In the middle of the enclosed space is the great square White Tower, the keep of the old fortress. Before entering the enclosure we were besieged by men, women, and children, selling guide-books of the Tower and views of London. We had been informed that the best accounts were in books in the inside, but to be rid of importunity two were purchased from the street-venders, which afterwards proved to be the better, as those sold at the office did not contain as much interesting matter. We were very much amused at one woman scowling at a man and saying in her broad dialect, which I cannot write, "Taking the bread out of an honest woman's mouth; here's me, a widder with five little children, trying to make an honest penny by selling these little picters, and that big, strong man coming round here getting my customers." This was said partly for the benefit of Erato, who had purchased "Twelve views for a penny" from the big, strong man aforesaid. "But, my good woman," apologized Erato, "it is much more difficult for a man to obtain work than a woman; there are so many things that a woman can turn her hand to which a man

cannot. I think selling on the streets is a better occupation for him than for you."

But to pacify the outraged feelings of the "widder with five children," two more books of views were purchased at the enormous price of a penny apiece. In the office of the Tower, tickets are obtained, and as soon as a party of twelve are assembled they are placed under the guardianship of a warder attired in the garb of the yeoman of the guard of Henry VIII.'s time. We were assigned to an old man who spoke such a strange tongue that it was quite an effort to understand him, and we have not as yet been able to assign him a nationality. Our party consisted of an English gentleman and his two little boys, three ladies and a gentleman (German), one Frenchman, and we four Americans.

Pointing up to the Bell Tower, our guide informed us that one window marked the room in which the Princess Elizabeth was confined by order of Queen Mary. Passing under the Middle Tower, where our attention was drawn to the solid masonry of those feudal times, we arrived at Traitor's Gate, a square building erected over the moat. Persons charged with high treason were brought by this way secretly at night into the gloomy Tower, never again to return. Did the sweet blossom of hope die within the souls of Sidney, Russell, Cranmer, More, Raleigh, or Buckingham when, in the midnight, they were landed here? One at least, however, combined his trials with the Christian graces, for in the Bloody Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World," received visits from Ben Jonson, and imparted his knowledge to the young Prince Henry; here his son Carew was born, and although after twelve years' imprisonment, Raleigh was released, it was only to breathe for a short time the blessed air of liberty, only to realize one cannot "put his trust in princes," and then to return again to a dark cell in the White Tower, from which he was taken—to the block.

On the stone wall at the entrance of the low doorway of his dungeon are inscriptions which we thought were traced by Raleigh, but have since learned were the work of Lords Fane, Culpepper, and Rudston, who were implicated in Sir Thomas Wyatt's Rebellion in 1553.

It was too gloomy for us to decipher them, but by the aid of the guide-book we have them correctly, viz.:

"He that indvreth to the ende shall be saved."
M. 10. R. Rydson. Kent. Ano. 1553.

"Be faithful vnto the deth and I will give the a crowne of life."
T. Fane 1554.

Opposite the Traitor's Gate is the Bloody Tower, where it is said the young princes were smothered; but before ascending the narrow stairway leading to the Chapel of St. John, in the White Tower, we were shown the spot at the foot where the bones, supposed to be those of the murdered boys, were found, and which by the order of Charles II. were removed to Westminster Abbey. The chapel is built in the Norman style. It has an arched roof and twelve massive round columns, with arches supporting a gallery. The warder handed the ladies' chairs, and here we sat where royalty had knelt to worship. There is nothing now but the plain room: all church furniture had been removed. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, after she was laid here in state for several days, the chapel was closed, and only reopened in 1851, at the time that England inaugurated great exhibitions by building the Crystal Palace. This room occupies the second floor of the White Tower, which was originally built in the time of William the Conqueror. The external walls are from ten to twelve feet thick. On the third floor is the apartment used as the Council Chamber of the early kings; it has a dark, massive timber roof, and a strange solemnity hovers over it. In the galleries at the sides were stationed the yeomen, and if one nobleman dared to dispute the mandate of the king, the

signal was given, and the rebel paid for his temerity with his blood. This apartment is now used as the London Armory, and the stacks of muskets showed a marked improvement to the style of war utensils on the first floor in Queen Elizabeth's Armory. There we saw spears, lances, glaves, pole-axes, bills, pikes, halberds, bucklers, ancient shot,—chain-, bar-, link-; curious specimens of ancient firearms, match-locks, wheel-locks; two yew bows, which lay under water in the wreck of the Mary Rose, Henry VIII.'s ship, for three hundred years (outside of the Horse Armory lies an iron gun which had kept company with the bows the same length of time). We also saw the ancient instruments of torture and punishment,—an iron collar taken from the Spaniards in 1588, the Scavenger's Daughter, and thumb-screws of the Inquisition. The warder wished me to try the latter, but with thanks I declined; one gentleman of the party had the courage to place his head upon the heading-block, upon which the Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock, and Balmarino, in 1746, had been decapitated; but even that simple act, unattended with any dreadful results, caused a shudder to run through our little circle. The warder raised the heading-axe, which tradition says was used by the executioner of the Earl of Essex. We could hardly help turning to look at the figure of Queen Elizabeth at the end of this apartment,—a figure on horseback, dressed in a costume exactly like the attire worn by the queen when she proceeded in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the escape of England from the threatened invasion of Spain. She is attended by the "Archer of the Guard" and a page. Has not all the jealousy and pride and caprice which embittered her earthly life faded into nothingness before the nobler realities of a heavenly one? I mentioned one "*infernal instrument*" called the Scavenger's Daughter. Our guide-book thinks the better nomenclature would be "*The Devil's Masterpiece*," as its object was to

confine the whole of the body, compressing the limbs in a space incredibly small, so as to extort confession from perhaps an innocent victim. At the south of the White Tower is the Horse Armory, and is filled with specimens of ancient armor, arranged by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick. In some instances they are original suits, such as the two worn by Henry VIII.,—one in the English style, the other of a curious German make, presented by the Emperor Maximilian to "King Harry" on his marriage with Catherine of Arragon. Also the armor worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, one of Queen Elizabeth's favorites, and that of Prince Charles when twelve years of age, before he became the Charles I. of the tragic history, and James II.'s own suit. While we were standing before the figure of the "burly monarch," which the warder told us was a fac-simile of the man himself at the time he was thinking of divorcing Catherine, the guide called the two little boys of whom mention has been made and requested that they should stand near him while he gave them valuable information. "Children," said he, "in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. an Ecumenical Council was convened for the consideration of the propriety of granting to the royal sovereign a divorce from the then reigning queen." A burst of laughter from the adults at the look of wonderment on the countenances of the lads at this historical instruction, was answered only by a merry twinkle in the eyes of the ancient man as he led us forth again to gaze upon another relic of the Tower, of whose contents my brain can scarcely recall the one-tenth. Our next visit was to the Beauchamp Tower, but, according to systematic arrangement, our party must wait until the twelve before us had finished their survey. We occupied the time in examining the curious cannon of various ages lying south of the White Tower; also the "Green beside the Chapel within the Tower," on which spot history gives the record of the

execution of three women and two men. The warder thought that Anne Boleyn was one, so we asked him if he did not think that Catherine Howard and Lady Jane Grey were the others, and the Earl of Surrey and Lord Guilford Dudley the men. "It mought be," he answered, "but I'm not sure."

"Now, leddies," says he, "you've gone through two-thirds of your punishment; can ye stand the rest?"

Erato replied, "The two-thirds were as nothing to *us Americans!* we can easily bear the remainder."

"And Americans have never been known to give up," chimed in Clio, in her most "Declaration-of-Independence" tone.

"This is Fourth of July," Clio continued, to the discomfiture of the beef-eater, who had complimented us only a few minutes before on our exceedingly good English speech.

"Ye don't say '*yaw-yaw*,' like most Americans do," he had remarked.

"Oh, those are what we call Yankees, who speak in that manner," was our reply.

But, making our peace by sharing with him our cherries, we entered the Beauchamp Tower. It derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned there in 1397 previous to his banishment to the Isle of Man. It contains three apartments, one above the other, and numerous cells. The lower room is partly underground, thus becoming a dungeon. This tower is more deeply interesting from the fact of its walls being memorialized by inscriptions, devices, coats of arms, and names of the prisoners who by this occupation beguiled the tedium of years. Those which were more familiar to us from historic records are "*Robart Dudley*," "Marmaduke Neville, 1569." After a Latin inscription, we read the name "Arundell, June 22, 1587." On the left of the window-jamb of the upper room is a rebus, consisting of the name Thomas, under which

is a bell with a capital A inscribed on it, thus reading *Thomas Abel*, domestic chaplain to Catherine of Arragon, who was burned at Smithfield for defending the cause of that most unfortunate queen. The carvings, IANE ⊐ IANE, bring up the sad memories of Lord Guilford Dudley, who is supposed to have cut these letters as the name of his much-loved wife, Lady Jane Grey.

"Thomas Talbot, 1462," is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison. Standing in the window-recess where tradition says Sir Thomas More took leave of his daughter, we took one long, lingering, perhaps a last gaze of the room around whose walls are grouped so many recollections. "The very walls have ears," but to us these of Beauchamp Tower had a voice as well. I cannot say I enjoyed the Jewel House, in which the regalia is displayed, only so far as the rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, and gold threw a glittering magnificence around, which resembled a fairy-land; but it was for these paltry things—these very treasures of the earth upon which we tread—that the prison beyond had been filled, that the *Green* had been dyed with blood, that the martyr's avenging cry is still going up into God's ears. I saw the crowns, the diadems, the sceptres, the orbs, the swords, the bracelets, the spurs, the ampulla, the baptismal font, the salt-cellars, the tankards, dishes and spoons, and thought of the starvation, the drunkenness and degradation in London which might be ameliorated with this wealth, enclosed within large squares of plate-glass, only to be used upon state occasions, and to be gazed upon for a sixpence by the travelling public. Before bidding a final adieu to this saddest of all places in London, we looked around at the "Byward Tower," "The Devereaux," "The Flint," "The Bowyer," where the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsley, 1474; "The Brick Tower," "The Martin Tower," on whose walls are inscribed "Anne Boleyn," and where Captain Blood

made the attempt to steal the crown when the regalia was kept there; "The Constable Tower," "The Broad Arrow," "The Salt Tower," called in the Survey of 1532 "Julyus Sesar Tower;" "The Lantern Tower," "The Wakefield Tower," and "St. Thomas" over the Traitor's Gate.

After watching a drill at the Barracks, we leisurely sauntered out into the warm summer air, and debated whether or not we should take the Thames Tunnel for another expedition before wending our way to St. Paul's Cathedral. While discussing the matter, Erato asked a picture-book vender "if that direction," pointing with her finger, "would not lead to St. Paul's as well as the route by which we came?"

"Yes'm; but that's no place for leddies,—that is the Fish Market."

"Billingsgate, is it? That is just where we want to go, then."

But our picture venderess would not listen to such remarks, and called upon a helmeted police officer to corroborate her statement that it would be dangerous for us to steer through the whirlpool of Billingsgate. Accustomed to render all deference to municipal opinion, though rather restive under royal edicts, we quietly submitted to walk demurely through Tower Street to Cannon Street, and thence to St. Paul's Cathedral. First looking at it with an eye to what we shall record in our note-books, we perceive a statue of Queen Anne in front of a double flight of steps which leads us to the grand front which faces Ludgate Hill. The portico is in two divisions, one of twelve Corinthian columns, the upper one of eight. The Conversion of St. Paul forms a basso-rilievo on the pediment, a statue of St. Paul surmounts the apex, and at the sides, statues of St. Peter and St. James, each fifteen feet high. At the angles are the statues of the Evangelists. The south tower contains the clock, which was made in 1708, thus being one hundred and seventy years old. It

is an eight-day clock, but it takes three-quarters of an hour to wind it. "Two dial-plates face west and south, each nearly nineteen feet in diameter. The minute-hand is nine and two-thirds feet long, the pendulum sixteen feet long, and the weights would balance one hundred and eighty pounds. It has a beat of two seconds. The hour is struck on the great bell, ten feet in diameter, by a hammer weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds, placed outside the bell. The quarters are struck on two smaller bells." This much did an old man tell us as we sat in the weird clock-tower; and he placed within our hands an anthem-book, which was still used, though it had seen two hundred years go by. The great bell, of which I spoke, is only tolled at the death of one of the royal family, or of the bishop, dean, or lord mayor dying during his term of office. The bell, tolled for prayers is in the northern tower. The form of the Cathedral is that of a Latin cross, and the pavement is composed of light and dark marbles. The effect on entering is sublime, and I cannot describe my awestruck feelings better than quoting these words, which are inscribed on a marble slab within the nave: "Sir Christopher Wren. Reader, do you ask his monument? Look around." The statues around, commemorative of great men whose deaths have been for great themes, faded into nothingness before this greater man, this greater work. There was, unfortunately, an unseemliness about many of the monuments, which aroused more of the sense of the ludicrous than an appreciation of high art, such as General Sir William Ponsonby, who died at Waterloo, is represented, in an almost nude state, falling from his horse; John Howard, the philanthropist, in Roman costume. But leaving these we descended to the crypt, where the acolyte, who also acted as guide, said to *we four*, "Come this way, ladies,—here lies a countryman of yours." We gathered round and read the simple name on the marble slab, "Benjamin West."

Even though far from his native land, was not this a more fitting place for genius such as his to lie down and rest with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Opie, Lawrence, Turner, and Sir Christopher Wren beside him? The Wellington Chapel is lighted by gas from granite candelabras. A large porphyry sarcophagus contains the body of the famous duke. The funeral car, made of the cannon taken at his different victories, and covered with a magnificent velvet pall, still reminds the bystander of the day when the solemn cortege wended its way through the principal thoroughfares of London to this sacred spot to lay the hero and his triumphs down together. Near Wellington's last couch is an altar tomb containing the remains of Sir Thomas Pictou. Under the dome is a sarcophagus of black marble in which Nelson reposes in a coffin made out of the mainmast of the Orient, and quite near him we read upon the stones the names of the Earl of Northesk, and also, Lord Nelson's brother. Leaving this funereal spot, we return to one of the angles and, ascending a circular staircase, enter the Whispering Gallery, which passes round the dome upon the cornice over the arches. Here we were told to go to the opposite side from where the attendant stood, and, sitting down on benches arranged close to the wall, to place one ear so that we could hear what would be said to us. We did so, and were told the history of St. Paul's Cathedral from the time of its erection,—told, it is true, in a concise, brief form, but very distinct. One of the gentlemen, who was seated near us, attempted to answer, but as it appeared foolish to him to speak to a man one hundred feet off otherwise than in a loud tone of voice, he pitched his notes so high that a sudden command came over to us: "Whisper, if you please, gentlemen, whisper." The gallery is certainly very curious. As we were leaving it the custodian said, "Ladies, are you not going up higher?—only one hundred and sixty-eight steps more to the Stone Gallery."

We thanked him for his kindness, but declined further elevated pursuits; both body and mind were wearied; so returning to the bustle and excitement of Ludgate Hill, even more bustling and exciting after the impressiveness and quietness of this massive cathedral, we engaged a four-wheeler to take us to our London home. A little rest, a refreshing bath, a good supper, and we were ready to go to the Tabernacle. Rumor had said that Mr. Spurgeon was about leaving the city for a three weeks' sojourn on the Continent, and he would preach on this evening a farewell sermon. Taking the omnibus as far as Blackfriars' Bridge, we hoped to be so fortunate as to obtain places in the horse-car, for only south of the Thames are tramways allowed; the north is too aristocratic to give up the uncomfortable, high, noisy stage for the more solid advantages of the horse-car. But as the overcrowding, which is one of the annoyances of our car system, is unknown in Europe, we found that if we expected to reach the Tabernacle at all in time for a service we must walk, and so we did, down Blackfriars' Road to St. George's Circus, down the London Road to Elephant and Castle. The latter name was to me a mystery, the origin of which is still in obscurity. It was once a country inn, at which the coaches exchanged horses, in fact, a relay, just as the "Angel," one of the exchanges for omnibuses, must have been a hundred years ago. A theatre has been erected very near the hotel Elephant and Castle, which bears the same harmonious but incongruous compound title. But we are now in Newington Butts, formerly one of the lowest districts of London, but through the missionary labors of the two Spurgeons, ranks among the respectable.

The Tabernacle is a very plain edifice, both in exterior and interior, but the immensity within is the more imposing on account of its simplicity. Within, it is circular, with two galleries around it entirely, even behind the pulpit, the choir

occupying a platform beneath the speaker's rostrum, and its sounding capacity must be very fine, as the edifice will seat seven thousand persons, and every word can be heard distinctly from any part of its immense space. The number of communicants is said to be five thousand. But our exertions in pursuit of Spurgeon were not to be repaid, as Charles was suffering from an hereditary attack of the gout and his brother James officiated. But we did not realize any sense of disappointment, as his sermon was spiritual and fervid. The promise made to Abraham by the Lord, Hebrews vi. 13, was made more interesting to us as being the first sermon we had heard in the old world. We had listened in the afternoon to a choral service at St. Paul's, and familiar as we were with the sweet and impressive liturgy of the English Church, it was impossible to understand one single word of the droning intonations of the priests at the Cathedral; it might as well have been (although St. Paul himself forbade) an unknown tongue. But, to return to the Tabernacle, we witnessed a baptism; there were, as usual, more women than men consecrating themselves to the Lord's service, but while the men were dressed in the conventional black robes, the women wore white gowns with capes and close-fitting white caps, which, to us, seemed more emblematic of the pure robe of Christ's righteousness.

We were more fortunate in going home, as we were enabled to take an omnibus at the door of the chapel, and crossing Waterloo Bridge this time, taking another 'bus on the other side, were saved a tiresome pedestrian excursion.

Friday, July 5, was spent in the British Museum, which fronts on Great Russell Street. The exterior of the edifice is the Grecian-Ionic style, but time and paper both would fail me were I to give an extended account of the treasure in the interior. A summary glance is all we could give in one day's visit. Looking into the Reading-Room, we notice accommodations for three hundred readers; well lighted, well ventilated,

and the floor laid with kamptulicon to deaden sound, and access to six hundred and fifty thousand volumes, make it the most convenient place we have ever seen for study. Admission can only be had by the means of tickets procured from the librarian. To most of visitors the greatest attraction is the Elgin Marbles, which are sculptures and inscriptions from the Parthenon of Athens and from Attica, obtained by Lord Elgin when ambassador at Constantinople (1801–3). Next are the Phigalian Marbles, arranged in the Hellenic Room. Traversing the Assyrian Department, into the Egyptian, we lose, as it were, our own identity as beings of the nineteenth century and live in the days of Sardanapalus, of Sennacherib; the celebrated Rosetta Stone speaks of the Ptolemies, and the colossal images of granite impress us with their Oriental solemnity. But ages move on and we walk the tessellated pavements once trodden by Roman dames in their own fair villa, and as we examine specimens of Roman jewelry, found while making excavations in London, this metropolis of the world fades from our sight and the native land of Julius Cæsar spreads before us. In the Medal Room is kept the Barberini or Portland Vase. It had formerly been kept in a more public room, but was broken into fragments by a man in a crazy spell. It has been most ingeniously repaired, so that the fractures are scarcely visible. It was found in the early part of the seventeenth century in a sepulchre a few miles from Rome, and thus fell into the hands of the Barberini family, from them to Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duchess of Portland for eighteen hundred guineas. This vase is of dark amethystine blue glass, and the figures, representing classical scenes, are seven in number and are very finely executed. In this room, also, is a rare collection of Etruscan jewelry, besides relics of miniatures, snuff-boxes, and ornaments of those great men and women who have passed away from this sphere of trivial ornaments.

While on the subject of pottery, it was a pleasure to me to look at the Palissy collection. One dish, particularly, of his work, was enamelled blue earthenware, and on it, in relief, were oysters, snakes, lizards, crabs, fish, shells, frogs, butterflies, and leaves, all in their original colors. There seemed to be no art but of which the earliest specimens were collected in the British Museum. We saw there block books, —that is, books printed from engraved wooden blocks before the invention of type-printing. There were also the rude styles of the early German, Italian, and English printing; second edition of Cranmer's great Bible of 1540; New Testament, printed at Boulogne, 1525. The "Assertio Septium Sacramentorium," written by Henry VIII., and for which he received the title of "Defender of the Faith," was printed in 1521, by Pynson. The original bull of Pope Leo X., conferring Henry VIII.'s title, is also to be seen there, besides the famous Magna Charta of King John, and the bull of Pope Innocent III. granting the kingdoms of England and Ireland in fee to King John and his successors. Of antiquarian curiosities, we can see a carving on stone, by Albert Durer, representing the birth of John the Baptist, dated 1511; a carved pocket-comb of 1500; also the figure of a saint found in Tower Hill, of the same year; devotional tablets and mirror-cases, inscribed with love scenes, of the year 1300; enamellings in copper from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century; a pair of English wedding knives of the seventeenth century, with the following mottoes inscribed on the handles:

"Wit, wealth, and beauty all do well,
But constant love doth far excel."

"My love is fixed; I will not range;
I like my choice, I will not change."

We sincerely hope that the above proved true. There was

also a mortgage of a house in Blackfriars, with the following signature:

W. Chaskspire.

A prayer-book, in Queen Elizabeth's own handwriting, when princess, in 1590; a volume of the Arabic Koran, written in gold, eight hundred and sixty years ago. "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," on vellum, which was the first book of travels known, illustrated with folding views, dated Mentz, 1486, was exceedingly *curieux*. There were series of Claude's and Rembrandt's etchings; great seals, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the days of Queen Victoria; coins of all ages and all nations; specimens of zoology, palæontology, and mineralogy; sarcophagi and mummies. The whole world, from its pre-Adamic age to the present, here lay before us, and the mental and physical eye both became weary with the far-seeing strain. So, for relaxation from intellectual pursuits, we spent the evening at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax-Work; Baker Street, Portman Square. We concluded the figures in wax arranged around the rooms were the exact counterparts of the originals, and were finely modelled, as we had not had the pleasure of being acquainted with the originals until we came across a group in which were our late President Lincoln and ex-President Grant,—so the catalogue said, but it was rank heresy, and were I, General Grant, and visit the exhibition on Baker Street, which, I suppose, he has already done, I should demolish my caricature at once. This is one of the most popular places in London, but I was forcibly reminded of one line in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs"—

"Eyes dreadfully staring"—

as I meandered through those brilliantly-lighted rooms, surrounded by those terrible impersonations of life.

On Saturday morning we proceeded to the Victoria Tower,

to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where we obtained tickets for admittance to the Houses of Parliament. If our judgment can be relied upon at all, we give it that London may well be proud of those splendid buildings on the river Thames. In the Norman Porch are statues of the sovereigns of the Norman line; turning to the right of this porch we enter the Guard Chamber and the Queen's Robing Room, around which, in fresco, we see the legends of King Arthur's time, executed by Dyce. We now proceed to the Victoria Gallery, one hundred and ten feet by forty-five feet; panelled ceiling of rich beauty is above us, and the frescoes which, with gilding, decorate the walls, represent scenes from English history. From thence to the Prince's Chamber, which contains a marble group, representing the queen between Justice and Mercy. The House of Lords and the House of Commons are admirably arranged for their separate members, and the grand entrance to the Parliament is Westminster Hall,—all that remains of the ancient royal palace which was originally built by William Rufus. Excepting the great hall at Padua, Westminster is the largest room without pillars in Europe. The great south window, to which an officer called our attention as being the handsomest and largest of stained glass in the world, is in St. Stephen's Porch, facing the steps at the south end of the hall. St. Stephen's Cloisters, built by Henry VIII., are beautifully ornamented, and St. Stephen's Crypt, under the modern St. Stephen's Hall, has the time of its erection shrouded in mystery. It was originally called St. Mary-in-the-Vaults, or St. Mary-undercroft. The beautiful little chapel, which has lately undergone a complete restoration, is used by the residents of the palace as a place of worship. On the right-hand side of Westminster Hall are situated the law courts, in very small apartments; but when the new building in the Strand is finished they will all be removed to it. That splen-

did edifice, so far as design went, was to have been finished in the spring of 1878, but the masons struck, and, if I remember rightly, for six weeks no work was done on the building. The city yielded, however, to the advanced rates, and when we left London for our return to America, the sound of the trowel "was heard in the land." The law courts are divided into the "Queen's Bench," "Common Pleas," "Exchequer," "Probate and Divorce," and "Admiralty." We visited the second and third of these courts. The general costume of the lawyers were black gowns and gray wigs. The *sergeants* have a black patch on the crown of the wig. The queen's counsel wear silk gowns, the *barristers* only stuff apparel, while ermine belongs to the judges. In the first court we entered, a man, one, on whom the snows of sixty winters had fallen, was pleading his own right to some property. The lawyer on the opposite side was pleading for compromise, but the plaintiff said, "My lord, from first to last that has been my desire, but the matter has gone too far for compromise; still, there are other courts in London to which I shall appeal." But the judge answered, "This matter shall go no farther; the peace of London shall not be disturbed by you." "My lord," and the speaker rising as vehemently as he spoke, "the peace of London shall be disturbed by me, and I shall try every court in London until I have redress." Concluding we had not time to follow this energetic old gentleman through every court in London, we proceeded into the next one, where the plaintiff was giving his testimony. He had loaned the defendant four hundred and some odd pounds without taking a note, and the result of his confidence was the refusal of the villain borrower to acknowledge the loan. How this trial terminated we shall never know,—the poor, deceived man was nervous under the cross-questioning of the opposing counsel, and there seemed to be a general feeling of uselessness among the lawyers.

Leaving this stately palace, we crossed over to the Abbey; but to me the grandeur of the interior was lost by its being cut up into chapels. Its form is that of a Latin cross, the three parts being nave, transept, and chancel; the choir being constructed out of a part of the nave crossing the transept, thus abridging the vista in the same manner as the radiating chapels do. The great height of the roof gives magnificence to this Abbey of so many eras, and letting our eyes fall from the immense space above, we see the mosaic pavement of 1260, the stones and workmen both having been brought from Rome by Richard De Ware, Abbot of Westminster. We went as pilgrims to the shrine of the Poets' Corner. Standing by the slab bearing the simple name Charles Dickens, we recalled the fact that a warm admirer of his had intended giving us an ivy-leaf to lay upon his tomb. But she did not, and if a sigh to his memory can be a tribute, the great novelist's tomb was benisoned with that. There is no monument to Dickens, and he needs none. We read his most laudatory epitaphs in his own works; we see his talent when we gaze upon the street-sweeper or the purse-proud alderman; and his everlasting monument is Fleet Street, Newgate, Cheapside, Scotland Yard, Mincing Lane, Petticoat Lane, Chancery Lane, and, in fact, all London. In Norfolk Street, Strand, we were shown the second-story windows of a house which, while the rest of the mansion was very neat, looked as if water and glass were natural enemies. There for years, we were told, a man had lived unseen except by two servants, who had grown gray in his service. Pity, we thought, that the hermit had not been obliged to work for his living, than to throw away every natural feeling in order to cultivate morbid sensations. Poor, misguided man! Death has come, however, and, covering him with a mantle of earth, has closed the eyes of this world to the Earl of Dysart. But, perchance, he has been met in the other world with other eyes? How

contemptible, then, must look to him those long, slow years in Norfolk Street, with wealth accumulating only to be squandered by his posterity! The veritable home of Mr. Micawber is shown to those who will not consider that eccentric gentleman, to whom fortune was blind, as a myth. Had not Dickens material enough in every street in London for his novels? But this is a digression. Let us return to Westminster Abbey. We wonder if Ben Jonson is not tired, standing up all this time; we criticise Mrs. Siddons in her strained attitude as Lady Macbeth; we condemn Gay for his own epitaph:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it,"

while we forgive him after reading the lines which Pope had inscribed below those irreverent ones just quoted. Tearing ourselves away from the Poets' Corner with its galaxy of names from Chaucer down to Dickens, we pass into the different chapels, first, "St. Edward the Confessor's." The leading feature contained in this is the shrine erected to his memory and the tomb of his virgin wife, Editha.

Here, also, is the Coronation Chair, which Edward I. brought from Scotland after his victory in that latter country. Underneath it, fastened with iron clamps, is the ancient stone on which the former kings of Scotland were crowned in the days of simple patriarchal life. Erato, after the verger had finished the historical part of his narration, continued it by stating that "the stone was the identical one which Jacob used as a pillow when he had his remarkable dream; it was then taken by his children into Egypt; carried by them in their pilgrimage through the desert. When the ancient Phœnicians invaded Ireland they brought the stone with them, a trophy of victory over the Hebrews, and Fergus, son of Erin, won it in Ireland and conveyed it to Scone, and the legend says, wherever it is preserved a king of Scotch descent will ever reign."

A look of incredulity passed over the countenances of those around, but as no one neither contradicted nor ridiculed the statement, it may be set down as one of the *many authentic* facts. The second chair was used in the time of William and Mary at the double coronation, but they are both such shabby articles, disfigured by the scars of vandalism, that much velvet and gorgeous trappings are needed on eventful days of coronation. The mausoleum of Henry V. adjoins St. Edward's Chapel, and contains the statue of that monarch cut from the heart of an oak. The head of the statue had been of silver, but every ornament that was valuable was pilfered after the Reformation. A sarcasm seems linked with the word. Ascending a circular flight of steps, we enter a chantry, where a helmet, shield, and saddle, said to have been used by Henry in the battle of Agincourt are preserved. The Chapel of St. Erasmus was formerly set with ancient tombs; but few remain now. A curious brass figure representing an abbot in full canonicals is appropriated to the tomb of Abbot John Fascett, who died in the year 1498. In the Islip Chapel we see the "ruling passion strong in death;" the carving representing an *eye* and a branch or *slip* of a tree,—the abbot's pun on his own name. In St. John the Baptist's Chapel have been found the relics of the oldest painting known to exist in Great Britain. It is much defaced, but was intended to represent ten knights; as it is at the foot of the tomb of Edmond Crouchback, son of Henry III., we surmise, it commemorates the expedition to the Holy Land, of Edmond, his brother, four earls, and four knights. The Chapels of St. John the Evangelist, St. Andrew and St. Michael, once separate, are now thrown together and are filled with monuments. The most notable is that of Roubiliac to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. The ghastly form of Death is issuing from a tomb, and his fatal dart is aimed at the figure of the wife, whom the husband supports with one hand, while

with the other he endeavors to ward off the sting. The Chapel of St. Edmund is remarkable for a sumptuous tomb to the eighth earl of Shrewsbury and his countess, Jane.

Simon Langham, once Archbishop of Canterbury, is represented on an altar tomb of Pelworth marble; the statue is of gypseous alabaster and in a good state of preservation. This is in St. Benedict's Chapel. In St. Nicholas's Chapel we find two monuments erected by devoted husbands to the memories of their no less devoted wives. Protector Edward, Duke of Somerset, and Cecil, Lord Burleigh, have here commemorated their deceased spouses' virtues.

We will now proceed to what Leland terms "the wonder of the world," Henry VII.'s Chapel, this splendid piece of Gothic architecture with its brass gates of curious workmanship. We wonder, while standing in the north aisle, if we shall ever understand the mind of James I., who could erect for both his mother and her murderess each an ornate monument! That the latter willed to him her crown and kingdom he, perhaps, thought as good a cause for gratitude as the fact that from the other woman he had received his being. Here lie among their ancestors the Princes Edward and Richard, whose bones had been hidden for many years under the Tower stairway, of which we have spoken before. From this chapel we arrive at that of St. Paul's. Leaving kings and queens, warriors and statesmen, we stand in this shrine before the white statue of James Watt, executed by Chantry. His realm has been the world of science; his victory, over superstition and ignorance; his reward, the good of a multitude.

The saintly name of Westminster Abbey is St. Peter. Legend says the apostle appeared visibly and chose the site for his church; and being a fisherman once himself, and still bearing a tender thought toward his old trade, blessed the Thames River with salmon, which would be a plenteous supply so long as a fair gift of the fish was made to the abbot every

year at the time of the first haul. It is said this custom was preserved so far as the thirteenth century. We attended a choral service here, which was by far more intelligible than the one we heard at St. Paul's Cathedral, and there was a solemnity about the association which lifted the soul up to heaven as if on angels' wings in praise. But we could not understand why the priest could not move through the chancel without being preceded or, more properly speaking, *guarded* by an attendant with a drawn sword, or as it was in Westminster, with a *spear!* It is true our Saviour said, "I come not to bring peace on the earth, but a sword;" but that sword is in the hands of his enemies, as we learn from that terrible night of his betrayal, when they came out with "swords and with staves to take him."

On the next day, Sunday, Clio and Erato started out, in the words of Mrs. Partington, to find some place "where the gospel is dispensed with." According to her meaning, they found the site; according to her words, they did not; for in St. Pancras, Euston Square, Middlesex, the Rev. Donald Spence, Canon of Gloucester, preached a truly god-like sermon on the ninth verse of the Epistle of St. Jude. St. Pancras is a modern edifice, having been built in 1819, and its architecture is modelled from the Grecian. Beneath the church are receptacles for two thousand coffins,—miniature catacombs! The women pew-openers, mostly widows, we judge, by their black shawls and bonnets, have not yet been driven from their posts by the American style, or innovation perhaps, of employing men. In the afternoon *we four* attended service in the Catholic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square. It is in the early Gothic style, and although only twenty years old, the stone is so dark and soft that it appears to belong to a Gothic era as well as style. The church, not the building, was founded forty years ago by Edward Irving, who spoke in unknown tongues, under the influence

of the Holy Spirit, who, he thought, had descended upon him. This sect consists of twelve apostles and seven churches. The twelve are divided into elders, evangelists, prophets, and pastors; and their stoles are black, blue, crimson, and purple, according to position, while the officiating priests at the high altar wore royal purple.

A sermon was first preached, and then the service followed, conducted very much like a Ritualistic or Roman Catholic mass, in bowings, use of holy water, and incense. The prayer-book is a mixture of Church of England liturgy with something else with which we were not acquainted, perhaps original matter. Their custom of enrolling members is by *sealing*, as they contend they have Scripture testimony for the act.

How little will avail all ceremony when we stand before the bar of God, and remember that Christ said, "For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother"! At St. Pancras there was congregational singing, but at the Catholic Apostolic Church and Christ Church, which we attended in the evening, there were choristers, which performed the duty of praise for us, *miserable singers!* The sermon in that pretty modern edifice was preached by the Rev. Dr. Thornton, on St. Luke, xv. 7, and with this service ended our first Sabbath in London. Refreshed by the peaceful air of a well-kept Sunday, we arose strengthened for our labor of sight-seeing on Monday. But here let me observe one peculiarity of the London Sabbath. It certainly appears to be a model of propriety alongside of giddy, whirling Paris; but its omnibuses run the same, and its cabs, and strawberries were called out lustily by the stalwart hucksteress in our ears as we wended our way through the *solemn* city to church.

On Monday morning we went a shopping through the fashionable resorts of Regent and Oxford Streets, and Hol-

born. Peter Robinson has a very fine establishment, but we do not know whether Meeking in Holborn does not equal him. But I am not an advertising agency, so I will not recommend either establishment to my readers, except that a person would be hard to suit who could not be pleased, *shopping in London.* But we cannot understand why, with Parisians for opposite neighbors, a little Parisian taste has not influenced the English. Their *shop*-windows (a term, by the way, to which, we could hardly become accustomed) evince neither order nor striking points with which to attract the passer-by, excepting book-windows, and with them their own richness of binding serves to arrange them in a pleasing manner. And the dressing of English ladies has become proverbial for its incongruity. Sealskin over lawn, and cloth sacques over light calico, and common white lace, trimming everything, is rather open to criticism.

After finishing our morning excursion through Shoppingdom, we went to one of the finest sites in London, according to Sir Robert Peel, and that is Trafalgar Square, on the north side of which is located the National Gallery. The principal feature of the square is the Nelson Monument. It is built of Devonshire granite, in the Corinthian order, and on the four sides of the pedestal are bronze reliefs representing battle scenes in the life of Nelson. At the base are four lions, designed by Sir Edwin Landseer. At the top of the fluted column, stands the statue of him, to whose memory the beautiful monument was erected. At the northeast corner of the square is Chantry's work, an equestrian statue in bronze of George IV. At the southeast corner is a handsome statue of General Havelock of India fame. Two circular fountains adorn the centre of the square, and a statue of General Sir Charles Napier completes the four illustrious ornaments in it. In the Gallery we can see the works of the old masters. In the Italian school, we revel among the Titians, Correggios, Guidos, Raphaels, Salvator

Rosas, the Da Vincis, and the Veronese. Only Murillo and Velasquez are well represented in the Spanish school. In the Flemish and Dutch, we study Van Eyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck. We see the French school scarcely through any medium but Claudes, and we are suffused with the red glow of the English Turner gallery of its one hundred and twenty-five oil-paintings, besides water-colored and unfinished drawings. Pomona was admiring the classic gems, when she suddenly called the attention of her three associates, to a large painting of "Cleopatra Landing from her Barge." "I never knew before," Pomona ejaculated, "that Saratoga trunks were not a modern invention, and yet, see that stalwart negro carrying one on his shoulder off of the vessel." "True enough," they all replied in one symphonious voice; "it is a two-story modern affair, after all." And the *old master* was *disenchanted and vanished.*

We had been told that if we were at the "Horse Guards" by eleven o'clock A.M. we should be in time for the parade, so on Tuesday morning we bent our steps thitherward, and were a little too early, as the clock which faces two ways in the central turret, and is a model of accuracy, warned us. So while watching the clock moving on to the appointed hour, we also watched the two mounted guardsmen on their coal-black steeds. So immovable were horse and rider that they made me shudder with the same shudder with which Gog and Magog impressed me when we visited Guildhall. We saw an infantry drill, and the dress parade of this, the Queen's body-guard. Such grenadiers as they were, not one under six feet, and caparisoned so finely, the Queen might well be proud of them for their show, but the strength of the kingdom lies not there, for the day has come when "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Taking a pleasant ramble through St. James's Park, thinking of Henry VIII., who first drained the swampy land there-

abouts to make pleasure-grounds for himself, drinking in a draught of green sward, of shrubberies, of trees, of winding stream, and peaceful lake, we imagined ourselves away, far away from busy London. But here we are at Buckingham Palace, with the name of the resident on the iron gates,—V. R. It became a royal palace in 1761, having been purchased by George III., who removed there from St. James's. Neither George IV. nor William IV., however, resided there, and it only became a family mansion again when Queen Victoria took possession of it in 1837; but she holds her levees in St. James's Palace. The latter obtained its name from a lepers' hospital dedicated to that saint, once standing on the site. Walking back through St. James's Park, passing the immovable guard into the broad street, we crossed to the building of which all that remains is the Banqueting House, once known as Whitehall Palace. Opposite that centre window was erected the scaffold to which Charles I. walked firmly, out from that very window, which is now concealed from the interior view by the Queen's pew, as the Banqueting Room is now a royal chapel, in which one of the Queen's chaplains preaches every Sunday; but Victoria herself only attends divine service there on Maundy-Thursday, when the annual distribution of alms to the parish takes place. The apotheosis of James I. is represented on the ceiling in Rubens's finest style. Behind the house is a fine bronze statue of James I., which the Revolution spared, whatever else was destroyed. Once this was York Place, where Cardinal Wolsey lived in splendor; but his downfall saw its magnificence displayed for Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. It fell into the hands of the usurper Cromwell, and again, we see poor James II., fleeing by night from its threshold to seek warmer hearts than those of his children. On July 16, 1878, in that royal chapel a marriage was consummated between the Earl of Carrington and the Lady Buccleugh; as it is a small room, with pews only for peers

and members of Parliament, only three hundred invitations were given out.

Our next visit was to Guildhall, the town-hall of the city of London, and the large room over which the grotesque wooden figures called Gog and Magog, carved in 1708, keep guard, is used for civic banquets, elections, and other city meetings. Marble monuments of Lord Mayor Bickford, the Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, surround the room; statues of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I. are back of the dais. In the New City Library and Museum, adjoining Guildhall, is a fine collection of old manuscripts, antiquities, autographs of kings and queens and other eminent personages. Here is the deed of purchase of a house in Blackfriars, with the autograph signature of "William Shakspere, of Stratford upon Avon, Gentleman." The mortgage on the same property I mentioned as seeing exhibited in the British Museum. After satisfying our curiosity in Guildhall, we asked a gentlemanly official to tell us the nearest station for the Metropolitan Railway. He was quite surprised at our wishing to take it, as it would not lead us in any direction near our boarding-house; but finding, we were determined to ride in the underground car, he politely informed us he would take us out by the private door used only by the mayor, that would lead us to the nearest station. How curious it was to be flying along, seeing nor hearing nothing of the commercial and social interests that were moving in their ceaseless round above our heads! These cars are quite comfortable, being well lighted, and travelling with ease and quickness that a crowded street would necessarily prove a barrier. But here we must alight and take a tedious 'bus toward our London home.

Our next trip was by the way of the London and Brighton Railway, from London Bridge Station to Sydenham, in order to visit the Crystal Palace. It formed the second Exhibition

Building erected by the government, in 1867, but is now in the hands of a company as a permanent edifice for the improvement and education of the people. We understand that it is not paying its own expenses, but we *did not learn* that, like our Philadelphia Main Exhibition Building, it would be destined to destruction. On entering the building, one feels as if transported into some fairy region, so enchanting is the view along the entire nave. One can imagine mermaids sporting in the limpid fountains, naiads reclining on the banks. dryads playing hide-and-seek among the plants, and aerials on gauzy wings cleaving the dome. If one is an unbeliever in Fairydom, we will take him through the Pompeian, the Greek, the Alhambra, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Byzantine, the German, English, French, and Italian Mediæval, the Renaissance, and the Elizabethan Courts, and there study the arts of the real world in their proper historic data. Leaving the ancient and coming into our modern world, we ramble through the Sheffield, Birmingham, Ceramic, Glass, and Porcelain, Stationery and Fancy Courts. The Chinese Department is the loan collection of the venerable Archdeacon Grey, but the India collection pales before the private one of the Prince of Wales, loaned to the Paris Exhibition, of which more anon. Of the paintings, we were more interested in what is called the Victoria Cross Gallery, each picture representing the scene in which the hero won by some signal act of bravery his "*Victoria Cross.*" The effect of light and shade was vividly brought out in one picture, where a soldier was represented as carrying a burning shell in his hands away from the vicinity of a powder-magazine. Those to whom natural history is an attractive study can find food for it on these grounds, for extinct animals are here remodelled into shape, so that one can trace the iguanodon, the megalosaurus, the hylæosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, down to those more familiar names plain to every schoolboy. The student

in geology will find here the strata of the earth arranged for him in methodic order, and those who prefer physical culture rather than the expansion of the mental will patronize the croquet, the cricket, the archery, and rifle grounds.

After purchasing knick-knacks from the bazaars, and solid refreshments from the dining-saloon, we took our seats opposite the orchestra erected for the Handel Festival, and capable of seating four thousand performers, to witness an acrobatic performance. The grand organ, with its four rows of keys and sixty-six stops, was played at the same time, which pleased the ear while the gymnasts' evolutions distracted the eye.

We have only a little time for a glance at the Industrial Museum, the Naval Museum, the Technological Collection, the Würtemberg display of animals, for some beautiful specimens of statuary take our attention. The one of "The Mourners"—a man, dead, over whom are grieving his wife and his horse—is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Palace Copies of the Vatican sculpture are seen there, so that one finds Rome reproduced in every gallery in Europe. There were quite a number of children through the building, in consequence of the coming acrobat performance. We met a party of ten little fellows, each carrying a canvas bag over his shoulder, in which he placed his purchased treasures,—whistles, fifes, trumpets, whips, candies, books,—that is, he placed them there after making as much noise with the musical instruments as a genuine boy out for a holiday usually does.

Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, may be a noble charity, but we had a great deal of sympathy for the bareheaded "Blue-Coat Boys." The dress is a conspicuous one,—a long blue coat, yellow breeches, and yellow stockings, a band like a clergyman's around the neck, and a red leather belt around the waist. Murray says that they wear a "flat black

cap of woollen yarn, about the size of a saucer;" but it must be in winter-time, as when we saw them, as we often did, and many in the Crystal Palace, the sun could bleach their locks unforbidden. But evening is coming on; and, after another picturesque ride beneath an English sunset, we arrived at home, tired, but fascinated with the Crystal Palace.

We must not leave London, however, which we are thinking about doing, without seeing Hyde Park. Three hundred and eighty-eight acres is a meagre affair in comparison with the Philadelphia Park; but ground is too precious there to waste too much in parks. It was now the latter end of the London season, and between eleven and one o'clock A.M. and half-past five to seven P.M. splendid equipages can be seen in Hyde Park. Rotten Row,—a corruption of *Route du Roi* (the King's Drive),—a bridle-road leading from Apsley House to Kensington Gardens, is thronged with fair equestrians from twelve to two o'clock, the valetudinarians taking their constitutional in the early morning. The triple archway at Hyde Park Corner was erected in 1828. It is ornamented with bas-reliefs from the Elgin Marbles. The Marble Arch, which fronts on Great Cumberland Street, was moved from Buckingham Palace here in 1850. The great Exhibition of 1851 was held on this site in a crystal palace, and near, where once it had been, stands the Monument to Albert, prince consort, the finest in the world. On four piers of granite rises a Gothic canopy, beneath which is a colossal bronze statue of His Royal Highness. Four groups of marble statues are at the angles of the lower steps,—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Above these are four smaller groups,—Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Engineering. Above the steps are two hundred life-size figures of the eminent men of the world in art, science, and literature. A miniature lake, called "*The Serpentine*," is one of the beauties of Hyde Park. There boats can be hired by the hour. The

carriage-drive along the north bank is called "The Lady's Mile." The flower-beds are very handsomely arranged, and the shrubbery at this season of the year, is in its most beautiful verdure; but one cannot sit down on one of the chairs to rest the weary limbs or to watch the equestrians without the payment of *one penny* (*two cents*), and if one is but a moderate walker, the resting-places between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch become rather luxuries. There are nine gateways by which entrance can be effected, all of which are very handsome. We were fortunate enough to visit the park in time for a review of the troops, a sight which the red uniform constituted rather a showy affair. We had been discussing for some time the question "by what means Her Majesty's gallant boys kept their small caps perched so jauntily just over the right ear!" If they had had chignon sufficient to have held pins, the mystery could have been solved; but a light elastic cord did not appear to our eyes strong enough to keep the soldier's head-gear in such a precarious position, but it did, nevertheless.

But we must bid "good-by" to London for a little while. Much remains to be seen, and much that we can never see; but now the city of the fashionable world is beckoning us to her embrace, and we long for thee, "dear, delightful Paris!"

PART THIRD.

PARIS.

"And now to Paris."
Henry VI., Act 4, Scene 7: SHAKSPEARE.

I DO not intend my book to be a guide to any one who purposes travelling in Europe; there are works of the kind that, being written expressly for tourists, give information, while mine is only a record of personal experiences, from which, if my friends can profit and do better, will make me feel, that at least, my tribute has been of some little use in the world of letters. I have made this digression because I have heard so many arguments relative to the *best* route of crossing the Channel. The only one, that will satisfy me, is not yet completed, and that is by a submarine railway; until then, unless one can be Captain Boynton or Professor Wise, we must submit to the inevitable *sea-sickness*. We left London in the eight o'clock P.M. train for Newhaven, which we reached in about two hours and a half. It was moonlight, and when the long-lingering twilight of this English climate had merged into night we still could see the long stretch of woodland, the abundant fields, and the farm-houses nestling lovingly down among beautiful gardens, and after a while there came to our nostrils the scent of the sea, and then we saw the glittering streak of moonbeams on that deceitful water. We learned one lesson that night, and that was, henceforward, to cross the Channel in the daytime, as the night-boats are proverbially uncomfortable. No separate praise can be given to the Channel boats *en masse*, but, as the old saw runs, "Of many evils choose the least," the

day-boats loom before my vision as coming in the catalogue as numbered "LEAST." The Marseilles was crowded that night with an incongruous number of passengers,—all ages, nationalities, and creeds were represented in the first, second, and third grades. We had been advised to remain on deck all night if it was pleasant weather; but about midnight the fog gathered its clammy folds around us, and Erato declared that a certain nauseous feeling was stealing over her. She started for the stairway, when a gentleman kindly asked, "Can you get down alone, miss?"

"Indeed I do not know," she answered, looking dubiously at the few steps, which seemed to be multiplying themselves *ad infinitum*.

"Allow me to help you," was the rejoinder; and Erato knew no more until she found herself seated on a camp-stool in the ladies' cabin with every berth occupied. A forlorn-looking damsel she was, until the steward entered with a heavy rug, saying, "I will make you a bed on the floor, miss."

"Anywhere; I care not," was uttered in the most tragic tones; "only that I may lie down."

Next started Pomona. Again a friendly voice spoke, but in different terms: "Don't go down there, miss; you will be sick if you attempt it."

"I am sick now, sir; so I must go down or die in the attempt." Again was a kindly hand stretched forth, and Pomona found herself launched on the cabin-floor by the side of her friend.

"Misery loves company;" and it began to be a diversion to study the different characters around one, and see the different phases of that strange malady, sea-sickness. One matronly lady, whose dialect recorded her Scotch nationality, was lying on her back in her berth, endeavoring to keep her black silk travelling costume as smooth and nice-looking as possible. "Lie on yer back, chiel, an' ye won't be sick,"

was her address to Erato, as the latter took her place upon the floor. "Thanks," was the rejoinder, and the advice was complied with. It did have a beneficial effect on Erato, but it was not perceivable in the matron herself. A young French girl, going home after an absence of two years on English shore, amused us by her vivacity in the pauses of her inevitable qualms; in fact, none realized that the day before we had not known each other, and the day after we should separate, never, perhaps, to meet again on earth; still, for that miserable night we were as one family. But the *morning cometh*, and a forlorn set of passengers clustered on the upper deck, gazing on the old town of Dieppe, where our breakfast awaited us. Artemis and Clio had remained upon deck all night, under the friendly shelter of an umbrella to keep the fog off, and were even more delighted than the sea-sick passengers to gaze upon the shores of fair France.

Dieppe is situated where the Aignes River empties into the Channel. It is a seaport town, enclosed by two jetties and bordered by quays; but it is not considered a very convenient harbor. Its chief attraction is its being a good bathing-place, having been brought into notice by the Duchess de Berri. Its *old* castle and its picturesque *old* women, with their high Normandy caps, were its chief attractions to us.

We had been advised to travel by this route as giving us an extended view of the most beautiful scenery both in England and France; but while we had the enjoyment of a simple country life, we missed the bolder, picturesque forms of nature as most strikingly displayed in America.

Rouen is situated in an irregular valley, and, where the old ramparts of the ancient French town once were, are shaded boulevards. From the Hill of St. Catherine, Rouen spreads before us as one of the most picturesque of provincial towns; but its narrow, dark and dirty streets, with wooden houses faced with slate, cannot add beauty to the picture. It is true

new streets have been cut, in which are elegant mansions of stone, and on the Seine are rows of new houses, but they only make the contrast the more vivid. But Rouen is only memorable at the present time for two things,—the Cathedral and the monument to Joan of Arc, on the very site where she was so wickedly burned. The Cathedral has two lofty towers in different styles of architecture, whether built in different eras or not, I forgot to inquire, but the interior is in the early pointed style, and has very handsome windows in the nave and transept. Beneath the pavement of the choir lies the lion-heart of Richard I., of England, and the bodies of his uncle and brother, Geoffrey Plantagenet and Henry, are also interred there. It is the last resting-place of John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of Normandy, and of Fontanelle, and Corneille, the Shakspeare of France.

Our ride to Paris was made more interesting to us from the fact that the young French girl whose vivacity charmed us during the dreary hours on the Marseilles was our companion in the carriage of the train, and was so delighted at being on her "native heath" that she gave us descriptions of every place we passed, and seemed enchanted with our sympathetic interest. Approaching St. Germain, her ecstasy was exhilarating; the long stretch of woodland of eight thousand nine hundred acres, the grand hunting-place of the early kings, aroused her to speak of the historical reminiscences that cluster round St. Germain. The gloomy brick chateau, founded by Charles V., the favorite residence of Francis I., Henry II., and Henry IV., Charles IX., Louis XII., and Louis XIV., is now used as a barracks and a prison. In that building the abused monarch, James II., of England, died in 1701. St. Germain now rests in the hearts of the French people as being the spot where their idol, Monsieur Thiers, breathed his last sigh in 1877, September 3. We could see in the distance the towers of St. Denis, but the bristling

Mont Valérian prevented us from seeing Paris. Once it was the resort of pious devotees to a sacred shrine, but in 1841 it became one of the defences of Paris, and played a prominent part in the late Communistic War. Arriving at "La Gare du Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest," our first business was to engage a carriage for our new home. There were so many persons on the train in consequence of the Exposition that it was some time before we could find a "voiture" disengaged, finally one coachman was found unemployed, and on inquiring his fare, he stated five francs. Knowing that a *pour-boire* was expected besides, we considered that for the distance five francs between four was a very moderate demand; still, to be sure of the fact, we asked him for his number and a card. This he refused to give, attempting to show that he could not comprehend our school-girl French, but not being a good actor, he overdid the mark, and we plainly saw he was attempting an extortion. However, there was no alternative in this Babel, so getting our trunks from the custom-house officers,—which performance, like the one when we landed from the Canada, was a mere farce,—we entered our carriage, after paying porterage and being informed by our "*cocher*" that an additional *demi-franc* must be forthcoming in consequence of our baggage. We promised everything, so glad we were at the prospect of a bed before us after our dismal night on the Channel. So weary were we, that Paris then was no more to us than streets of quaint houses, with scores of bonnetless women on the streets; its real beauty and attractiveness grew upon us in our later wanderings about this ancient Lutetia,—the city of the Romans. Arriving at Monsieur A.'s, we found the affable French gentleman just coming down the wide stairway, and the concierge introduced him to our party. We had noticed a very unnecessary haste on the part of our driver whom we had told to wait for us as we might probably be obliged to go farther, but as the polite, gray-haired gentleman

insisted that he could accommodate us, I handed Monsieur the five francs fifty centimes and five sous to pay our restless *cocher*. Monsieur looked at me in astonishment, and instantly began to upbraid the wily man for his fraudulent dealing, and ended the scolding by giving him *two* francs and the five sous. The driver at first refused to take it, declaring the ladies had promised him the five, but as Monsieur turned towards his domicile, advising the man to drive to the police station then for redress, he mildly asked for his two francs and his *pourboire*, and, whipping up his forlorn-looking horses, started off a "sadder but a wiser man." How curious to our American eyes was the style of furnishing houses, both in London and Paris! Here were the waxed, inlaid floors, the grim old chairs, the spindle-legged tables, the walls hung with antique china and wooden carvings. We were lodged in what would be with us the fourth story, although it is only counted the third from the "*entresol*" in France, and leaning over our balconies on a summer evening, we had delightful views of golden sunsets and of the Boulevard de la Villette, with tramways crowded from the Exposition.

But our first meal in Paris,—how can I describe the dinner, served so differently to what we had been accustomed? Some persons fall naturally into the routine of courses, but others do not, and therefore are glad to return to American shores for meals. I missed nothing, either in eating or drinking, at first, but tea, and, not being particularly fond of it at best, it was perfectly unpalatable; but the coffee was delicious at our *déjeuner;* chocolate was generally our morning beverage. But dinner; first, as usual, was the excellent *soup* that only the French know how to make; then came a ripe, juicy *melon;* next on the table, was brought by the neat-handed Maria, *duck;* after that was taken away, white potatoes,—for, I am sorry to say, I did not taste a sweet potato after we left the Canada until we arrived in America again;

and sugar-corn, also, was quite surprising to our English cousins, when we described to them our way of boiling and eating those delicious ears. But I am wandering from my French repast. And then salad,—for no meal is perfect without that; sometimes beans and sometimes artichokes varied the vegetable *menage;* cottage-cheese came next in order, and this day raspberries was our dessert; and, as water was a condemned luxury, we were obliged to forego it for Vin de Bordeaux, Vin de Bourgoyne, or Vin de Xérès. But these French wines are so light that one felt not the evil effects of this violation of all temperance habits; and yet, is it not this perpetual wine-bibbing that makes the French nation the versatile, light-headed, quick-tempered people that they are? I do not like to use the word intoxicated in the broad sense to which it is applied to the English, Irish, or Scotch; but are the French really ever sober? was a question that haunted me many times during my sojourn in Paris. We only saw one man to whom the epithet "*drunk*" could be applied, and yet, to what cause can we attribute the terrible outrages that have devastated Paris, and even now the constant undercurrent of communism, if it is not that the brains of the French inhabitants are constantly confused with wine?

Our first day in Paris was spent in investigating. We hired a cabriolet and visited our banker, Munroe, in the Rue Scribe; Drexel's, in the Boulevard Haussmann; Meyers's fashionable ladies' shoe-store, in the Rue Neuve Aux Petits Champs; Cook's Tourist Office, 15 Place du Havre, making all these expeditions between heavy showers of rain. We thought we had left the moist strata when we departed from London, but there was scarcely a day of our sojourn in Paris but we had the clouds weeping over us. To-day we saw the Colonne Vendôme; workmen were still engaged at it, renovating what their own hands had attempted to destroy. But no matter what changes have been made in it, it is a

magnificent monument to Napoleon I., to whom France can never be grateful enough for her adornment. Paris is indeed a beautiful city! After the gloom and austerity of London it burst upon us as a lovely, dancing-girl following a nun, and this phase of its character was well developed on the next day,—July 14,—the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, as six hundred and fifty musical societies kept the festival at the Tuileries. While we noticed in Europe a sacred respect for all manner of holidays, and an observance of commemoration for the most trifling affair; yet still, in this day, we could see no straining after an excuse for relaxation, but an earnest remembrance of the Revolution of 1789, which brought the *terror* of so many years to a harmless heap of ruins.

The inventor of the first subterranean sewers, Huguet Aubriot, Governor of Paris, built in 1369 that edifice of mysteries, the Bastille. For four centuries its name was a synonyme for violence and injustice and oppression, until *right*, which is not often the conqueror, subdued *might*, and the Bastille fell. On its site, from which fifteen streets diverge, was erected, in 1793, a fountain representing Nature, and called the Fountain of Regeneration. A colossal elephant took its place, which, in like turn, was destroyed in 1834. In 1840, Louis Philippe raised the Colonne de Juillet to the memory of those who fell in the defence of liberty in 1830, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July. A figure emblematical of Liberty, one of Dumont's sculptures, crowns the column. On the sides of the monument are the names of six hundred and fifteen citizens, victims of the dungeons of the Bastille, whose remains still lie in the vaults below the site, sharing a bed with those massacred in 1830, in 1848, and latterly, but, I am afraid, not lastly, in 1871. The Communists endeavored to blow up this magnificent bronze column with gunpowder and petroleum, but as they were obliged to

use the former in their own self-defence, the fire they had endeavored to originate produced no serious damage. On this lovely Sabbath morning of the 14th of July we attended service in the American Protestant Chapel, No. 31 Rue de Berri, where Dr. Hitchcock presided. His text was the 10th chapter of Acts, 4th verse, and his sermon was a review of the good work that had been done since the organization of the mission.

A pleasant walk, and another work of art commemorative of the First Napoleon, entrances our gaze. This is the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, considered the finest structure in the world. It shows bullet-marks as the only serious result of two besiegements; but on the night of the 20th of May, 1871, heavy artillery was raised to the top, which is one hundred and sixty-two feet, by means of steam-power, and the strongest citadel of Paris, that of Mont Valérian, was bombarded by the Communists with terrible effect. The reliefs upon it represent Napoleon's victories truthfully, but intermixed with mystic designs, and the records of the victories are to be seen on a row of shields above the entablature. One can read on the side arches the names of three hundred and eighty-four French generals who fell in different battles. Nothing can be seen within but the two hundred and forty-five steps by which we reach the summit and have a gorgeous panorama of Paris lying before us. Looking down at our feet, we count twelve avenues forming the radii of the circle, in which the Arc de Triomphe is the centre, and of these the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue des Champs Elysées are the finest. Letting the eye wander farther off, as sight grows upon us, we see the dark shadows of the Bois de Boulogne, the frowning terrace of Mont Valérian, the flaunting flags of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars, the palaces and churches, the simple towers of Notre Dame, and the Obélisque de Louqsor, which crowns the Place de la Con-

corde. Fifteen hundred years before Christ that column looked down upon the Egyptians at Thebes sitting at the banquets of kings; it now marks the spot in the Place de la Concorde where nearly three thousand persons were guillotined during the reign of terror in 1793. Do the ghosts of Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Roland, Duc D'Orleans, Robespierre, and Danton ever wander round that imposing square, meeting with others cut off also there, ere the sunset of life had come? We could not think so in the warm glare of a July sun; but the Arc de Triomphe sees sad sights, why not this? It shares with the Colonne Vendôme the honor of being a favorite resort of suicides. Monsieur A. being very anxious that his American friends should not be ignorant of the names of the surrounding buildings, grew so energetic in his French volubility that a young gentleman stepped forward and offered to be an interpreter. We thanked him kindly, although we had been perfectly aware of our host's information before, and a lively chat in English soon ensued. I asked our new friend how he, a Frenchman, spoke our language so well. He replied that he had left his home for America when but fourteen years of age, arrived at New York without the slightest knowledge of an English word, travelled on to Cincinnati, Ohio, remained in that Western State nine years, and had returned to see his friends in the autumn of 1877; "but," he added, "as soon as my friends will let me go, I shall return to America."

"Why," I replied, "would you leave this beautiful city? We have not such an enchanting place in all the United States as Paris."

He shrugged his shoulders,—the unequivocal sign of a Frenchman, and said, in a low tone, "But you have a better government." The jealous eyes of a young French girl were on us, so he was obliged to leave, saying as he did so,

"Were it not for my friends here, I would spend the remainder of the day with you." And casting one lingering look at *les dames Americaines*, he descended the dark stairway. And yet, that man had a mother in Paris; ties of home, kindred, country, language, were all broken that he might be one of the free brotherhood of our Republic.

The Champs Elysées is such a magnificent avenue that one feels as if walking was no longer a necessity, but an inspiration, the mental rises so far above the physical; so we felt as we promenaded its broad pavement. We were shown the Palais de l'Elysée, the official residence of Marshal de MacMahon, then President of the French Republic; but, lying most of his time in a beastly state of intoxication, we do not wonder that his removal was the next *act* on the Parisian stage. Once in that palace Madame de Pompadour reigned supreme, the favorite of a king; but monarchies are falling now, and "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." We entered the Palais de l'Industrie, in which were exhibited modern works of art. This edifice was erected for the great International Exhibition in 1855, and has been used since for an annual display. We had been revelling so much in the antique and the Renaissance that it was a pleasure to look at works of only living artists. We are not critics enough to say how they compare with older schools of art, but their fresher coloring was a relief from the dark, cracked paintings of the past. I have but space to speak of a few, for Pomona was quite ill, so we had to walk hurriedly through those charming galleries, crowded as they were with the citizens and citizenesses of Paris. One painting represented a vulture holding in his talons the body of a dead girl. He was looking far off with his piercing eye, as if a rival to his feast was already on the wing, and every second his claws bent fiercer into that pure white flesh; so it appeared to our imaginations. Another picture was a group of singers on a stage.

Half-sized figures they were, and the only glow upon those faces was the reflection of the imaginary footlights; but they were striking, peering out from the semi-darkness of the stage; each mouth curved in position of song, one felt, as if, by listening attentively, we could catch the strain as it fell from their lips. Another study of the reflection of light represented a young girl ascending a stairway with a lighted candle in her hand. "A Fight in an Ale-House," though not a pleasing study, was a masterpiece in its delineation of the varied passions of human nature. Leaving the Palais de l'Industrie, we passed a circular building called the Panorama, as it represents the Siege of Paris.

As we had seen the same exhibition in our own city,—Philadelphia,—we preferred walking through the handsomely laid-out gardens of the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries. The garden was laid out by Le Nôtre in the time of Louis XIV., and had been originally an orchard. It is now a perfect fairy-land, with its varied fountains, beds of flowers, statues of bronze and marble; but to-day even its beauty was swallowed up by the immense crowds that were there on this holiday. We were just entering as several societies with their devices and banners and music also arrived, and, while the scene was imposing, it became rather uncomfortable. We listened for a while to the operatic airs given by superior musicians on the staging erected in the middle of the garden, and then wandered away to the desolate palace.

"*Si triste!*" said Madame.

"*Si triste!*" echoed I; for a shadow fell over the once sun-lighted scene as we gazed on the mournful ruins before us. Was it not resting under the baneful influence of its foundress, Cathèrine de Medicis, who took a *tile*-yard—from whence it derives its name—to erect upon it this splendid palace for herself, while her son, Charles IX., remained at the Louvre? Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. all

aided its embellishment, but August 10, 1792, saw the hapless Louis XVI. and his wife driven from it and the place captured. July 29, 1830, was another signal day for its destruction, and Louis Philippe, who remodelled it, fled in 1848 from the scene of devastation around him. It received its death-blow in 1871, and now, workmen are engaged in removing it from the spot that shall know it no more. One could not gaze on those blackened walls and broken windows without heaving a sigh of regret for its by-gone splendor.

LES TUILERIES.

Ruins of what once was fair!
  Ruins not made by Time!
All that was grand is prostrate there,
  Wrecked in its glowing prime.
From broken windows gazed once
  Those of the blood of kings;
The tessellated pavement now
  To plebeian footsteps rings.

O Fame! so facile in thy faith,—
  A breath, and it is gone!
"*Le roi est mort!*" scarce falls away
  Ere "*Vive le roi!*" is begun.
Empires, then republics, rise;
  Like game of battledore,
The shuttlecock of power flies
  E'en to the dungeon's floor.

Sad Tuileries! thy ruins show
  The beauty that was thine;
The Pride of Empires will in thee
  Still find a fitting shrine.
No plebeian hand can take away
  The wealth that centuries gave;
The archangel's trump alone can knell
  The last eternal grave!

France! we could love thee for thy face,
  Were it not the mask you wear,

Which hides the cruel heart beneath,
That ever beateth there.
Tread softly, strangers, lest you wake
The heart that's slumb'ring now,
Or else its beat will bring a flush
On the young Republic's brow.

And once again o'er sunny France
The serpent's trail is seen,—
Destroying all that's beautiful,
Red'ning the vineyards green,—
Till every church within the land
With sepulchres is fraught,
And martyred bones of those who died
For liberty of thought.

Leaving this sad monument of so many historical reminiscences, we went into the gardens of the Palais Royale. This palace, originally called the Palace of the Cardinal, was commenced by Richelieu in 1629, but so many changes have been made that it is doubtful if Richelieu himself would recognize it. The covered galleries around contain very handsome bazaars, and, as jewelry is the most extensive merchandise, the shops in the evening are one blaze of light. The palace suffered in 1871 from fire, but fortunately the enclosed promenades and the brilliant "*magasins*" escaped the flames. Going through the garden to the covered pavilions, where ices, coffee, and wines are served, we were much amused at the perfect *abandonment* of the French in their amusements. Girls from eighteen to twenty years of age were playing battledore and shuttlecock in the broad avenues, and no one appeared interested in the game except those engaged in it. They have arrived at the sublime art of "minding their own business."

After taking our raspberryade and cake we made the tour of the magasins, finally entering the grand Restaurant. The Palais Royale had been the theatre of many plays,

not enhancing much to its reputation, and here were celebrated suppers given to the beaux and belles of an immoral court. Now the heel of the Republic is on the monarchy's brow, and the feet of the bourgeois tread the palaces of royalty. We ordered dinner, and so amusing was the sight of elegant rooms filled with diners, while *les garçons*, dressed in roundabouts and white aprons, and slippers on their feet,—so different from the English waiters, with their swallow-tailed dress-coats and white neckties,—flitted about like white-breasted birds, that I lost my soup by gazing at the novelty around me. My *ros-bif* came near sharing the same fate, but I clutched the plate frantically with one hand while I warned off the waiter with my fork, much to the amusement of those around me.

But the sun is setting now, and I never see it disappear in the western horizon without sending with it a loving thought of my friends across the broad Atlantic; but we have had a busy day and are growing weary, and still a long distance is before us to our boarding-house. We gave one more glance to the former home of the Princess Clothilde, and feeling satisfied that palaces and cottages were all the same to us, that we could leave the former without a price upon our heads and reside in the latter without a fear of being discovered, we entered the omnibus, not only content, but glad, that we were natives of the United States.

Monday morning rose clear and bright for our first visit to the Exposition. The cars and omnibuses, like those in England, are limited to a certain number of passengers,—both inside and on top,—and at different corners of the street are offices in which you procure a ticket, with a number which entitles you to a seat, provided there is one to be had. One day, in waiting as each crowded car passed me, I was accosted by a Frenchwoman, who wished me to exchange tickets with her, as hers was number 23 and mine was 14,—the drift of her

questions was plainly to be seen. I began to quiz the woman in order to make her say the purport of her inquiries, but she was too smart a Frenchwoman to be caught in such a trap, and endeavored to prove to me that the exchange would redound to my advantage.

"I will exchange with you, not because you are right, but I am going up to the other depot."

Her eyes sparkled as she asked me to give her both numbers.

"No," I replied, "I will exchange with you, as I said," giving her my ticket and taking hers from her hand; "but I do not understand why, as I am a stranger in Paris."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I see you are a Spaniard. How long have you been in Paris?" I could not answer her for a few moments, as I had too strong a disposition to laugh at the figure presented to my mind,—sunburned to a brownish tinge, I acknowledged, but blue eyes and brown hair are not types of a native of sunny Spain; so I hardly considered myself complimented, therefore I disavowed the Spain and owned my native country.

She expressed much surprise, praised my pronunciation of French, and retired with her exchanged number; and as for myself, I went up to the first station, passed about eight cars already filled, obtained the first seat in an empty one, and arrived at the Exposition at about twelve o'clock, having been all the morning in my travels. It is impossible for any city to have an exposition whose general bearings will strike the beholder with magnificence as it was done in Philadelphia. The park itself, in its picturesque beauty, far excels any other park, and in Paris the same want was felt, the want of space that exists in all the large cities of Europe. To be equal in beauty to the Centennial, the Paris Exposition wanted the vistas. We know the poet says, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and the magician's wand called up scenes

in too great rapidity to give the proper enchantment. We had five principal buildings, which were grouped together in one in Paris, viz., Champs de Mars. We had State buildings and other houses, making about fifty prominent edifices, while the intervening space was dotted with bazaars. We had fountains of rare beauty, and they were so conveniently far apart that one did not detract from the tastefulness of the other; but in the Paris grounds they were too near together to be impressive. It is said that this contraction of dimensions showed the fine French taste in using up every portion of ground to a beautiful advantage. We acknowledge this, nor do we wish that anything we have said should be construed as a deterioration of the Paris Exposition. On the contrary, it was charming, but admits of no comparisons with the one in Philadelphia. Our Centennial reminded us of Aladdin's Palace, stored with all the treasures of an old world; with the industry of the new; with the result of the growth of centuries; with the spontaneous productions of a day; with utility; with beauty; with art; with mechanism; all carried from the ends of the globe and dropped in the midst of a primeval forest. In America nature and art go hand in hand; in Europe, the latter sister has the control, and forces her more beautiful sister to cater to her charms.

Rich mould was brought to supplement the coarser earth of the Paris enclosure. Stimulating phosphates were used to insure the straggling grass to a denser verdure; twenty-four thousand cubic metres of rock were quarried to make the Trocadéro hill symmetrical with the Champ de Mars; there were winding walks, fountains, artificial mounds, ornamental trees, parterres of flowers, cozy dells, trickling rivulets, silvery cascades, but no romantic spots where lovers of solitude could linger and survey the picturesque beauty around them, as could be found in any part of the Centennial grounds. There is a wealth of flowers in Europe, and while foreigners

upbraided me not only for our non-cultivation of God's sweet messengers, but also, for the love of them, I thought to myself, if they grew with us in such luxuriance with such little care, we might far outrival them in our gorgeous gardens.

The "Chateau d'eau" is the finest ornamental water-works extant, its complete mechanism enables it to answer to the name given it by Americans, the "*Miniature Niagara*," and well sets off the superb building, the Trocadéro. This latter edifice is to remain, adding another to the list of the palaces of Paris. Its spacious hall, capable of holding eight thousand persons, will be used, as during the Exposition, for concerts, and its saloons will form "Galéries de l'Art Rétrospective," —a suitable relic of the Exposition, a collection that will form a history of the five stages of society. I was very much interested in the ancient French history that could be read here in antique souvenirs; there was a watch that was worn by Henry III. in 1580; there was the watch of Robespierre, the dethroner of kings; there was another in the shape of a cross, and he who wore it should have often thought of Him who, having laid down the cross, will come soon to put all times and seasons under His feet.

We saw the sword which was presented to the Marquis de Lafayette by the grateful people whom he helped to their independence, and his memory we still cherish. Leaving this saloon, we wandered into the Moorish courts of old Granada, and were soon surrounded by relics of Spain in her ancient days of grandeur. Next we found ourselves face to face with groups of life-like figures from the northern shores of Europe, and here a ludicrous scene occurred. A peasant's hut was represented; the housewife had on an exceedingly high cap and the stiff dress of her caste; we were looking at it with interest, when a sneering laugh jarred on my ear. I turned to look for the owner of that laugh, and there stood a woman of some fifty years, and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds,

dressed in a black woollen skirt, short to her ankles, with a peasant bodice of black velvet over a white Swiss waist. From each shoulder to her wrists were chains of silver, which terminated in bracelets; around her neck were three graded necklaces of the same metal, and a fantastic head-dress of filigree and gilt completed her attire. I looked at the bedizened human figure, and then at the more simply attired wax one, and wondered which should be the *ridiculed.*

"La Rue des Nations" forms a beautiful frontage for the different courts, but it was rather "guess-work" to determine a house by the façade. The style erected by the United States might be certainly called an international one, for it might be put up anywhere without the least possible show of objection. For real beauty of design the Netherlands stands first for her charming cottage. Holland appeared to be the only one with an individuality, and it has a front of an architecture of two hundred years ago, but its very quaintness, its dark-red brick and high slate roof, enchants one.

Great Britain, as one letter-writer said, "occupies nearly two-sevenths of the whole space devoted to foreign exhibitors," and therefore required more frontage on the "Street of Nations," so she has erected five houses,—one of Queen Anne's reign, another of Queen Elizabeth's, another of William III.'s, one style used in England from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, and another style of a nondescript character.

Belgium put up the most expensive house, but the effect is lost by its exceeding heaviness.

Italy is rather too classical, or rather, in her architecture there is a straining after classic detail, which detracts from the harmony of the design.

The view from the beginning of the street, with the many different houses, their diversified flags waving to the breeze, the varied costumes of the pedestrians, formed a picture not soon to be effaced from our memory.

Entering the Champs de Mars, we found the great attraction to be the collection loaned by the Prince of Wales,—the presents received by him during his visit to India,—jewelled sword-hilts, jewelled scabbards, jewelled saddles, jewelled harness, jewelry in all forms, and cashmere in all designs, models in ivory of Burmese temples, elegant pieces of furniture in ebony and sandal-wood, forming a most unique collection. The French and Austrian different displays of glassware appeared like crystal temples enshrining the embodiment of light, so glittering were their departments.

As usual, the Americans took the lead in useful works, and, as we have learned since our return, obtained most of the prizes. I was asked by a Frenchman "why we had not sent over to the Exposition, our Corliss engine?" He seemed very much disappointed at not seeing that triumph of American skill. The display of machinery was not as extensive as that given in our country, while the fine arts and the merely beautiful things were by far the larger in comparison with ours.

The exhibitors were not at all pleased with the results of their labors in Paris as compared with the like labor in Philadelphia. Bitter complaints were made of so few purchasers, and of even those few the majority were Americans. Passing down one of the avenues, we were attracted by a Turkish tent and one of its inmates working diligently at a sandal.

"This reminds me of the Centennial," was said by one of the ladies of our party. Instantly a man sprang from the floor, where he had been sitting cross-legged upon a rug, with his coffee and pipe and other luxuries of a noonday repast before him, and coming forward, showing a handsome countenance beaming with smiles, and stretching out his delicately-formed hand in greeting, said, "How d'ye do, Philadelphie?" After a few seconds of conversation, he said, "I want a talk with you; you come back in one hour and we talk. I punish my stomach now." The last clause was to me incomprehen-

sible, had not Clio explained that he had made use of the same phrase in 1876, and she then deciphered its mysticism to mean, "I am replenishing my stomach."

On our return, he showed us the goods he was exhibiting, and we were surprised at the great difference in price from what he asked when in "*Philadelphie.*" He explained that custom-house duties made a difference, and besides, no matter what he asked he could not sell. "The French are mean, very mean; I no like to sell to them; but Amerique so better. I make plenty money in Amerique; I make a pillow of my money" (bank-notes we supposed) "at night in Philadelphie, and lay my head upon it" (suiting the action to the word). "I no like it here, I like Amerique." The same story, only with different modulations, was told by all we met who had been at the Centennial, and we could notice for ourselves the absence of buyers. The bazaars outside, which were among the most attractive of the shows during the Centennial, were in Paris well surrounded by lookers-on, but purchasers were scarce. We recognized many familiar faces among the Chinese, Japanese, and Syrians as those whom we had seen in 1876. One of the novelties was the Tunisian Coffee-House, a canvas tent, enclosed by a light fence and surrounded by shrubbery. The *music* (?), shade of Mozart preserve us! came stealing out on to the ambient air in doleful, discordant strains, exciting small boys to endeavor to creep in beneath the barriers for just one glance, and influencing those of larger growth to peer curiously between the dense evergreen. We entered the charmed spot with our escort, an Armenian Christian from Jerusalem, who ordered cups of coffee for his American lady friends. This beverage was prepared separately in five miniature tin coffee-pots, each holding a good tablespoonful and no more. Before us, on the small table, was placed a porcelain cup of the same Liliputian capacity, and our Moresco waiter, towering above us, poured the sable

coffee through a long spout from the miniature pot to the Liliputian cup. No sugar nor cream was allowed to spoil the blackness of darkness before us, and I own it would have been extremely palatable were it not for the coffee-grounds, which, in my cup more than the others, were very thick. This refreshment was enlivened by the hideous chorus of which I spoke, which was given by four Tunisian youths in costume, seated cross-legged on a divan, each with an instrument, whose capacity for music resembled the banjos, triangles, bones, and tambourines of a negro minstrel troupe. They accompanied the instruments with a rude refrain, the words of which might or might not have been their mother-tongue, as, listening to it as a language, it was still unintelligible. The discordancy of sound was caused by the apparent exertion of each individual to sing in quite a different tune from his fellow, and the facial movements and bodily gestures rendered the whole scene not only ludicrous but fascinating.

We had been told to go early to the Exposition so that we could leave in the afternoon before the crowd started, for the terrible systematic tramway allowed no pushing. On coming out, we saw so many persons around the ticket-office that a bright idea struck us; in fact, we determined to practise a ruse. Putting on the most guileless countenances we could raise for the better accomplishment of our stratagem, we stepped upon the platform of a car. The conductor, in his shabby blue pantaloons, or rather overalls, which they looked most like, and his roundabout of the same empyreal hue, asked, in the most suave tones, for our numbers; but we comprehended not, and made a determined front for the entrance. One of the gens d'armes interposed, but we were dumb to his authority; so, provoked at our stupidity, he said to the conductor, "Let them in; they're English." We would like to have owned to the stars and stripes, but we were obliged to accept our position as Englishwomen. This

scheme worked so admirably that on the next day we visited the Exposition we tried it again, but failed most signally, the gen d'arme insisting on our obtaining the "numero."

One day when we were riding up the Rue de Lafayette we made a place beside us for a gentleman, who accidentally had entered thinking there *was* a vacant seat. This roused the indignation of a lady opposite, who, with two little children, was taking up enough room to have seated six proper-proportioned adults, and to all her vehement protestations and earnest gesticulations we appeared to be unconscious, apparently not understanding what all this commotion meant. It seemed to amuse our new fellow-traveller very much, but as he was comfortably seated, he took very little other notice of the haranguer. Whether the earnest defender of car-rights informed the authorities of the derelict conductor we shall never know.

Tuesday, *July* 16, 1878.—A warm summer morning, and after being awakened in the "wee sma' hours" by the masons at their work on the opposite side of the street, we hardly felt prepared, even after our *chocolat au lait*, for a walk to La Butte Chaument, which is a picturesque park in what is known as La Villette, formerly in the suburbs of Paris, but now within the limits of the city. It contains fifty-five acres, and is a fine exhibition of art imitating nature. A cascade, in all the wildness of the scenery of our own native land, fell into a deep bed, thus forming a lake of limpid water. It was crossed in one place by a light wire bridge, and in another by a stone bridge, which leads one to an island cut out of a granite rock. The summit of this rock (which is sixty feet high) is crowned with a belvedere, called the "Temple of the Sibyl," in imitation of Grecian temples, from which can be obtained a perfect view of Paris and its surroundings. Beneath the cascade is a grotto with sparkling stalactites, and climbing from height to height one comes unconsciously upon

the most beautiful sylvan spots, bright with varied flowers. But even here, in this fairy dell, comes history with her truthful finger, and, pointing to the wooded cliffs, tells us that this park and the Père La Chaise were the two last positions occupied by the Communists. But on the 27th of May, 1871, they were obliged to capitulate from the park, compelled by the cannonading from Montmartre, although the shells filled with petroleum which they threw into different parts of the city were increasing the destruction around.

Returning to our boarding-house, we ate bountifully of our noontide meal, and then, armed with tickets, proceeded to the memorable spot in Paris, the Palais de Justice, with its enclosed Conciergerie, and Ste. Chapelle. Fortunately, the last two escaped the petroleum fire, when the greater part of the palace was a mass of ruins from the flames. This handsome building, which it is, with its improvements, was formerly used as a residence of the French kings, but is now occupied by *Justice* in name, and, we sincerely hope, in fact. We were very glad to see that the square tower of ancient architecture was also spared from the fire. It is called the "Tour de l'Horloge," and the dial in its turret is very convenient for the passer-by. Facing, as the Palais does, the Pont Neuf, it occupies a very prominent position, as that bridge is to Paris what the London Bridge is to London,—the longest and most frequented. Pont Neuf is divided by a point of L'Ile de la Cité, and has for its centre a bronze statue of Henry IV. on a pedestal of white marble, with two bas-reliefs in bronze of scenes in the life of the monarch.

L'Ile de la Cité is formed by two arms of the Seine, and embraces the Palais de Justice, Notre Dame, the Morgue, and the Hôtel Dieu, one of the oldest hospitals in Paris, dating its history back to the time of Clovis.

Entering one of the halls in the Palais de Justice, which we found was the Cour d'Assises, or the Central Criminal Court,

we noticed a great many persons collected, and on inquiring the cause, were told that a case had been tried and the verdict of the jury would be received to-day ; so we waited also, examining the lofty room, with its handsome panelling and fresco-work, in the interval. Pretty soon the barristers came in with black gowns and caps, and the judges in robes of ermine. After some light conversation and promenading by these officials, a door on the right of the seat of justice opened, and the jurymen filed in with their attendant officer ; a few moments after the criminal, guarded by two gens d'armes, entered by a door on the left-hand side. He was a man over whose head some sixty-odd winters had scattered their snows. He was dressed in the blue blouse of his class, and he was bowed, not alone with years of time, but years of work, and yet this man, whose wife sat there weeping, and a young man and girl, probably the children, were beside her, had been arraigned before the court for attacking another man with a knife, cutting him so dreadfully in the face that the sight of both eyes was gone. The jury found the old man guilty, and, after a lengthy address, the judge sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. As he passed out between his jailers we thought, "Will he ever again tread the streets of Paris?" It seemed to us as we looked upon his white, wrinkled face, and still whiter hair and bowed form, that as he had taken from another the last look of earth, would not the angel of death close his eyes soon to life itself? The officers soon cleared the court-room, so we betook ourselves to the Court of Exchequer, but there was nothing going on there, so we wandered through the Tribunal de Commerce. This is reached by a circular stairway, ornamented by allegorical statues of Art, Trade, and Commerce. The Audience Chamber is decorated with paintings by Robert Fleury, and is a most magnificent hall, while the Insolvent Court is very plain with its simple panelling of oak. This building is considered one of the finest in modern Paris. It was completed

in 1866, and its architecture is of the style of the Renaissance. The ancient prison of the Palais de Justice, called the Conciergerie, can only be seen with a permit from the prefect of the police. This we had obtained, and were ushered into a low-ceilinged room, but so large that nine stone pillars were placed at proper distances to support the rooms above. The windows were heavily barred, and as the iron door clanged on its hinges, a chill from the dampness of the stone walls fell upon us; but to how many did a feeling come of the chill of despair! Leaving this antechamber and passing through a dark corridor, we reached another iron-barred door, which opened into the cell in which Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen, was imprisoned from August 1 to October 26, 1793. The room we stood in hardly deserved the name of room, so small was it, and yet it had been enlarged for the accommodation of visitors since the royal lady left it. The altar at which she worshipped still stood there, with the crucifix upon it, and before that view of the divine agony how must the giddy pomp of royalty have faded in Marie Antoinette's sight! Adjoining this closet is the present sacristy of Ste. Chapelle, another small apartment, spacious enough for the purpose, but rather cramped when Robespierre and his seventeen companions were confined in it the night before their execution, July 28, 1794. In the Salle des Pas Perdus, on the right side, stands a monument erected to Malesherbes, who defended Louis XVI. before the Revolutionary tribunal, and who took the step from this prison to the guillotine with Danton, Bailly, and Madame Roland. The last royal prisoner was Napoleon III., who was confined in the Conciergerie for a short time. Will France remain a republic, or will monarchs still rise and fall upon her bosom? are questions yet sealed in the book of fate.

Two hundred and eighty-eight prisoners were massacred by the mob in September, 1792; verily, indeed, through the

streets of Paris ran blood! Ste. Chapelle, where the Girondists banqueted the night before their execution, is the most perfect specimen for its size of Gothic architecture in Paris. It was built in the thirteenth century by Pierre de Montereau to contain the relics purchased by St. Louis from Jean de Brienne, Bishop of Jerusalem and his son-in-law, Emperor Baldwin, of Byzantium, for two million francs. These relics were the supposed fragments of the true cross, the crown of thorns, the garment of our Saviour, for which the soldiers cast lots, and the head of the spears which pierced His side. The sacristy of Notre Dame contains them now, for after 1791, when liberty and religion were both abused, this gem of a chapel was used as a club-house, then a corn-house, then a receptacle for papers of the law-courts; but in 1837 Louis Philippe had it repaired at the cost of the relic price, two million of francs. Fortunately, it escaped the conflagration of 1871, which destroyed so much of the Palais de Justice. Service is performed here only once a year, at the opening of the law-courts in November.

This seems to me the proper place to speak of the Chapelle Expiatore, at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, which stands on a part of the old cemetery of the Madeleine, and erected by Louis XVIII. as a monument to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, his wife; for in that enclosure, without ceremony, were buried their bodies and many of the Swiss Guard, who so nobly defended them. It is built to represent an ancient sepulchre, and in consequence is particularly gloomy. The remains, however, of the royal couple have been removed to St. Denis, where, in the Benedictine Abbey, they lie with their ancestors, the monarchs of France,—the last occupants of the princely vaults have been Louis XVIII. and the Duc de Berry.

The Conciergerie is still used as a prison, and one of the

police force opened a window, which overlooked the court-yard, and showed us the prisoners at their supper; that is, each man was handed a piece of bread as he passed through the door, and also a tin cup, which he could use at the hydrant to quench his thirst. We were obliged to withdraw in a few moments, as the men became aware of our proximity by some instinct, and found our window a more attractive sight to them than we had discovered in their court-yard. Leaving this place of so many recollections, we stepped out under the beautiful blue sky and saw before us the Quai aux Fleurs, where the flower-market is held on Wednesday and Saturday mornings,—a contrast to the gloom of the darkness of humanity from which we had just emerged.

Our next visit was to Ste. Geneviève, or Panthéon, as it was most generally termed. It stands on the most elevated ground of Paris, and has been a barometer of the feelings which at different times possesses the city. It replaced an ancient church of the same name, that of the patron saint of Paris, and was erected in 1764 by Soufflot, at the instigation of Madame Pompadour. Twenty-eight years after the National Assembly gave it the more liberal name of Panthéon, and over the doorway we read, "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante." In 1822 religion was the ruling spirit, so the barometer indicated a church. Nine years after the atmosphere darkened with atheistical clouds, and it changed into a Panthéon; but in 1853 the sun of religion again arose and Ste. Geneviève became the title again. It is built in the cruciform, and the height from the pavement to the top of the dome is two hundred and eighty-one feet, making it a splendid target at the time of the Prussian bombardment in 1871. Although the shape, as I mentioned, is the type of the Christian faith, there is very little "outward sign of an inward grace" about the building. The pediment above the portico contains a piece of sculpture by

David d'Angers, and represents France giving garlands to her illustrious sons. To the left of this group is Liberty, guarding these illustrious sons, such as Malesherbes, Mirabeau, Monge, Fénelon, Manuel, and Carnot, the leader in the first Revolution, Berthollet, and Laplace, with David, Bichat, Lafayette, Cuvier, Voltaire, and Rousseau. To the left, with an emblematic figure of History, we see Napoleon Bonaparte, with soldiers of the Republic and the Empire. The entrance has before it two sandstone groups,—one in which Ste. Geneviève is represented as saving Paris from the ravages of the Huns by appeasing Attila, their leader; the other is St. Rémi baptizing Clovis.

We ascend eleven steps to the portico, which is supported by Corinthian columns. The same style of columns inside support the galleries around the spacious rotunda. The three handsome altars in the choir and transept, and copies from the Vatican of Raphael's frescoes, alone preserve the sacredness of the edifice and redeem it from total pantheism.

The *chef-d'œuvre* of Ste. Geneviève is the cupola, for the painting of which Gros received one hundred thousand francs and the title of baron. I almost forgot to mention four figures painted by Gerard, relics of the Panthéon days, viz.: "La Patrie, La Justice, La Gloire, and La Mort." Beneath the church are vaults, the monuments and funeral urns being arranged like the tombs at Pompeii. But in the same manner that the church was desecrated at different intervals, so these dwelling-places of the dead have been disturbed. Mirabeau and Marat were placed there in 1791 and 1793; but while the former's body was decently interred in the cemetery of Père La Chaise, that of the latter was thrown into the sewers.

Monuments are erected to Voltaire and Rousseau, but their tombs are empty, and the secret of their final resting-place has never been discovered. Lannes, Lagrange, Bougainville,

and Soufflot are supposed to be still below their monuments. De Winter, a Dutch admiral, has a cenotaph to his memory. We were witnesses here to two christenings and one funeral of a child, the numerous little chapels around the main body of the church being very convenient for varieties of service. North of this church is the Library Ste. Geneviève, erected in 1850,—it being in the centre of the students' quarter makes it a great resort, especially in the evenings.

The monastery of Ste. Geneviève, east of the church, founded by Clovis, but subject to so many alterations that only the original bell-tower remains, is now the "College of Henry IV." The old refectory is now used as a chapel, and in its sacristy stands a statue of the patroness saint.

From this building we went to the Church of St. Etienne du Mont. At one time the burying-ground of the royal family of Clovis alone separated the two edifices, as St. Etienne was a "sort of chapel of ease" to the monastery. One guide-book tells us this church was commenced in 1121, thus making it the oldest in Paris, as a curious square tower, with a circular turret, is the architecture of the twelfth century, but the greater part dates only to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The interior arrangement was, to us, the most singular,—the roof was vaulted, the pillars round, supporting galleries, while spiral staircases were the means of access to the choir. The rood-screen was pointed out to us as the finest and most elaborate work of its kind in the city. The design of the whole was quite unique, and it seems almost impossible to give a good conception of it with pen and ink. The relics here are very interesting,—a sepulchral urn containing the holy ashes of Ste. Geneviève, although History says that in the Age of Reason in Paris these memorials were "*scattered to the winds.*" A representation of the Holy Sepulchre in terra-cotta is shown,—a very old affair indeed. We also read the two mural epitaphs to Pascal and

Racine. Boileau was the author of the latter. We stopped here also at one of the smaller chapels to oversee the christening of a young Parisian. It was a warm summer day, and leaving the pleasant coolness of the stone floors for the pavements on which the sun had been basking for hours was not an agreeable change, so we took our seats at a table before the door of a café and called for—raspberryade, and while we sipped it, were amused at the gay throng of passers-by. Being now refreshed, we sought shelter from the afternoon sun, and looking around, the Luxembourg garden invited us to its romantic shades. I have seen nothing in Paris that equals it in beauty. Along the terrace are marble statues of twenty queens of France, and against its stone wall parties of Communists were placed to be shot in May, 1871. On descending to the lower gardens, we find the Nursery on the one side and the Botanical Gardens on the other, the former containing five hundred different varieties of vines and roses, the latter is used as an illustration for lectures during the summer season. The centre of the garden is adorned with fine statues, placed there during the reign of Louis Philippe. On the eastern side is the Fontaine de Médicis, named in honor of Mary de Médicis, who built the palace in 1612, on land purchased from the Duke de Luxembourg; the classical design is not considered, I believe, by artists in very excellent taste nor of execution, although by Desbrosses; being a representation of two recumbent figures, Acis and Galatea, discovered by Polyphemus; the malevolence displayed on the latter's countenance is very finely portrayed, but the picturesque surroundings, the sad fate of the Médicis family, throws a veil of romance over all which defies criticism.

Unfortunately, we were late in entering the palace, and as the doors were closed at five P.M., we could only give a cursory glance around us. The State Apartments are now occupied by the Préfet de la Seine, and, therefore, are not open to

visitors, but we visited the Sculpture and Grand Galleries. The latter contains the works of living artists, which are transferred, ten years after the artist's death, to the Louvre. The one the most thrilling to us, on account of its sympathy with the very events that had been recalled to our minds by the places of interest which we had just visited, was "L'Appel des Condamnés," by C. L. Müller. It represented the hall of the Conciergerie, in which the prisoners were assembled to hear the fatal roll-call, and what adds to the interest of the picture is the fact that the prominent figures are correct likenesses. The poet André Chénier is represented seated on the right-hand side of the picture, listening for his call to death, but it came not there. One woman has heard hers, and the agony depicted on her countenance we shall never forget. Another one, whose saint-like face lifts her above the passionate tumult around, has her hands clasped together in an attitude of prayer, as if her soul was saying, "Father, take away this cup from me; nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." Horace Vernet has contributed, by far, the larger number of paintings, and his choice of subjects, mostly historical, is much admired.

But we see the art students are gathering up their working materials, and an officer at the door in a waiting posture, speaks by his attitude that our time is up. He has disturbed us just while we were having an animated conversation with one of the copyists, who, although his English was defective, yet was able to give us an art-view of some of the pictures through his talented eyes. In writing this, I described first the garden of the Luxembourg—in our visit, we sauntered through it after visiting the gallery, just the most pleasant part of the day, approaching the sunset hour. South of the garden, in the alley leading to the Observatory, is a statue of Marshal Ney, erected in 1853. On this very spot he received his death, having been ordered to be shot by the Chamber of

Peers. He had desired permission from Louis XVIII., to lead an army against his old commander, Napoleon I., on his landing from Elba. One would have thought that the king in those disturbed times would have suspected Ney's design, and not acceded to a strange request from one of Napoleon's best marshals. However, Louis thought not of treachery, and Ney, with his old uniform and honorary orders in a portmanteau, handed the army over to the commands of the Emperor Napoleon. As "le brave des braves," and in memory of his victories, he deserved a statue; for his act of treachery, he deserved to be shot. The Observatory, of which I spoke, was commenced by Claude Perrault some time between 1667 and 1670, and his building contains neither iron nor wood; it has been subject to many additions since its erection. The dome contains a gigantic equatorial, which is said to have been, so far, of very little use, but as it was hit by twenty balls while the insurgents occupied the Observatory, we judge it must have been an excellent target for marksmen; but little injury was done to the more useful instruments, although the edifice was fired by the insurgents when driven from it, and during their occupation of it the cupola was riddled by shot. The line indicating the meridian of Paris is traced on the floor of one of the rooms.

Thursday, July 18, 1878.—"A Grecian temple requires to be seen against the sky, and loses all its dignity when surrounded by lofty buildings."

I do not know who wrote the above lines, they were only quoted where I read them, but they are very applicable to the Church La Madeleine. It probably may be considered simple in design, but it is so heavy that one feels disposed to be critical, as, considering it one of the most fashionable churches in Paris, the effect is disappointing, I mean in reference to the exterior. The interior is quite imposing. Imagine fifty-two fluted columns of Corinthian style forming a portico.

Thirty-four niches contain an equal amount of saints. The bas-relief of the pediment represents the "Last Judgment," the central figure being Mary Magdalene in the act of interceding with Christ. We are still on the outside, but before opening those massive bronze doors, the work of seven years, let us examine them. They are divided into ten compartments, each one containing in bas-relief, an emblem of one of the commandments, and above them we see the delivering of the law to Moses. These doors were designed by Baron de Triqueti, for which work he received no remuneration, and there they stand a *record of meanness*. The interior is one vast hall lighted through four domes, and although gorgeous with gilding and coloring, its size prevents the appearance of tawdriness. The marble group of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, which is over the high altar, will touch the least devout heart with its beauty. Scenes in the life of Mary Magdalene are dispersed around in pictures and statues. The artist Ziegler has embellished the vault above the pulpit with the "Apotheosis of Napoleon." There are two little chapels by the main entrance,—one for the marriage ceremony, which is adorned by a marble group representing the Virgin Mary and Joseph; the other, for baptisms, is embellished by another marble group of the Baptism of our Saviour. The visitor's attention is called to two vases on each side of the altar for holy water; they are certainly expressions of the finest art in their modelling and in the forms of the angels which rest upon them. La Madeleine was commenced by Louis XV., in 1764, but the Revolution of 1789 found it still incomplete, and let it remain, until Napoleon, who never missed an opportunity for beautifying Paris, concluded to make of it a "Temple of Glory"; but very little progress was made in the road to glory till the Bourbons were restored, and in 1816, under Louis XVIII., it was decreed that it should be reinstated to its original design,—that of a church; but

the work lingered on, a mere skeleton of an edifice, until Louis Philippe, the beautifier of Paris, finished it in 1842. Through much bloodshed La Madeleine at length raised its head in Paris, and now its very floors have been baptized in the sanguinary flood, for three hundred of the insurgents, on that fearful day of May 24, 1871, yielded up their lives within that sacred edifice, having been driven in there by the Versailles troops. They have a mural tablet to the memory of their parish priest, J. C. Decevrey, who was shot by the Communists in the prison De la Roquette, during "those days that tried men's souls." The Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, whose statue we saw in Notre Dame Cathedral, was also shot in the court of the prison on the same day, May 24, 1871.

We then dropped into Saint Augustin's Church; it is very large, but as it is modern in date and architecture, and therefore had no history sufficiently interesting to detain us, we went on to the Parc de Monceaux. At the gate of this "English garden," as the French call it, a woman was standing, with a beverage put up in bottles of stone, something like we see mead dispensed in our country. We inquired its quality, and from two sources we received two explanations,—one, that the drink would be lemonade; the other, that it would be found to be cocoanut. As either drink would be palatable and refreshing on a warm summer day, we concluded to invest our centimes in a draught, but what was our disgust to find it sweet and warm and tasting undeniably of licorice, that we concluded, we had unconsciously taken some patent cough medicine. I rather think, that Philadelphia, having such a reputation for its ice-cream, carries the practice of eating and drinking cold matter too far, which certainly, even in our warmest weather, cannot be strictly healthy.

The charming place we entered had been laid out for the Duc de Chartres, exactly one hundred years ago. Like all

the other places, which we visited in Paris, this, too, has felt the rule of different masters and the destruction which changes in government inevitably produced.

By the side of a miniature lake, on which swans were floating, was once a triumphal arch formed by Corinthian columns, around which vines were twined, thus making nature and art both combine to do homage to the hero of that hour. But art succumbed to the passions that swayed humanity, while nature, ever strong and undismayed before puny man, clung more closely to her ruined sister, and with the mantle of her love has covered her decay from unkind eyes, and the broken, scarred, and blackened fluted columns are picturesquely embowered with luxuriant vines. A rockery is formed there, and the silvery cascade tells its sweet story over and over again to listening ears, and the trees of the past century still look proudly down on the varying stream of humanity that floats beneath their branches.

We visited to-day, Friday, July 19, 1878, a place which had been one of my earliest dreams to see, and the realization was Père La Chaise. It received its name from Louis XIV.'s confessor, who was the superior of the Jesuitic order in Paris, to which body the ground, now occupied as a cemetery, was given in 1705.

From 1763, the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits, until 1804 it saw several owners, but was then purchased by the city and converted into a cemetery. There are three classes of graves: first, the Fosses Commune, from which in five years the railings and crosses are torn up and a new layer of earth is put down, and the ground is ready for occupancy again. Second, the Fosses Temporaires, where for ten years the ground enjoys immunity from desecration. The third class are the more solid chapels or monuments of stone, which hold a "concession à perpétuité."

We were rather disappointed, however, but that was the

result of prejudice, I suppose, for we could not see any beauty in festoons of bead-work and wreaths of immortelles over the crosses or around the little chapels. The inscription, "Pray for the soul of the dead" met our eyes and saddened our hearts from many a tomb; another one, so graphic that I will give a translation of it,

"Stranger, what you are, I, too, have been;
What I am now, you, too, will be,"

brought with it a sense of *reality;* but the hope of *immortality* is beautifully given in the following epitaph:

"La mort est le baiser de Dieu."

The tomb of *Thiers*, the idol of the people, is defaced with names cut into the stone or scribbled on it. When I spoke indignantly of this apparent vandalism, I found that it gave offence, as these disfigurements were the record of a grateful people. We concluded that it was much better to be a private citizen and have a pure white monument to social virtues, than such as Thiers'. At the entrance to the chapel which covers his remains was a large book, with a pencil attached, in which we inscribed our names,—a much more dignified proceeding than scrawling them upon the walls. However, tastes differ it seems.

How very appropriate seemed the term "God's acre," as we looked around at tombs of every nationality representing at the last but the one people,—those of Death's kingdom,—and in God's sight we are all as one kindred, one tribe! There was the Mussulman cemetery, in which are the tombs of the Queen of Oude and the Prince; two splendid Russian monuments, bearing the names of Pozzo di Borgo and Count Walewski; a Spanish mausoleum for the Prince Godoy; the English section, in which rest Admiral Sidney Smith and Volney, the philosopher; the Jewish section, where,

after "life's fitful fever," Rachel, the greatest tragedienne of the age, sleeps; all represent that "multitude which no man can number." Leaving Rachel's neat tomb, with its door of open iron-work, we paid our devotions to the more elaborate monument over the unfortunate lovers, Abelard and Heloise. Their deaths occurred in 1142 and 1163, but it has only been since 1817 that they have truly rested; for then their hapless corpses were removed for the third and, we hope, the last time.

A more impressive record of devotion than theirs was the monument over the Count de Lavalette and his wife.

"Marie Chamans de Lavalette was born in 1769, of obscure parentage, and studied first for the church, then for the court, and subsequently became aide-de-camp to Napoleon the First, who gave him, in marriage, the Empress Josephine's niece, Émilie de Beauharnais. During the consulate he received the title which is on his tomb, and on the second restoration he was condemned to death as an accomplice of the emperor. His escape from that death was due to the strategy of his wife, who, clothing him in her habiliments, sent him out with the servant, while she remained to excite the indignation of the jailer at the ruse and defy the terrors of the tribunal. She was soon set at liberty, however, and joined her husband in England, to which asylum he had fled through the assistance of Messrs. Bruce, Hutchinson, and Sir Robert Wilson."

The prison-scene is sculptured on the tall stone in a most graphic manner, though the costumes look strange to modern eyes. He returned from exile in 1821, but not long did he live to enjoy his native country, dying in 1830; his devoted wife surviving him twenty years.

How different from that was a very large granite tomb resembling a chapel, which enclosed the body of Pichegru, a traitor to his country! And I think it is not often that a

dastard's character is given on his tombstone. "To speak well of the dead" seems to have been considered, in this case, rather too untruthful a proceeding. Another old gray stone told us that Eliza Marcour was buried there, who was beheaded during the Reign of Terror. Not very far from this reminder of the dreaded past I saw a small headstone which reminded me of our own style of marking graves, and on reading the inscription I found that I was correct, that an American heart had buried its dead there. It was an infant son of Pierce Butler, who rests thus alone in a foreign land. Wandering through the sacred depository of authors' bones, we thought, truly, "their works live after them," as we read such names as Béranger, Racine, Balzac, Scribe, Delavigne, Madame de Genlis and Madame Cottin, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Molière, Michelet, Alfred de Musset, Frederick Soulié, and Nodier. We stopped at Talma's tomb as we had at Rachel's, feeling as if friends were lying there whose heart-throbs we had known; but it was the universality of their minds that has left an influence on all humanity. Among the authors, I omitted the name of La Fontaine, although his tomb is the most graphic of any that I saw, being carved in relief with designs taken from his fables.

The grave of Marshal Ney, we think, we found, by studying the plan of the cemetery, as it has no monument nor memorial, being simply in the midst of a small flower-garden, surrounded by luxurious ivy. We read the names of music-composers, such as Bellini, Rossini, Chérubini, Chopin, etc.; but there was one tomb which aroused a train of thought, and yet we know very little nor care to learn more of Rouget de l'Isle than that he composed the "Marseillaise."

The finest monuments are those of Casimir Perier (*minister*), Mousieur Aguado, a wealthy banker, the Duchess de Duras, Felix de Beaujour, Countess Demidoff, and Raspail, a chemist. The last, like Thiers, was a friend of the work-

ing-people, and his lofty mausoleum was almost hidden with the garlands hung on it by grateful hands impelled by loving hearts. Madame A. proudly showed us the wreath sent by the workingmen of the United States, but the red and blue had faded, and the white was soiled, which colors had marked the nationality of the tribute.

A building in Doric architecture is the chapel of Père La Chaise, and from its steps we have a most beautiful landscape spread before us, with the towers of Vincennes in the distance. We were not aware, in walking, of the real height of the eminences until we reached the hill on which the chapel is erected, for the ancient trees tower so above us in leafy grandeur that one feels more like being in a dense wood than so near the busy life of Paris. How its solemn shades must have been desecrated when the Russians bivouacked in it during the troubles of 1814!

There was one large common grave for the victims of February, 1848, and then again for June, 1848, and still later, when two hundred of the Communists filled one huge ditch, and seven hundred another, in 1870 and 1871.

The sun was setting, and already the chill of evening crept over us while lingering in the Jewish cemetery, where Rothschild and his poorer brethren lay side by side; so we were glad to shake off the gloomy weight of Père La Chaise in the golden beams of the dying sun. While waiting for an omnibus in the Boulevard de Menilmontant, we were *amused* at a funeral cortége which we had seen in the cemetery, and which had just come out as we did. A little child had been buried, and, therefore, there were but few mourners, but those few took seats at the table before a wine-house, and liquor was served them. The mother of the dead child had a crape veil falling to her feet, which she threw back, in order to eat and drink. They talked and laughed as if it was a wedding they had witnessed; but now and then, the bereaved parent, like

the little boy in Harpers' Weekly, who asked "what he had been crying about?" so that he might go on with his tears, suddenly remembered her distinguished position, and a briny drop would trickle down from her eye into her wine-glass. The drivers of the funeral coaches were also having a refreshing drink after their tedious ride in the sun, and we wondered whether that was put down in the undertaker's bill as "*sundries.*" The custom of draping the front of the house in black when a death occurs, gives a gloomy aspect to the whole street, and the mutes in the doorway made us think of the Oriental mode of conducting funerals.

Père La Chaise would be beautiful—for nature has endowed her well—were flowers to take the place of bead- and wax-work specimens, which render it so like a bazaar.

I had asked Monsieur A. one morning at luncheon if we could visit the Catacombs; but he shook his head emphatically, *no.* Here was a dilemma. I would not leave Paris without seeing these subterranean galleries, and those in Rome were beyond our present anticipation, and as our guide-book says that the inspectors visit them four times a year, and this was one of their months for inspection, some measures must be taken immediately. I had been kindly provided before leaving Philadelphia with a letter of introduction from the Honorable Mayor Stokley, signed and sealed with the great seal of the city. I drew this imposing-looking document from my letter-case and handed it to our host, saying, "*Cette lettre veut il servir?*" I could say no more, for, catching a glimpse of its official nature, he comprehended its purport, though he knew no English, and told me it would do. At dinner he brought with him another official paper from the prefect of the police, stating for our party to be at the entrance in the Barrière d'Enfer on Saturday afternoon, July 20, at one o'clock. We were punctual to the minute, two gentlemen and five ladies, at the appointed spot, and

found it a large court-yard, in which were assembled quite a number of persons of all nationalities, each bearing in the hand a candle. Some had improvised candlesticks of pasteboard, and it was quite amusing to see the different tastes evinced in making those temporary holders for the candles. Anything to fill in the time, for the delay was not only wearisome but painful. For it was noontime, and it was summertime, and the pavement was brick. At length a rush was made, and we soon discovered that our companions had formed themselves into a snake-like position, the head of which was disappearing into a dark cavern while the tail, of which *we formed* a part, was still exposed to the blazing sun. How gladly we welcomed the gloomy abyss, and how sorry we were in a few moments after, that we had not extra wraps with us! Down we went, step after step, with our little light glimmering on our way, making the approaching darkness look darker yet. At length we reach the mysterious depths which undermine one-tenth of the city on the left bank of the Seine. The Catacombs were originally quarries, out of which the stone was procured to build Paris as late as the seventeenth century. Accidents have occurred by the giving way of the earth, and houses have sunk eighty feet down; but the subterranean region is now under careful survey, and is so well protected by piers and buttresses that all causes for apprehension are removed.

As the many windings in these depths make it comparatively easy to be lost, to mitigate that danger, chains are placed across side-paths, and a heavy black line is painted as a guide for the way in which we must go.

Query: When one has no light to see *black* paint, what advantage has it over any other color?

There was much merriment among the gentlemen; gay French songs were sung and jokes bandied about as we threaded our way through these labyrinths, but suddenly there was a

hush in the joviality; a shudder passed through the once merry party; Clio shrank back and hid her face in her hands.

"I can go no farther," she cried. We attempted to reassure her, but in vain; and with her eyes cast upon the ground she, and in fact all of us, made the rest of the journey in comparative silence. The solemnity of the place had fallen upon us when we read on the threshold of an octagon vestibule, these words:

"Arrêtez! c'est ici l'empire de la mort."

The practice of burying in the Cemetery of the Innocents was abolished in 1784, therefore, on the 7th of April, 1786, the Catacombs were consecrated with great pomp as the tomb, it is supposed, of the bones of three millions of human beings, and now we were entering this sad receptacle. This is the one difference between the Catacombs and any other resting-place for the dead, that here all individuality is lost. Bone with fellow-bone in close proximity, but whose we know not. They were piled up very systematically, forming a wall on each side of these vaulted caverns, and surmounted by a cross of skulls in the Maltese, Greek, or Roman style, or sometimes only by death's emblem,—the skull and cross-bones. There were many mural tablets, containing beautiful extracts from the works of Lamartine and other French writers, and now and then texts familiar to every reader of the Sacred Scriptures. One simple memorial contained these lines, "Le Dieu n'est pas l'auteur de la mort," and on another a few feet away, I read this, "Le péché est l'auteur de la mort." I regretted that I had not time to copy a few at least of these inscriptions, but those who acted as guides, remorseless as death itself, hastened us on, on, on, through rooms and rooms of these sad remains,—victims of the revolutions that have devastated Paris in different eras, and even as late as '71, while one hundred insurgents of the garrison at Fort

Vanves escaped by this route, a greater number met a lingering death here by starvation. In order to purify the air from the dangerous exhalations that must necessarily arise, a fire is kept burning in an antique lamp placed upon a pedestal, and a fountain of water has been dug in these subterranean halls.

The dampness which exudes from the walls forms stalactites, which, with the rocks that have from time to time become detached, give to the Catacombs the picturesqueness of some mysterious cave.

In the gallery Port Mahon is a stone on which is sculptured in relief the fort after whose name the gallery derives its cognomen. This piece of work was done by an old soldier named Decure, who had served under Marshal Richelieu, and who met his death by the caving in of this part of the quarry, while employed there. We were now out of Death's receptacle, and traversed again long, dark galleries, and again the laugh and song echoed through those labyrinthine depths. At one place we stopped, where a better idea could be given to us of the distance we were below the city. Up above us at an immense height was the busy mart; one almost could realize the repose of the dead in this vast charnel-house. Entering a gallery where huge pillars supported the roof, one gentleman said, "Good-by, all," and turned into a side gallery. Energetic calls were made to him to return, although no one was courageous enough to follow him. "You will get lost!" was shouted after him with no effect, and in a second the glimmering of his little candle was lost to our sight in the gathering darkness. When we arrived at the foot of the stairway by which we were to ascend into higher regions, our, supposed lost friend met us as coolly as if he had not caused an anxiety in any one's mind. "You knew the way it seems," was the greeting.

"No; but I never lost sight of you, that was all." He had merely walked through another corridor, guided by the

merry voices on his side and the moving lights that appeared, now and then, through apertures in the walls. Another amusement among the gentlemen that might prove dangerous to a smaller party was the blowing out of each other's candles. But both fun and sadness were now over, and the people, who had been together for three hours in the midst of life and death, separated on their different ways never to meet again there. The candles were given to a poor woman at the head of the stairway, and we breathed freer when once more we basked in the light of God's sun.

Next in order, as being in the same section of the city, was the Bon Marché. A short ride in the cars, for we were tired from our tramp through the Catacombs, brought us to this grand "*magasin.*" It is arranged in stories, but as it is in a closely-built part of the city the light is not good; however, we were informed by one of the clerks that a large building to the south was to be pulled down and the Bon Marché enlarged; we judge that those improvements have been made now.

From four to five o'clock the store is open to visitors; that is, persons who do not wish to purchase, but merely to look around; these persons are accommodated with a guide, who takes his party over the building at the regular sight-seeing pace and marches them out with an indistinct outline in their brain of what they have seen. We saw a family of colored persons thus ciceroned, and their hue made them the cynosure of all eyes, except Americans'. While we were looking at laces I was charmed with a little scene enacted near me. A mother and daughter and a young man, the prospective bridegroom of the daughter, provincial by action and language, were selecting a lace shawl as one article of the trousseau of the future matron; but the young man's eyes were too fascinated with his sweetheart to appreciate the goods displayed. A restaurant is another feature of the

store, in which a *customer* can have a glass of wine and a biscuit without charge.

"Can I have a glass of ice-water?" inquired Erato.

"Certainly, miss; you can have what you please."

"But truly, will the waiter give me a glass of water?" she continued, in her most beseeching tones.

"Come with me, ladies, and I will give the order for you," replied our complaisant clerk.

We followed him into the saloon, and glasses of syrup flavored with cherry were handed us,—iced it is true, but water instead of being the staple article was only the ingredient. It was quite refreshing, though, and the biscuit tasted good to us, who were looking forward to a substantial dinner at the close of the day. For those whose minds soar above the paltry fashions of the day is provided a small gallery of paintings, where one can come across a little gem of art, the counterpart of nature. But the same nature was warning us that dinner hour was approaching; so we asked an accommodating clerk, who had given us each pretty cards, a Japanese fan, and a petite Chinese umbrella, to call a coach for us. When he had done so, he said, "Ladies, the driver says it is such a long distance that it will take an hour, so you will have to engage it for the hour and not the drive."

"Very well," we replied, and entered the cab, after noting the time; but we soon found that the driver was taking advantage of our complaisance in the matter of the engagement by driving at a snail's pace. Here we were, ravenously hungry, twilight deepening around us, and our coachman driving as if to a funeral. But with all his forethought he could not make time move any more rapidly, so it wanted five minutes of the appointed hour when we drove up to 77 Rue de la Butte chaumont.

"Go in, girls," said Erato, "and let me deal with this man."

So drawing out her pocket-book with the coolest air in the world, she handed our smart cabman two francs and a *pour-boire*, or five cents extra.

"*Non, non,*" he replied, as he pushed it back to her; "*cinquante centimes plus.*"

She took the money from him and drew out her watch. "You have not been one hour in coming here."

The man looked crestfallen, and held out his hand for his proper fare, and, after getting his drink at the wine-house near by, went on his way, seeking some one else to devour.

I think the prices for cab-hire are remarkably cheap; still, if there is a rule for the proper division of prices, any one, who attempts to obtain more than his legitimate fee, is swindling. We appreciated Erato's manœuvre much more when she showed us her watch, which had stopped at four o'clock, and it was near eight. Clio's watch had been the guide, and she had entered the house at Erato's request. The latter said, if the coachman had only been smart enough to have asked to compare the time with his watch, her trick would have been discovered, but unfortunately for him he was well aware of his contrivance to gain time, and satisfied with ourselves, we ate bountifully of Madame's good soup.

Sunday morning rose gloomily, and the trip to St. Cloud and Versailles seemed of doubtful origin, but we had no time to lose merely on account of rain, and as the Louvre was still unvisited, its charms were before us. To reach there we were obliged to take a correspondence ticket, and in changing from one car to the other we had the benefit of a summer shower. But what to us were a few drops of rain when the goal was reached, the magnificent Louvre. The well-waxed floors, the marble steps, the tessellated halls, the immense frescoed ceilings, but whose ornamentation could scarcely be distinguished from their height of from thirty to fifty feet,

all impressed us with the royalty that had lived and *died.* To Napoleon III. must be given the credit for the present arrangement of the Louvre galleries.

On the ground-floor is the valuable collection of the Marquis Campana, consisting of Italian paintings, bronzes, terra-cottas, etc.; also mediæval ivories, majolicas, Etruscan art and Egyptian antiquities, sculptures of every age and every country. The original Venus of Milo, discovered in 1820; the celebrated statue of the Hermaphrodite and a vase, both from the Borghese collection; figures upon figures of classical subjects adorn the saloons of the "Caryatides," of Pan, of Hercules, of Adonis, of Psyche, originally the apartments of Henry II., III., IV., Catherine de Medicis, and Charles IX. The saloon of the last-mentioned king is so profuse with ornamentation that no more could be put upon it. The specimens of the Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture form a very rich collection,—a carved sphinx of colossal size reaching the ceiling; a large piece of pavement taken from the front of the door of the temple at Nineveh; the enormous stone coffins dating from 660 years before Christ; the Bull Apis; two sepulchral urns found in Jerusalem in the Tomb of the Kings,—one contains the ashes of a princess, the other is supposed to contain all that remains of the "sweet singer of Israel."

In the Hall of French Pottery we discovered some of Bernard Palissy's finest manufacture, and in the Italian some reliefs, in glazed terra-cotta, by Luca della Robbia. "La Salle des Cariatides," of which I spoke first, derives its name from four colossal caryatides which support the gallery, the work of the famous Jean Goujon, who was shot here during the St. Bartholomew Massacre.

Here the nuptials of Henry IV. and Margaret of Valois were solemnized, and in the same hall he was laid in state after his assassination by Ravaillac; he expired in the grand

vestibule, where his attendants were obliged to lay him, finding that the end of the good king was approaching. In the same saloon Molière held his theatre, where, sixty-five years before, the Duke of Guise hung four men, principal spirits in the society of Leaguers. But La Salle des Rois was to us the most interesting, as here were gathered relics of different sovereigns from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. The sword and battle-axe of Childeric, dating from 481; a statue of Henry IV., in silver, representing him when a boy,—the workmanship of Bosio; a round table, on whose scagliola top was drawn a map of the world by Louis XVI., for the instruction of his son; the desk of Louis Philippe, telling, though with silent mouths, the violence offered it by the ruthless mob in 1848. We stood in the window balcony which overlooked the Seine, from which Charles IX. had fired upon the terrified Huguenots as they attempted to cross the bridge. That shot and the signal from the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—now, however, in the Palais de Justice—have wakened echoes that have not yet died from Paris. I have not spoken yet of the pictures, because they are the things of which all description falls powerless. They have to be seen to be known. We saw the likeness of every king who sat upon the throne of France. In the gallery containing pictures, the gift of Monsieur La Caze, who died in 1869, we saw quite a fine display of Rembrandts and Watteaus, with other minor painters. There were too many representations of the Madonna and Christ to be devoid of sacrilege; in fact, scriptural pieces abounded to satiety; I should think profane history and nature at large, contained studies enough for the painter without his taking such especial delight in exhausting the Bible. The largest picture in the Louvre, a Paul Veronese,—I suppose it is considered his masterpiece,—represents "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee." The bride is the likeness of Eleanor of Austria, Francis I. at her side; Queen Mary, of

England, is an invited guest, as are also the Sultan Soliman I. and the Emperor Charles V. In the foreground are the hired musicians,—Titian playing on a bass-viol; Bassano has a flute, while Tintoret and the artist himself complete the quartette with violoncellos. No liberty has been taken, however, with the established practice of representing our Saviour and his mother. Another picture of the same style, by Veronese, is "Christ and His Disciples on the way to Emmaus." In this he again introduces himself with his wife and children. Rubens and his pupils have a gallery to themselves of twenty-one paintings, representing scenes in the life of Marie de Médicis, at whose request they were painted to decorate her palace at Luxembourg.

I have given a description of the Louvre merely as it affected me; it is, however, systematically arranged: the lower floor being occupied entirely by sculpture; the next by paintings, drawings, and small curiosities of art in bronze, ivory, or terra-cotta, specimens of ancient jewelry, and relics of France. The upper floor is the Naval Museum, the Chinese collection, and the American Museum, containing antiquities discovered in Mexico and South America.

From the Louvre it was the most natural thing in the world to go into St. Germain l'Auxerrois, just opposite the parish church of royalty. It is said to be founded by Childebert, but whether true or not it matters little, as this church is a history of later days. Two days before the terrible massacre which its bell signalled Admiral de Coligny was wounded in one of the cloisters. The body of Marshal d'Ancre was rudely dragged out by a mob in 1617, when lying in state; and again a band of men, who have no respect for churches or laws, sacked the church in 1831, because a mass was being said on the anniversary of the death of the Duke de Berri. It is, therefore, dating from 1838, under the decorating hand of Louis Philippe, a modern church. A service was going on,

and two organs were playing, but the chanting was the most doleful that I have ever heard. If it was a specimen of the Gregorian school, I think a light opera judiciously introduced would be more attractive to the worshippers, and consequently more beneficial. But our eyes were turned to the aspirations of our childhood's days, and that was to see the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on the Ile de la Cité, and before it is an open square called Parris Notre Dame. It dates back to 1160, and is built in the form of a Latin cross. Its two massive square towers had impressed our gaze when we looked over Paris from the Arc de l'Etoile. They were designed to carry spires, and we think such completion would add considerably to the general effect. The south tower contains the bell called Bourdon, which weighs about seventeen tons. Like the Madeleine, this church has been the prey to revolutions. It, too, was used for profane purposes, being called the Temple of Reason, and celebrating on the very altar the Feast of the Goddess. But it has been swept clean and garnished, we hope, to remain, a temple to the Lord. The outside is so elaborately carved that it occupies quite a long time to examine the sculpture. Twenty-eight niches are filled with statues of Judah's kings, while saints, apostles, and prophets dwell in shrines below them. The chief beauty of Notre Dame is its three portals, whose gates contain in relief "The Last Judgment" and "Scenes from the Life of the Virgin." Victor Hugo has immortalized them in his "Notre Dame de Paris." When we entered there was no general service in progress, but in various of the thirty-seven chapels were minor services. The largest attended was a funeral mass; the music was exquisite, and while there was a pathetic chord in its vibrations there was an echo of jubilee, as if the once-imprisoned soul was soaring triumphantly into regions far beyond our finite minds. It was so different from the melody in St. Germain de l'Auxerrois that I felt like the

enchanted friar listening to the bird's song, that the flight of time was unnoticed. But the congregation was dispersing; so we continued our sight-seeing. Being the Sabbath, the reliques in the sacristy were not exhibited, which consist of two thorns from the Saviour's crown, a nail from the cross, and the blood-stained robes of three successive archbishops.

Affre received his death-wound in 1848 while attempting to pacify the insurgents of Faubourg St. Antoine, that hot-bed of Communism. The bullet which killed him is preserved in the sacristy, together with a cast from his face. Sibour also met his death from the mob, and the sad fate of Darboy needs hardly to be recapitulated. Two black marble mural tablets bear the names of the seventy-five hostages murdered by the Communists on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th of May, 1871.

Archbishop Darboy heads the list. His statue, representing a man of distinguished bearing, a classical face, and that sad expression of countenance which physiognomists say portends a violent death, a piece of finely chiselled sculpture, is in one of the chapels. His remains are placed in a sarcophagus in the Chapel of St. George, in a line with distinguished predecessors.

The Gothic structure south of the Cathedral, used as a sacristy, is on the site of the Archbishop's Palace, which was sacked, the valuables being thrown into the Seine and destroyed by a mob in 1831. The present archbishop resides in the Hôtel du Châtelet, near the Hôpital des Invalides.

This had been a busy day with us, and we enjoyed a rest on a bench under the shady trees of one of the open squares, while we discussed a luncheon of cakes, which Madame had provided, and watched the gay throngs of passers-by.

I might as well mention here two landmarks of ours, which become so from their beauty. One was the largest fountain in Paris, and really engrossing to the view from its vivid

carving,—"*Fontaine St. Michael*" representing the contest in which the glorious archangel was triumphant. The other was the "Tour St. Jacques," at the corner of the Place due Châtelet, opposite the Rue de Rivoli. It is all that remains of a church in the Gothic style that was destroyed in 1789. Now, where was once a closely built-up district of the poorest population is a handsome garden, from whose midst the tower points like a finger to heaven. It is surmounted by a statue of the apostle whose name it bears, and a figure of Pascal, who used this tower for his philosophical experiments, fills the vaulted space at the base.

Tuesday morning, July 22, we set out for Versailles; in visiting which, we were disappointed on Sunday. Cook, in his Guide-Book, says the following:

"Were Paris blotted from the face of the earth, leaving nothing behind it but the Palace of Versailles, the journey to this fairy-like structure would alone well repay the visitor."

We took the cars at the Gare de l'Ouest (*rive droite*), and it was delightful, after two weeks of city air, to breathe the freshening breezes from the green fields, although the scenery is very uninteresting on the route. Nor is Versailles itself very prepossessing, which was our general experience of all garrisoned towns; and as we crossed the court-yard, laid out with octagon stones of the Louis XIV. era, and saw before us a long, low, red-brick building, with two wings of the same aspect, reminding one of an almshouse, or some other charitable institution, our enthusiasm about the Palace of Versailles fell to zero. It was well perhaps that we entered with that feeling of disappointment, for we found that the inside far exceeded our most glowing anticipations. I will not encroach upon your time to give an historical account of Versailles, only mentioning that it was once a small chateau of red brick, erected by order of Louis XIII. But it was Louis XIV. who beautified and enlarged it, until it be-

came the royal residence that we now see. The entrance was imposing,—a magnificent stairway, with marble balustrades, classic sculpture at the sides, high ceilings, richly frescoed, and on the tessellated landing, stood two soldiers with lowered muskets, almost as motionless as the marble around them.

"How splendid it must have been as a queen to mount these marble steps!" said Erato; and hardly had the words escaped her lips when her foot slipped, and, in order to save herself from a severe fall, she threw out her hands in a most ungraceful manner, and, I think I must use the word, scrambled up again. Even the stern guards could not repress a smile, and Madame, a staunch Republican, was decidedly amused, and told Erato "*that* had been the fate of queens;" but the victim came to the conclusion that she had fallen, ignominiously, rather too soon,—she had not yet enjoyed the fulness of the elevation.

Laughing merrily at Erato's discomfiture, we proceeded through the different saloons, representing each sovereign's life. The bedroom of Louis XIV., was magnificent; the coverlet of his bed, embroidered, with rich lace above it, is considered quite a work of genius. Here he died, leaving this splendor for the cold embrace of the tomb.

The Galerie des Glaces and the Galerie des Batailles are the chief attractions to the visitor. The former is one of the most magnificent that can be found in any palace; seventeen windows overlook the extensive garden, and opposite each window is a corresponding looking-glass. The chandeliers of Louis XIV., with glass pendants, make the saloon, when lighted, even more brilliant. The furniture of the different sovereigns was in each room, and well guarded, that plebeian forms might not touch them. In one saloon were stools from every city in Paris, and from every conquered town, embroidered by the fair hands of the royal dames of those places.

The saddest suite of rooms was the Napoleonic. There was a magnificent painting of the coronation of Josephine by that husband, who, so unfeelingly, tore it again from her pure brow. Then in her place, we saw Marie Therese, a lovely-looking woman, but the sin upon her predecessor cast its shadow over her. We traced Napoleon I. from the earliest record with his Bonaparte brothers and sisters on to his glorious achievements, until last a granite statue of the dying man, no semblance of royalty now, but with an emaciated countenance and swollen abdomen, that causes a feeling of pity for the sufferer to rise in the heart, while we cannot but condemn the principles of action which had governed him. The Salle des Maréchaux contains portraits of the principal marshals of France, and the shields of those whose portraits could not be obtained. A long gallery is dedicated to English and American portraits of distinguished men.

Versailles is an illustration of the perfection of art which has made "the waste place to blossom as the rose." The grounds around the palace were but an arid waste, and yet upon that sandy soil Le Nôtre has planned a perfect paradise. No other word is so adequate to express the beauty of the place; to enjoy it at its full one should go when the fountains are playing, one of which, the Bassin de Neptune, is seen only twice a year. From the Bassin de Latone to the Bassin d'Apollon is a walk which opens to the eye a superb vista. It is ornamented by statues and vases, and extends between trees of centuries' growth and flowering plants. It is called Allée du Tapis Vert. The garden is full of fountains, water gushing from the rocks, like miniature cascades, or a beautiful piece of statuary will suddenly be enveloped in a sparkling shower. The richness of the parterres, the orangerie, —in which are twelve hundred trees, one dating from 1420,— the kitchen-garden, all show that nature, jealous of art, has endeavored to excel her. With a guide we entered the

National Assembly Rooms, which are arranged like the Parliament or our Congress assemblies, and were once used as a theatre, begun for Madame Pompadour in 1753. Quite different scenes are enacted here than the mimic ones which once graced the boards.

We then took an open carriage and had a lovely drive to Trianon. A wide avenue, with the trees so tall that their branches bending over formed a roof above our heads, lay before us in the summer afternoon's sun. It was the avenue of the Queen, and on our return we went farther through it in Versailles to the station, and noticed the elegant villas which had been the summer residences of the nobility. The palace of the Greater Trianon was not open for visitors, but we concluded it was the same round of state apartments, so we did not regret the omission. It was inhabited by Madame de Maintenon, and was a favorite residence of the kings until the Little Trianon was built for Madame du Barry by Louis XV. When it fell into the possession of Marie Antoinette she made it picturesque as a Swiss scene, with a mill, cottages, dairy, cow-stables, and kitchen-garden. The dairy is floored, wainscoted, and shelved with marble, as when kings and queens descend to play in rural life, they still take the grandeur of the court with them. We lost ourselves in the romantic shades of Trianon, we forgot time and space in gazing at the French roses in their large variety, at the fuchsias, hanging from five-foot trees, double geraniums in massive clusters, hydrangeas in complete bloom, phlox and stock-jelly, no longer plants but flowering trees. We sat in the arbor to which Marie Antoinette must often have wandered at the close of the day. But so filled am I with the beauty of Petite Trianon that I have omitted in its proper place a description of the room in which the state carriages and sedan-chairs of different reigns were kept; we also saw two sleighs there; those vehicles of more northern climes.

The guide talked in the stereotyped tone of voice that all guides have, and walked around, utterly ignoring the placards which were on the different vehicles, but arranging their personality to suit himself. It matters little to us now whether Napoleon I. or III. claimed a carriage, or which was the bridal or the travelling or the mere state carriage; but it mattered a good deal that afternoon when the guide had them most egregiously mixed. It was just sunset when we bade adieu to the beauties of Trianon and the grandeur of Versailles, and we realized the words with which I began this account, that if we had seen nothing else in Paris, Versailles is worth a journey across the ocean.

Wednesday, July 24.—"Paris is the best drained metropolis in the world, and other cities should take example by her;" so said an Englishman to me, as we entered the sewers of the city. To Monsieur Pujet can be given the credit of this admirable plan of sewerage, but to Monsieur Haussmann for having carried out successfully the system to the extent of three hundred and fifty miles. We descended to the subterranean canal, or main drain, near the Madeleine, in the Boulevard des Capucines, by a flight of stone steps, but without a candle, as gas is burning through the sewers; and entered a dimly-lighted cavern, the exhalations preventing a clear light, so we could only recognize the countenances of those near us. Here the ladies were placed in a boat, and, if enough room, gentlemen with ladies were allowed the privilege of riding; the remainder walked along the pavement on each side of this canal, with the boatmen who drew this precious freight.

Could this black, fetid water on which we were moving be the counterpart of the dismal river of Styx? We passed under the Rue Royale until we reached the Place de la Concorde, where we alighted from our boat and waited upon a platform for the train. Looking up and down, it appeared like a long tunnel, which we must enter; directly we heard a

rumbling noise, and up came the first car, full of ladies, next one of Chinese and Japanese, next Arabs, then a party of English; finally, when we counted the twelfth car, the nationalities were indiscriminate. It was our turn now to take the cars, and these persons, whom we have just met on this platform, will take our discarded boats on the River Styx. I discovered the systematic manner in which the cars were filled, a much better plan than our American one of pushing for the first place and crowding, regardless of personal inconvenience. The first car was to be filled with ladies without gentleman escorts; the second and third, or as many as were necessary, with persons forming a party of themselves. Next, gentlemen alone were called, and, finally, ladies with gentleman attendants filled the remaining cars. So we started on a narrow-gauge railway, laid parallel over this subterranean canal, with two men drawing, one on each side of the water, and two men pushing, requiring four for each car. They were dressed in blue-checked shirts, and, as they ran the entire route from the Place de la Concorde to the Hôtel de la Ville, the perspiration deluged them that their garments adhered closely to the skin. As we passed different streets, which we could tell by the daylight rays which penetrated through, we heard the rushing of the water through caverns in the wall from the small sewers of the city. Here the water was constantly oozing out from the roof and sides, evidently caused by the action of the air upon the dampness, as I described the Catacombs; but we could hardly refrain from laughing as one of our conductors received a copious shower of what, I supposed, was not the purest water in the world. In order to save our clothes from such discomfiture, as the cars are open, Madame raised her parasol, which example was soon imitated by the other passengers in our car. It was a merry ride, and, as we went very rapidly past the openings, the noxious odors were scarcely discernible before we reached

a different atmosphere. Landing at the Hôtel de la Ville, the conductors were fee'd by the passengers, and, as the price is not fixed, some would fare better than others, on account of the liberality that happened in his car. We had followed so far the canal, but it is carried seven miles away from the city to Bienville before its foul contents empty into a river to be emptied into the ocean's depths. By the means of these underground passages the telegraph wires are carried; but, as they must be insulated to protect them from the dampness, the operation of hanging them is very expensive. The "Place de l'Hôtel de Ville," in which we now found ourselves, is an open space before the old Hôtel de Ville. The process of re-building this splendid mansion will prove very expensive; at present, as I mentioned before, the state apartments of Luxembourg are used for municipal affairs. The magnificent building, begun in 1533, was the historical centre of Paris. In 1789 a victorious mob took possession of it; and the Common Council of Paris held their meetings there. Robespierre and his coadjutors took refuge in it, and when the National Guard entered they found him wounded, from his cowardly attempt to blow out his brains. That night, with his twenty-one adherents, he lodged in the Conciergerie; next day the sure guillotine completed what he had failed in doing. This building took an active part in the Revolution of 1830; then again in 1848; but it remained for 1871 to complete the atrocities of former eras. On the 24th of May, the insurgents, finding themselves besieged in the Hôtel de Ville by the Versailles troops, after a struggle of twelve hours, ordered their combustibles to be ignited by the incendiaries, as petroleum was their valuable friend in their hellish work. The troops became masters of the situation, but this, the finest work of the Renaissance, fell a victim to the fire-fiend, and, as six hundred men were in the building, it will never be known how many perished in the flames. The square, in which we

found ourselves, also, is memorable as being the place of public executions previous to 1830. On the very spot where Huguenots were tortured, hung, or burned, two of the leaders of the St. Bartholomew massacre were beheaded for high treason. Marchioness de Brinvilliers, a poisoner, expiated her crimes at this place. Damiens, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV., in 1757, at Versailles, was torn to pieces here by four horses. In 1789 the first victims of the revolution (two officers) were hung from the lamp-posts. But not many others suffered here, as the guillotine was removed to the Place du Carrousel, afterwards to the Place de la Concorde, and is now kept in the prison in the Rue de la Roquette, of which place we will speak further.

After bidding our gentleman friends *adieu* on this sad spot, but now joyous in the summer sun, with its many-colored omnibuses and cars, Madame A. and myself visited the "Halles Central," or, in plain English, the Central Market. It occupies the place of the Cemetery of the Innocents, at one time the only graveyard in Paris, independent of the churches, whose occupants were removed to the Catacombs in 1784. This market has extensive vaults, and goods are brought to it by means of a subterranean railway; besides this, a large tank for live fish, makes it the most convenient as well as the cleanest market in Paris. It consists of eight departments under one glass roof with iron framings, but these departments are separated by broad cart-ways. Butter, cheese, and eggs can be obtained only in one shed, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruit and flowers, and meat, each have their separate department, and I cannot describe how my heart leaped as my eyes gazed on a Western sugar-cured ham. *Dear American friend!* These united markets occupy five acres, and are well worth a visit.

In the Rue du Jour, near the market, was next to the largest church in Paris, St. Eustache, and as I made it a

particular duty never to neglect visiting a church, we went in. It has a large attendance on account of its good organ and superior music, but to me it was more interesting on account of its superb painting and sculpture. It is universally admired as a fine specimen of architecture. It is a Gothic cathedral in size and plan, but where taste proposed other designs, such were adopted, and in the interior we see Doric, Corinthian, Composite, and Ionic schools used where the effect is more vivid. The finest monument is that of Colbert, representing him as the centre figure, supported by allegorical representations of Religion and Virtue. Under a glass case were reliques of St. Eustache, but Madame would not give me time to examine them; I think she rather doubted my faith. Here we witnessed the funeral service of a little babe; its young parents, without a friend near them, alone followed the dear one to its lowly bed, where it must sleep alone.

During our absence, the girls had attempted to do some shopping for themselves, and in defiance of their ignorance of the French language, had acquitted themselves remarkably well, and received amusement enough to make us laugh on our return, for we were getting ready to make a tour of Switzerland and Germany, and were glad of any pretext to laugh and make merry, for we must acknowledge to a little timidity on starting for more unknown lands.

PART IV.

SWITZERLAND.

"Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But sometimes worthier do such scenes inspire;
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old."

BYRON.

THE peculiar temperament of the American people is that of being in a hurry, the one most strikingly developed in foreign countries is *not* being in a hurry; so on the evening of Wednesday, with our luggage all ready and ourselves impatient, we waited for a carriage which we had supposed to be ordered; but, no, at the last minute two persons went in different directions and brought us two carriages, so Monsieur and Madame accompanied us to the station from which we would take the train for Geneva. We knew we were already some distance from it, as the station on the Boulevard Mazas was even beyond the Place de la Bastille, so a long ride was before us. In the first carriage sat Pomona, Artemis, and Clio; Erato was with Monsieur and Madame in the second carriage. The first party rolled rapidly through the city and soon arrived at the goal; paid the driver and waited for the occupants of the second carriage, who, coming more leisurely, saw the grand aqueduct, the Hospital for Skin Diseases, and the great improvements in the laying out of streets. Revolutions are rough reformations, it is true, but, nevertheless,

from the evil good has sprung up, in the shape of wider streets and renovation of dingy-looking houses.

But here we are in a spacious building and no one to tell us where to go. We advance to the ticket-office, or rather one of the many, and the official attending has already become distracted by an American lady who wished to go on to Geneva that night, while he declares there's an informality in her ticket which will prevent her from going until the next day. She looks around despairing, while we inwardly quake in anticipation of like trouble; but, no, our slips are all correct,—but where are the cars? We try door after door, get into mysterious avenues, which look coolly forbidden; at length we stumble over an officer, who separates us from Monsieur, and we frantically bid him "*bon soir*" and "*adieu*" over the heads of about a dozen people. We then rush on with them, and find them scattering, leaving us still bewildered in this labyrinth of corridors.

At length we meet an English gentleman; we appeal to him; he replies: "Ladies, I know no more about the intricacies of this place than you do; but follow me and we'll find our way out somehow," which, fortunately for our departure at half-past eight o'clock, we did, following our impromptu guide with all the confidence of womanhood. We had Madame still with us, but when the doors were opened from the waiting-room, she was not allowed to come out on the train platform; we kissed in French fashion, first on one cheek, then on the other, several times, for we felt sorry at the last to leave her, she was so lovely, then bade her "*adieu.*" We rushed along with the other anxious passengers to hunt for a car; it was just as before, no one to give you any concise direction, and no one to aid you in the search. After, through our own strenuous exertions, we were comfortably seated in a travelling carriage that we had picked out, who should we see smiling in at us from the car-window but our dear friend

Madame. By what arts she had overcome those officials, who reminded me of the clerks in the Circumlocution Office commemorated by Dickens, who tried "how *not* to do it," we shall never learn, but there she was, bland and beautiful as ever.

But she must go now, our adieux were hastily said again, when hurriedly there entered our car an elderly gentleman and a young lady. The only other occupant besides ourselves was a young French lady, settled in one corner. We gazed upon rather flat scenery till the last glimmer of twilight had faded in gloom, and then settled ourselves for as comfortable a sleep as a sitting posture warranted. We were told that *everybody* went to Geneva by night. I have done it once, I shall do so no more, even at the risk of being *nobody*. You cannot see what beauties the landscape might offer, nor can you enjoy the repose in a sleeping berth which tired nature needs, and so the morning finds you weary and forlorn from the effects of not having the needful rest. Just as I was settling myself into a slumber I was roused by our guard opening the door and querying something.

"What does he say?" my American companions asked.

"Does he want the tickets?" I sleepily inquired.

"No; he is asking something."

I roused myself from my American thoughts to French words, and heard the inquiry, "Are you all one party?"

"*Oui, oui,*" I replied; but our guard did not seem altogether satisfied with my reply, and locked the door with an emphatic noise, and grumbled as he moved off at, I suppose, American stupidity.

On we went, not heeding stopping-places, although always roused from a disorganized attempt at sleep by such stoppings, for we knew that we would not reach Macon until seven o'clock in the morning; which, however, proved later, as one cannot make calculations as to arrivals or exits in Europe.

How gladly we welcomed the rising sun, although too sleepy to appreciate the grandeur of its rising! how much more gladly did we take our morning draught of wine (instead of coffee), and eat our rolls and biscuits! Just as we all had finished our matutinal meal, which we Americans shared together, as our little French passenger did not appear to take to us very kindly, our carriage-door was ruthlessly opened, and the guard, backed by another official, ordered our gentleman passenger to descend. As he did not understand French, he could not see the reason of this peremptory order, and American-like was tempted to resist, while the lady, his niece, clung to him and bade him stay. We advised him to descend, and his fair companion attempted to go with him, but the guard waved her back, and on getting their victim safely out —locked us in again. We could hardly explain to the frightened girl, in words choked with laughter, that unconsciously in the dark, and not understanding the French placard on the door, her uncle had spent the night in a carriage intended for "ladies only."

When we arrived at Macon, where breakfast and a good wash could be obtained, the latter one has to pay for, as well as the former, our old friend of the night came up to the carriage-window and said, "Ladies, I was turned out of here, where there were six ladies, and seated in the next car, where there are now six gentlemen and *one* lady. I should like to know which position was the most creditable, mine with six ladies, or hers with five gentlemen? If I could have spoken French, I should have insisted that the lady should be removed to this car."

"Probably one of the gentlemen was a relative of the lady," I suggested.

"I suppose she was," he remarked; "but this is villainous travelling."

We felt in a better mood, however, now, and as the niece

was satisfied of her uncle's safety, and that he had not been carried off to some dismal dungeon, we talked over our vicissitudes in the way of travelling, and our expenditures in the way of knick-knacks, that the time passed very pleasantly until we arrived at Geneva.

O lovely city on the lake! how can I describe thee! Mont Blanc looks calmly down upon thy picturesque beauty as a father watching over his youthful daughter. We were delighted with the Hôtel du Lac; the proprietor, Mr. Spahlinger, making us feel more like guests of his hospitality than boarders. Our evening walk was to the River Rhone, which here draws its curious blue waters from the lake, and from a height you can trace this indigo current through the peaceful bosom of Geneva's charming water, which proves to be the home of twenty-one different kinds of fish. On the river, but attached to the banks, are floating sheds, on which are the tubs and boards of the washwomen. It is a busy sight of a summer evening to see them, large, muscular, but good-looking dames, beating, with a mallet in each brawny hand, the soiled clothing, then they scrub them with a brush, using plenty of soap, and, I suppose, the color of the water adds the *blueing* property, for they come from under this process very white. Just as the women wring them, they are taken in wheelbarrows by men out to the suburbs, where in large enclosures, rented by a number of laundresses together, they are shaken out and hung up to dry. I do not know how long your clothing will stand such usage, but you cannot complain of their color.

There was an extra amount of building going on in consequence of a legacy left to the city by the Duke of Brunswick, who died here. The Theatre was not yet finished; the Musée Rath, named for its founder, which contained some very fine pictures, was to be enlarged, and more paintings added; while the University, situated in the Botanical Gardens, came in

for a liberal share. A certain amount was to be devoted to a monument to his memory, which was in process of construction. The pedestal is of a red granite, and the four griffins for its corners were already completed.

There are many beautiful walks around, in the park and in gardens. Rousseau's garden contains a statue of him; the Botanical Gardens were laid out quite handsomely; the Boulevard along the Quai was a resort on the summer evenings, for Geneva is full of tourists at this time of the year, besides being the residence of many wealthy English families for the season. We walked out on the jetty, where we obtained the handsomest view of Geneva and its surrounding mountains, and the lake, which from its blueish-green surface does not reflect the yellow tints of the sun, but instead a glowing purple, the robe of the Sun-God, but not his crown. There were narrow streets, people who showed signs of poverty and wretchedness; but even as we threaded our way in and out among the purlieus of the city, the eye was pleased with the curious old houses, with the quaint carvings, the soft light through a stone passage-way, the picturesqueness even of the rags, and the dark beauty of the southern type of the people.

By devious ways we reach the old Cathedral where Calvin preached his harsh polemics. Its quaint towers are still the city's landmarks, but it is so built up around it that it was difficult to find the entrance. As the service was in French, we concluded to go to a beautiful little English church, into which we entered merely in time for the ante-communion service and sermon. The text was, "He loved Jonathan as his own soul," but the preacher did not sufficiently enter into the spirit of his own sermon. We visited a Russian church, where there were some superior paintings, and relics in silver and gold, and rich embroidery, a perfect treasure-house, but the congregation is very small, and, as the young man said who acted as a guide, he thought they would be obliged to

discontinue the services. The Jewish synagogue was much better attended, and the rabbi showed us one of the scrolls of the law.

The house in which Calvin lived is shown to travellers, and the palace where royalty once dwelt is now the City Hall. Geneva contains some very beautiful residences; that of the Baron de Rothschild, just a little out of the city, is open to strangers who obtain an official permit to walk over his grounds; but we felt that our time was too limited to spend any of it in mere visiting, even if it was to the Baron de Rothschild! We had decided to make an excursion to Chamounix, and here one mistake was made, which I insert for the benefit of any of our readers who shall travel that way. We left our luggage at Geneva, and in consequence were obliged to return; and we discovered that we might have continued our journey through Switzerland by the Martigny Pass, and avoid repeating our route. We found out our mistake too late.

Clio and Erato called at the Diligence Office on Saturday evening to engage seats for the party on Monday morning. One of the officials prided himself on his superior acquaintance with the English language, and, instead of showing his reluctance to speak a tongue of which he knew but little, used it on all occasions, much to our amusement. He would persist in saying, "Good-morning, ladies, good-morning, ladies," while the sun was dying in the west, and somehow preferred the Americanism, "Excuse me," to the frequent English one, "Beg pardon," and every few moments he ejaculated, "Good-morning, ladies; excuse me, ladies; good-morning, ladies," until we left for fear we would hurt his feelings, for he seemed a tender-hearted man, by laughing outright.

Geneva is a city of watches and jewelry, the latter not only exquisite but reasonable in price. We went into one store on the Quai, and the proprietor gave us chairs near his case,

while he was showing us costly bracelets and scarf-pins. I wondered at the confidence of the man,—no one with him but a small boy, sitting at the back of the store, and four of us near the door, to whom he was carelessly showing hundreds of dollars' worth of goods. He might have been a good physiognomist, or he might have been an unsuspicious dealer. We went into another fine establishment opposite our little English church, and there, one of the firm stood by the door; another, in apparently careless attitude, strolled up and down between us and the other guard, while a workman, because he could speak English, waited upon us; and very careful he was that very few of his valuable goods were out of the case at one time. It was evident to me that they had been robbed at some previous time, probably by Americans or English; hence their suspicion. I did not blame their scrutiny; still, it was rather uncomfortable to feel that you were being watched. They gradually relaxed their vigilance, however, when they found that the purport of the visit was for purchase, and the pedestrian gentleman ceased his monotonous walking, and the doorkeeper gave us bland adieux as he opened the door wide for us to depart.

Franklin says, "Suspect every man to be a rogue until you find him honest;" so it was on that principle our Geneva firm acted. We were accosted on the street by a man selling the most exquisite cameos for a mere song. He said he had brought them from Italy, and was in want of money, or else he would not sell them so cheaply.

Geneva abounds also in music-boxes, and one is charmed by their sweet tones often as you pass the factories for their manufacture. Wood carvings, though made and sold to a great extent, are not as plenty here as at Lucerne or Interlachen; in fact, the latter place seems to grow them spontaneously. Early on Saturday morning we were awakened by a clatter on the square opposite our hotel and a babel of tongues, and

on looking out were astonished to find it the market-place. Donkeys were standing round tied to trees, which had brought panniers full of provisions, and the hucksters too, we think, to market. The women were a novelty to us, who had just come from Paris, where working-girls went along without hat or bonnet, only an umbrella or parasol to cover them from the hot sun, to see these with enormous straw hats, as large as vestibule mats, for a head-covering. A ribbon from the inner crown tied this enormous platter under the chin, then, if you imagine a short worsted dress, an extremely large apron with immense pockets, woollen stockings, and thick-soled, heavy shoes, you can form some faint idea of the Geneva market-woman. The butter was spread out on trays, exposed to the rays of the sun and the dust of the highway; but fortunately their market does not last all day; by ten o'clock they had, like the Arabs,

"Silently *stole* away."

The flower-market was around on another street, and we quite forgot the nondescript venders as we revelled in the beauty and the fragrance of God's messengers. Bouquets, wreaths, as well as pot-flowers, could be had for a mere trifle, and we passed them reluctantly, only wishing we could bring them at once to Philadelphia and lay them down at our home-friends' feet.

"O Chamouni, sweet Chamouni!"

So sung one whose heart beat in pulsations with the great mother-heart of Nature, for it seems to me that in Switzerland all the loveliness of the world has been thrown here as from a cornucopia. A friend suggested that there was no sea here. I am glad of it,—that is to be one of the delights of heaven, and why not in this earthly paradise? We look upon the Alps, and we see a heart, unmoved by the storms and wind currents of every-day life, fixing its eye of faith on

the Supreme; we gaze upon the valleys, and we see a heart peacefully receiving the blessings from above, and, in spite of cruel scars and wounds, always giving up its treasures without thought of self. We see the cascades and the rivers, and we recognize a heart, bright and gladsome, always ready to do the will of Him who sent it.

But the sea does not wake this train of thought; it appears like the guilty heart that, down in its muddy depths, keeps its own secrets, and only when moved by outward disturbances manifests so much of the evil spirit within.

Thus spoke I, to Erato, and she threw something of my idea into verse, and, as a prelude to our full enjoyment of Switzerland, I will transcribe the few stanzas here. They were written while gazing at the Jungfrau, which will receive its due commendation in its own order, but are as suitable for one peak of the Alps as another.

TO THE ALPS.

Thy lofty peaks are hid from view
By clouds that hover round,
And guard with jealous care thy heights
As consecrated ground!

And yet, I know, above the haze
A glory shrines thy head,
A radiance in which God alone
In majesty doth tread.

And thus, I thought, it is in life,
The rugged, toilsome way
Is brightly beaconed at the top
By heaven's steady ray;

But only glimpses do we have,
For clouds obscure the sight
Of the glory that awaits us all
Upon the heavenly height.

It was a beautiful morning, the hour seven, when we took our seats in the banquette, the upper story of the diligence,

to start for Chamounix. How can I describe the exhilaration of that ride! Not only the fresh breeze from the mountains, but the very mountains themselves, gave us inspiration. Who could see them towering above us in silent grandeur, with their white peaks touching the sky, without feeling better, physically and mentally and spiritually, for the sight? I think it was William Howitt, who lived in Germany for many years, who said, "Thank God for the mountains!" I have echoed and re-echoed his thanksgiving at every new peak that rose on my horizon. We were besieged and beset, I do not know which word is more appropriate, by sturdy little beggars, dirty and ragged, who swarmed around our diligence like bees. Some American gentlemen threw them United States coin, which they seized with the same avidity as if it were the currency of the country, but the lamentable part of the scene, outside of their squalor, was their fighting; six down upon the ground with their heads almost in the dust, trying, each to obtain the one miserable copper that had been thrown out to them. As we passed groups upon groups of these distressing, miniature old men, and also the blind sitting by the wayside, begging, I could not help thinking of the missionary hymn, which says, "And only man is vile."

And, everywhere through Switzerland and Germany, women occupy the position of an inferior animal, being harnessed to wagons, which they draw, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with a dog. They do the heavy work of the fields,—plough, mow, rake hay, and carry the harvest to the barn on their heads; besides this, obliged to get the meals and wait to eat when their lord and master has finished.

"I think I shall look here for a wife," observed an American gentleman.

"Remain here with her, then," chimed in Erato; "don't bring her to America."

"Why not?" queried the wife-hunter.

"Because we'll teach her better things, and your drudge is ruined for drudgery."

One of the pretty features of German life was the wayside crosses hung with wreaths of flowers, and under the very snow itself were blooming those sweet reminders of a Father's love. The fields were thick with poppies, and in the small latticed windows and rustic balconies of those picturesque Swiss cottages, were placed pots of flowers, blooming in this land of eternal snow.

Fifty-one miles up-hill to Chamounix! We had to stop often to change horses; our longest rest was for breakfast and dinner at Cluses and Sallanches, and it was half-past four before we arrived at the lovely valley. Our first view was of a number of hotels clustered together, then of booths of carven work, mules and donkeys with their tired-looking riders, a babel of tongues, and a confusion of faces, but beyond all this was Mont Blanc calmly looking at us from his hoary eyebrows; there were the attendant peaks, with the solemnity of courtiers waiting on a king; beneath their slopes, were the green fields, and through them murmured the little brooks, telling the story of their birth among the mountains, until its cadence was lost in the turbulent Arveiron; I say turbulent advisedly, although now calm beneath the glowing sun.

We put up at the Hôtel Royale, and, after spending a pleasant evening with a lady and gentleman from Indiana, retired to rest, that we might be strengthened for our trip on the morrow to the Mer-de-Glace. The ascent is generally made upon mules, with a guide and a muleteer, but, as Pomona was the only equestrienne of our party, we concluded that one quadruped would be enough for us. It proved so, as Artemis walked the whole distance, only resting at the châlets on our route, while Erato tried the animal twice, but each time making so many objections to the reaching up to the back of the mule, that the accompanying tourists from the châlets

were very much amused. A step-ladder had to be brought out, for her accommodation whenever she was willing to mount. Besides, the four-footed beast was blind and the guide indifferent, and she was in constant dread of being pitched over the precipices. The ascent was so gradual that one would hardly know he was climbing, were it not that, looking back, the valley of the Chamounix was gradually fading away into the distance. I remember, when a little girl, having German toys to play with,—little villages and farm-houses, with stiff trees and no less stiff animals,—these I used to spread out upon the table or upon the floor, and these childish recollections came over me as I looked down upon the Swiss farm-houses and churches, only, these were the reality of what my toys represented. Reaching the apex of Mont Montanvert, where lunch could be had, and from which the mules were sent around to meet us after we had crossed the "*sea of ice*," we got ready for our perilous walk on the glacier.

How cold and bleak it was up here! Vegetation had disappeared, the Alpine flowers we had plucked were withering in this ungenial atmosphere; the surrounding peaks, the *Needles*, in the French better known as the Aiguille de Dru, Aiguille de Moine, and, 13,000 feet above the sea-level, Aiguille Verte, reared their icy heads in haughty silence; the glaciers, the collection of centuries, like a turbulent lake over whose waters had breathed the words "*Peace, be still!*" lay between these white-robed sentinels. No trees, no plants, no flowers, no grass; nothing but stones and ice before us; no birds, no instinctive voice of growing nature; but the silence of a prison-house reigned, the silence of nature in chains. A chamois, a fine animal, had broken its leg while climbing here; a young man, a tourist, fell, and his mangled body, in which the breath of life was still fluttering, was picked up and carried back to Chamounix to the hotel. He was living three days after the accident, but whether crippled

he still walks the earth, or the bruised frame has been resting in the quiet grave, we shall never know.

Then we came to a cross of wood on which was nailed a contribution-box,—to contain the donations of the kindly to the family of a guide, who sacrificed his life among these cliffs to save the timid travellers. With such examples, we commenced the passage of the Mer-de-Glace.

A man had a booth there, in which he was selling most beautiful stones, amethysts, agates, and clear crystals, the treasures of the Alps. He fired off a small cannon that the detonations might be noticed, and also blew the Alpine horn. It seemed as if every rock acknowledged the signals. I once read an article on the low tones of the mountaineers, so different from the high key of the dwellers in valleys, and I noticed among ourselves a disposition to speak lower, for our own voices seemed to jar the solemn stillness that brooded here.

We peered down a crevasse evidently formed by the gradual melting of the ice upon the cliffs, and there were huge boulders so lodged in it, that the bottom of the abyss, if bottom there was, could not be seen. Our guide, in his Swiss patois, gave Pomona much credit for the nimbleness with which she scaled this icy field and leaped from rock to rock in the descent, to use his own words, "*like a chamois.*"

So far we had appeared to be the sole treaders of that icy sea; but, as we neared the opposite *shore*, we saw a man with a pick, ostensibly looking for precious stones, but, as I learned afterwards, waiting for small coin from the passers-by. Our cicerone engaged him to help us over the dangerous rocks which we were now ascending; so, taking my hand, his sure eye and steady foot gave me a feeling of security as we traversed a narrow path winding around the rocks. Mont Blanc was enveloped in clouds, and the grayness of an Arctic winter hung around us. I looked down, down on to the icy field which we had left but a few moments ago, and as I

gazed I felt the terrible thought stealing over me of the one misstep that would lay my crushed and bleeding body in that frozen gorge. But, in every event, whether it comes into our moral, mental, or physical life, the rule is still the same, "look up." Only *above* is the strength, as David realized when he said, "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Now we heard the falling of water, and were told we would soon reach the Cascade of Mont Blanc, of which name we expected better things than we saw. A silver trickle of water from an immense height was beautiful, but it was not majestic, it was not grand; it was no more a "Mont Blanc" than it was a Niagara. We here dismissed our extra guide with the gratuity of "fifty centimes," and, with Pomona in the van, proceeded merrily on with the prospect of Le Mauvais Pas yet to come. In a wide pathway on the mountain side we came across a party, with their guides, who had started from the opposite direction to our ascent. A well-proportioned, well-set gentleman said, as we passed him, "I will not be able to go much farther, my head is giddy now."

"Poor man," we thought, "just started, as it were, and giddy; what will be the result?" We heard of no accident, so we concluded the light-headed gentleman had turned back. We then met a youth, who inquired if he was near the top. Rather an ambiguous question in this time of ascent and descent, but, as Clio politely informed him that he had only traversed the one-fourth of the predestined route, we hope the answer was satisfactory enough to stimulate him to further exertions.

Here we are now at the "*Bad Step*," according to the proper translation of its name, and we think we made worse "mauvais pas" before we reached it. There is a hand-rail of iron attached to the rocks, and steps were hewn out for the descent, taking away the romantic view of it and making it

entirely too practical for us, who were ready for marvellous undertakings and hair-breadth escapes. We found our alpen-stocks of no advantage, in fact, rather at a discount. It is customary for the guide to take them from the ladies on arriving at this dangerous pass, so as to leave the tourist at perfect liberty to take care of herself; but Erato and Pomona were so far in advance of the guide that they were obliged to dispense with his attentions.

We were now reaching the region of the sun, and were glad to rest at the Chapeau and drink from the icy spring. Dinner is provided here, but, as we knew another hour would bring us to our hotel, we concluded to hasten on, particularly as dark clouds were already rising in the western horizon, and we did not altogether fancy a thunder-storm among the mountains, unless we could witness it from a shelter.

The descent to the vale is now easy; in fact, better on foot than on a mule, for one feels like pitching over the animal's head, so abrupt is the declivity. By our experience we would suggest to the Alps' explorer to dismiss the mules on the top of Montanvert, and thus save the three francs for taking them around and waiting for you, for when you reach the level road you find stages ready to take to Chamounix those who are by this time too tired to walk; but such roads, such lovely roads! one is almost tempted to pedestrianism by such smooth ground; no treacherous stone to hit the unwary corn, no deceitful crevasse with its pool of water, no concealed morass in which the traveller plunges. No! the shiny road lies smooth and clean as far as the eye can reach, and often in the cars we longed for a walk over that silvery string that stretched through Switzerland.

When we reached Chamounix, having traversed about nineteen miles, the guide says,—which, to do Artemis credit as a pedestrienne, she made it entirely on foot,—we saw that the stages were just in and all was excitement; one lady

was rather amused at my *entrée* into town on a mule, but I calmly thought, "By to-morrow evening, mademoiselle, you will be coming by the same route in your mountain costume."

How we relished our dinner! But my good reader is well aware of the blessedness of eating when one is hungry; but, more than that, there were two genial American faces at our board, which made the feast all the more enjoyable. In the evening we sauntered through the bazaars, so full of pretty things that one knows hardly how to begin to buy, or where, when well begun, to end.

But the rain which threatened us on the mountains now came down in heavy drops, but unaccompanied by the thunder and lightning we had feared; this splendid shower left the air so cool that in the morning we thought we had flown over three months and were enjoying the bracing atmosphere of an autumnal day. We had engaged our seats in the diligence two days before, and, on arriving at the station, handed our checks to the conductor, in order that he might show us our diligence, but he pocketed the card and nonchalantly walked away, merely pointing to a large coach to the rear of the building. On attempting to scale its ladder, the driver asked for our tickets, and said the conductor should not retain them. We saw the manœuvre on the part of the official at once. Being four of the weaker sex, we must pay him something extra for our places in the diligence. Our indignation, as free citizens of America, was roused at this attempt at swindling, and, *en masse*, we determined to go to Geneva that morning in one of the coaches without giving any additional fees. To outwit our sneaking conductor, for he hid himself in his office, was our determination, so, when a driver placed his ladder by the side of his vehicle, we *womanned* it. Here an American voice interposed: "Ladies, I engaged that place last evening; I should like to have it."

"Did you engage five, sir?" asked Erato, in her most per-

emptory tone, while inwardly, she was quaking at the dilemma in which this gentleman's apparently just claim would involve us.

"No, miss; only one."

"Then cannot we occupy the other four seats, sir?"

"Certainly; jump up."

He mounted the ladder, which we had vacated on hearing his first address, and held out his hand to assist *we four*. Erato was the first to ascend, and bag and baggage and herself were all comfortably placed, when up came our irate driver and took possession of the vacated rungs, and forbade any more uprisers until the tickets were produced.

"*Descendez, mademoiselle,*" he reiterated to the complacent Erato in her high position.

"*Je ne descendrai pas, monsieur,*" to the conductor, and, "Come up, girls," to her worried-looking party below.

"Easy to say 'come up'; but how are we to accomplish it while that fellow stands there?"

He was obliged, however, by the appearance of other passengers to step down, and the lugubrious trio mounted at once to the banquette. He rushed back when he saw them scaling his ladder, but "possession is nine points of law;" so he was obliged to content himself with a few ejaculations in an unknown tongue, while we calmly sat and gazed into the blue depths above us.

"Are we in the right coach?" asked Pomona, as the spirited horses started now on the road down-hill.

"No, indeed," answered Erato, calmly; "we took an excursion ticket in Cook's coach, and we are going back in one of Gaze's."

"But will there not be trouble?"

"None for us; whatever occurs will be between Gaze and Cook. We are bound for Geneva, and some coach must take us there. We paid enough to be allowed to return."

But I may as well state here that no trouble occurred. We alighted at another office than the one from which we mounted, but no questions were asked, and it was well for the company's agent in Chamounix that *we four* arrived in safety without being charged extra fees. It was quite a short ride back, being all down-hill, but it was extremely cold, even with our wraps, the fresh air of the mountains so covered with snow, giving us their icy breath; we had a better view of the windings of the Arve than before, with the trickling streamlets that formed its tributaries, feeding it from the vast larder of the Alps. We were gladly welcomed by our good host of the Hôtel du Lac, who gave us our own old rooms again, and then, after another ramble through Rousseau's garden, and on the Quai and to the jetty, a parting glance at the old Cathedral de St. Pierre, a lingering for a few moments on the picturesque bridge, and we bade "good-by" to the home of Voltaire, Calvin, and Rousseau, *one* place to contain so dissimilar characters. It was not so pleasant as when we had first arrived; the wind was high and no rain had fallen to settle the dust, which, in consequence of so much building and repairs, was very thick, but, for all, my memory lingers tenderly around Geneva. Other excursions beside the Mer-de-Glace can be made while at Chamounix, such as the "Glacier des Boissons, Source of the Arveiron, Flégère;" but, as a fellow-traveller remarked, "Why climb every peak if *one* gives the desired view, or why cross every glacier, if *one* can give you the knowledge of its formation and an experience of its perils?" Feeling, therefore, satisfied with our excursion to Chamounix, we took the train, which skirted the beautiful shores of the *beautiful* lake, and revelled in the morning splendor of the landscape before us. We concluded not to stop at Lausanne, memorable for its proximity to the Castle of Chillon, but proceed on to Berne, as, so far as architecture was concerned, we saw Chillon's counterpart while travelling through the

country. Passing one of the picturesque cottages which dot the smiling fields, I saw a woman rush from the kitchen-door with terror depicted on every lineament of her countenance, while a man followed her and seized her by the throat with both his hands. Another woman, just entering the gate, screamed, but put her hands before her eyes in dread of seeing the result, instead of seizing at once the handiest weapon to strike the arrant coward that would touch a woman with such brutal force. But the train moved on, and I saw not the ending of this domestic tragedy, this glimpse of the human hell in the very heart of Nature's paradise.

Here we are at Berne, with time enough to visit the Cathedral and the Bear Pit, while we were obliged to wait to make the connection of trains; but we saw not the Cathedral nor the Bear Pit, on account of that one great drawback to the unmarred pleasures of travelling,—"*baggage!*" We had registered two valises for safe delivery at Interlachen, and, while passing the baggage-room, saw one of them with its side ominously bulging, and, "*Look! what a rent!*" simultaneously escaped from our lips. We concluded to take possession of the one travelling-bag which had been so badly treated; but, with all our expressive English, our concise French, and emphatic pantomime, we could not reach the brain of the German official that he might comprehend us. We were almost despairing, when an English question of "Can I help you, ladies?" spoken with a German accent and with a German tone, aroused us to hope.

"Will you explain to these porters that we want the broken bag, but intend to leave the large one still in the baggage-room, and expressly state to them it was bad management that it has been so defaced? I have asked repeatedly for the bureau of the baggage-master, and each refuse to direct me," said Erato.

"I am afraid you will get no redress, ladies, as they protest the bag was already broken."

We saw, however, that, not fully understanding our jargon, the men were rather awed, and were making excuses, as apologetically, as we desired. "We knew they would not give us the equivalent in money; but we do not intend to submit tamely to any injustice, so we will have our satisfaction in scolding."

Our new friend laughed; but he delivered our message, and the porter with great obsequiousness took heavy twine and corded up the unfortunate fine leather bag. We had *paid* at Geneva to have it registered; it was now slit down the side, and in reward we were forced to carry it to Interlachen ourselves. They could well afford to be polite and obsequious to the victims. Our friend in time of need was a resident of Missouri, but had brought his wife and children to Germany to visit their relations; he was now merely on a pleasure trip through Switzerland, but tired enough of the old world and anxious to get back to the new. How persons could lose all attachment to their native land and let every fibre of their hearts twine around the land of their adoption, was an enigma that I vainly tried to solve while in my sojourn in Europe; nor have I since my return obtained a solution to the problem. Our tickets were marked to Thun or Schertzligen, and, as we were anxious not to be misled in our travels, we made it a subject of inquiry. The handsome and obliging conductor spoke slowly and carefully in his own language; but we gazed at him "so childlike and bland" that he turned away despairing, for not a word did we understand. A lady, sitting by us, then spoke in French, informing us that we must remain in the cars when we arrived at Thun, and in five minutes we would reach the boat-wharf at Schertzligen. We thanked her, and on her arrival at her home-station she reiterated her information and bade us good-evening. On reaching Thun we followed the directions we had received, much to the conductor's satisfaction, who smiled kindly upon us, while send-

ing those unfortunate passengers back who had not understood the words on the tickets, "Thun and Schertzligen."

Arriving in a few minutes at the latter place, we took the steamboat for Darlingen. It was now night, and while we lost the beauty of coloring that the great artist, the sun, produces, we had a perfect picture *à la Rembrandt*, with the Jura Mountains for the background. The moon was in its first quarter, and soon set in the dark waters, and the few stars that studded the still darker sky gave a weirdness to the scene that impressed one with the idea that we were drifting on an enchanted lake, whose mortal name was Thun. The disenchantment commenced with a feeling of hunger as we saw a portly gentleman and his two sons enjoying beefsteak and fried potatoes and fragrant coffee; but, in attempting to procure the same savory viands, we were grieved to find that our stewardess, like the conductor, spoke neither French nor English, our only mediums of communication. Here was a dilemma for hungry people, but a happy thought occurred, so we appealed to the young gentleman, who was enjoying his supper, for assistance. He answered in our own language: "Ladies, I can speak English better than French. Tell me what you want and I will give your order." Thanking him, we ordered our roast-beef and coffee, with honey and rolls, through the medium of the son of the Chevalier de Malleman, a gentleman holding a superior position in the Austrian Embassy. His two sons were still collegians, and had always received the highest honors of their different classes. They were young men of whom any father might be proud, though placed in a sphere exposed to many temptations, and just now, as we also learned, had been made motherless.

We felt quite refreshed by this excellent supper, for we knew we had some miles yet to go by rail, for all bound for Interlachen took the cars at Darlingen. The steam-carriages on these routes were different again from the English or

French, being cut up into small compartments, with seats on both sides of an aisle, more like our style of cars, with the exception of not being long; one of our steam-cars would make three of theirs. It was quite dark when we arrived at the "Saratoga of Switzerland," but the coaches for the different hotels were ready waiting, so *we four* and the portly Chevalier with his two sons and hand-satchels filled up the omnibus for the *Victoria.*

How refreshing from the darkness without, and the dust and smoke of travel, was the bright gleam of the many lights in the central hall and the cool play of the fountain in the centre, as the water coquetted with the fresh green plants around! We were shown to our rooms, where we slept the sleep of the weary, though longing for the morrow and our first view of the Jungfrau.

The principal rambles about Interlachen are to the cliffs of Heimwehflûh, Unspunnen, Beatenberg, Thurmberg, the Lauterbrunnen waterfalls, and the Grindelwald glaciers. As we had crossed the Mer-de-Glace, it would have been a mere repetition and time lost to take the Grindelwald, so we wandered along at our own sweet wills, which led us into the wood-carving establishments, which, with the hotels, comprise all the buildings of Interlachen.

Thus listlessly walking we arrived at Unspunnen, which we commenced to ascend, that we might have the view of the Jungfrau, that only tantalized us as we gazed at it from the public garden. On, on, went this beautiful road, with here and there a rustic-seat for the weary traveller. Passing one of these sheltered nooks, we saw a gentleman with two ladies, sitting. He inquired of us (rather a strange proceeding for an Englishman), whether "we could obtain a good view of the Jungfrau from this mountain?"

"So we were told," was our response; "but we will climb on until we obtain the view."

"We are going to rest awhile," was his answer; "if you discover a good point will you let us know?"

"Certainly, sir," we answered. And, like pilgrims to a shrine, pressed devoutly on.

Although the spirit was indeed willing the flesh was weak, and at length my three comrades said, "Indeed, there is no use of going farther, we cannot see anything but trees, and far above us, they are still growing; let us return."

"Return, when so near the goal as we must be! There is certainly a top to this mountain, and I intend to reach it; but you sit there and rest while I explore, if I find it fruitless I shall return soon."

So alone, but undaunted, I climbed the rugged steep for five minutes only, for there before me, as I turned a projecting cliff, was the acme of my wishes.

There she stood, the virgin maid, with her pure mantle around her, while her head was crowned with a wreath of beauteous green which the Sun-God had placed upon it. He was looking lovingly down upon her in her perfect beauty, while her attendant, "*Monk*," as some call the smaller mountain,—"*page*" I should say,—was also glowing in the meridian light. At her feet lay the embowered village of Interlachen (*between lakes*) and the lovely Lake Thun, with Lake Brienz in the distance, all as courtiers bringing their gifts to the foot of the throne, whereon sat a queen. Oh, my pen is inadequate to describe the loveliness of the scene before me! and were I a painter, I should cast away my brush from impotency to place upon canvas the glowing colors, the contrasts of light and shade, the delicate warmth of atmosphere that pervaded the view.

This was the spot that Frederika Bremer failed to find after four hours' wandering. But I must not be selfish, so running hastily down, I called to the trio to come up quickly and see Nature in her glory. Their weariness fled in the prospect

before them so lightly they followed me, only to find that the beauteous Jungfrau had gathered her gossamer veil of clouds around her to shield her from the too amorous gaze of the King of Day, and the scene was changed! The Lakes Thun and Brienz still lay in the sunlight, the picturesque houses of Interlachen were still under the shadows of the Eternal Hills, yet the fairy loveliness of this land of enchantment had fled. But the Jungfrau kindly gave us one glance at her beauteous form, before we commenced our descent to the vales below.

A châlet on the hill-side had a modest sign, which informed us that wine and beer could be obtained there, and from its sacred precincts we saw emerging our English interlocutor and his two lady companions.

"We had a beautiful view of the Jungfrau, and you can obtain it with just a short walk from here, turning to the left when you arrive at the cross-roads. You need go no higher, as the mountain appears to be on a level with you at this point." Such was my delighted outpouring of speech.

"Hi do not think we'll hattempt hit; my lady friends har not has good walkers has you."

Just listen! After having the "extraordinary pedestrian qualities" of the English ladies dinned into our ears from our early youth, we are told that we *feeble Americans* were good walkers! Nothing can surprise us in the future. Not even the fact that what the lovely Jungfrau failed to accomplish, the ale or stout was equally as unable to prove a stimulant. So we continued our descent until we reached the wood-carving establishments, from whose portals we went burdened like peddlers to our hotel.

Our next ramble was to the convent garden. In the quaint nunnery are now held three services on Sunday,—the Roman Catholic in the morning, the English service in the afternoon, in the same chapel, and in another portion of the building

the Free Church of Scotland conducts religious worship in the morning. There was a gloomy austerity in all the surroundings; the very walls had a mysterious air of knowing more than they would ever reveal, and an iron-grated window close to the ground and almost hidden with weeds made us picture the dungeons of the Inquisition, when it might have been an innocent ventilator for the cellar. Just give your imagination full play in the shady walks of the convent garden with its dark walls frowning upon you, and you can become a second Mrs. Radcliffe with a tale of horror.

Saturday, August 3.—This morning we took the train for Boenigen, as also did the Chevalier with his sons; but as we left the "*ex-King of Portugal*" and a "*Duchess of somewhere*" still at the Hôtel Victoria, we think our absence was not as much deplored as under other circumstances it might have been. In about fifteen minutes, we arrived at the sweet little lake of Brienz, but as we crossed it to the town of the same name during a heavy shower, we can only speak in praise of its rippled waters, for we saw all the scenery around as "through a veil darkly." One striking point on the Lake Brienz is the Giessbach. The plan is to leave Interlachen in the evening and remain until the next morning at the Geissbach hotel, to witness the illumination of the Falls. In themselves, we Americans, who live in a land of cascades, waterfalls, and cataracts, could see nothing surprising, but the effect by means of colored calcium-lights is quite striking. We have now left the steamer and the shower, and are waiting for these slow-moving people to have the coaches ready for our ride through the Brunig Pass to Alpnacht. The motion of winding around these precipitous rocks is only observable by watching the little villages, which seem to sink deeper and deeper into the earth like a stage illusion; for one can scarcely realize how high the diligence is ascending. We came to one dangerous place, where an extra horse was pro-

vided. I noticed that a woman had charge of the animal for our coach, and a gentleman told me he inquired the wages of those who attended to this work, and, as women and boys are the drivers, the remuneration is ten cents per day. We stopped at Sarnen for dinner, and were very much amused at a young Swiss, who was evidently on a bridal tour, at least we can excuse his behavior only at that account. He embraced the young girl with him with many a loving squeeze, held the small hand in his own with a tender clasp, kissed it, and, at length growing more daring, pressed many kisses on the blushing cheek. For she did blush at such demonstrations before people, and coaxed him to walk with her away from the gaping and laughing crowd. I believe she then gave him his first lesson in her power of scolding, for on their return he looked very meek, but not quite as affectionate as before. I watched the little children trudging home from school in wooden shoes, and wondered to myself how such hard foot-gear would feel to me, accustomed to be softly shod. Then the toes of them were pointed, when they should have been very broad; but as I never tried the experiment of wearing, it is needless to criticise the making.

We must now take the steamer on the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons for Lucerne; but the rain cometh down, and the view from a cabin-window or on deck from under an umbrella is not very inspiring. I have only one distinct recollection of the trip, and that was of an old castle at Darmstadt that we passed. The gloomy sky above the dark towers of the ruins covered with ivy and surrounded by trees, gave me a realization of the effects of time with its many storms; and life with its many sorrows. But as we neared Lucerne the clouds dispersed, the sun with its golden lips kissed the snow-crowned heads of the Righi and Pilatus, and were it not for the muddy roads and the damp air that pervaded our Hôtel Schwanen, we should not have known it had been one rainy

day. The general route is to proceed at once to the Righi, in order to see the sun rise from its gigantic height; but the clouds gathered again around the departing orb, so we feared the experience of the poet, and concluded to take its beauties by hearsay, as to but a favored few is that view permitted.

"Seven weary miles we sped
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

"Seven weary hours we passed
The rising sun to see;
Sulky and grim arose the sun,
Sulky and grim rose we."

Lucerne, though not as beautiful as Geneva, is decidedly interesting. One remarkable feature was its fortifications. The ramparts and battlements, though ruinous, still show the strength of the strange town. Standing on the new bridge, these old defences stood out vividly under the deep rays of the dying day, and *Fancy* garrisoned them with the brave men of the past who have made this little republic in the very heart of monarchy. I spoke of standing on the *new bridge;* the old ones are still there, marked *dangerous* for horses or wagons, but pedestrians still use them, particularly tourists, to look at the half-defaced paintings with which the sides of the covered bridge are ornamented. We attended service in the old Cathedral, in order to hear the tones of the finest organ in Switzerland. As there were so many visitors in Lucerne we were obliged to stand through both sermon and service, but in that position we could the better observe the curious carvings and fine paintings of a past era; then our walk through the cloisters, and the graveyard with its ancient houses; one felt almost, as if one was in the spirit world, so sacred were the surroundings. Leaving these venerable tombs,

we wended our way to the pretty little English church of a later style. The sermon was from Romans iv. 25: "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." The preacher was the Rev. Stanley Leathes, rector of St. Philip's Church, Regent Street, London.

After lunch we visited the *lion* of the place, which I beg to assure my readers is not intended for slang. The "Lion of Lucerne" is a carving from a solid rock, which overhangs a miniature lake, of a spear-wounded beast "with its dying head and paw upon the shield which bears the cross of Switzerland." Thorwaldsen's Lion was the model from which this was sculptured by Ahorn, from Constance, and it is an everlasting monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who lost their lives in attempting to defend Louis XVI. from the attacks of the infuriated mob, who were rushing up the stairway at Versailles to the king's private apartments, August 10, 1792. The courage and fidelity which actuated them on that memorable day still lives in the hearts of the Swiss people, and the "Lion of Lucerne" becomes not only commemorative, but symbolical of the inhabitants of that small but noble republic.

We noticed in nearly every establishment a design of *three* men standing with clasped hands, as precious a type to the inhabitants of Switzerland as the State-House Bell with us,—their symbol of the birth of freedom. At midnight, at Grutli, on the banks of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, between the two, Uri and Unterwalden, thirty men from Schwytz and the two just-mentioned cantons, under the leadership of *Walter Fürst*, *Werner Stauffacher*, and *Arnold an der Holden*, took each other's hand and swore an oath to *Freedom*. This confederacy at Grutli of 1307 was made a permanent one in 1315, after the great victory at Morgarten.

In the sunset hour we attended service in the Maria Hilt Chapel, which we reached after hunting for it through divers

streets and by climbing stone steps. The interior was quite plain in contrast with the highly-decorated churches we had seen in our travels. A small table was brought in and placed near the pews, and on it were laid a large Bible and hymn-book, and the simple service of the Free Church of Scotland was conducted by a minister from Boston. As we listened to the sermon, our minds reverted to the historical reminiscences of the perilous times of the Scottish Covenanters, then to the Puritan faith that was planted on Massachusetts' shore, then to the Romanistic symbols around us, and, as we looked up to the words above the altar, "*Hilt! Maria! Hilt!*" we felt as if we too could say, "Hail, thrice hail!" for this era when men can worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

There were not more than a dozen persons who thus met together for the first time in a foreign land, and at the conclusion of the sermon the Rev. Mr. Scott, of Pittsburg, introduced himself to us, and also his friend, Dr. Eben Tourjée, of Boston, Professor of Music and Principal of the Music Hall, to whom is given the "honor of planning and organizing the largest excursion party which ever left America." Out of the three hundred which formed his company, thirty-six were staying at the Hôtel Schwanen, and *we four* were asked to attend a service in the evening in the parlor of the dependence of the hotel, in which we already had rooms. We shall never forget that evening's gathering in that old city,—we, strangers, from the new world meeting together as friends in the old, soon to be separated, hoping to meet again as immortals in a better world.

Having thrown our weak voices in with Dr. Tourjée's magnificent tones and the full notes of the parlor organ brought out beneath his skilful fingers, in those divine melodies, the Gospel Songs, we listened in rapt admiration to Dr. Lorrimer's thoughts on the first Psalm, in connection with a

chapter in Jeremiah's prophecies. One felt no weariness as we listened to the simple Gospel told in such beautiful language. I could not refrain from uttering a sigh of sympathy for the congregation when I read in the paper that Dr. Lorrimer had left Tremont Temple Baptist Church to take up his abode in Chicago. This was to be our last evening in Lucerne, so we took a walk on the bridge, where we could see the quaint town lying in the moonlight.

When we were nearing the fortifications, Clio asked a young girl standing in a doorway "if they were the ramparts." She shook her head in mute appeal to the plain English question. Erato tried to gain an answer by speaking French, but also failed in obtaining anything but a negative shake of the head, so Pomona questioned the girl in her very best German, with the same success, while Artemis laughed at the trio's discomfiture. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that she was deaf.

Seeing the door of a Catholic church open we sauntered in, but there was no light but the glimmer over the high altar, and it threw such weird shadows around the spacious edifice that we shrank from its mystic depths and sought again the inspiration from the starry heights above.

We left Lucerne by the railway that skirted the lake, August 5, 1879, after triumphantly scoring from our bill three items the hotel clerk had obligingly added. It is so seldom that one is conscious of a victory over an official in a hotel, that our egotism in this matter must be pardoned. We were occupied during our ride in noticing the exquisite reflection that the lake gave of the trees, hills, villas, and châlets on its banks. I have seen but one other that approaches it strikingly, and that is given by the Delaware River in the neighborhood of the Gap.

Arriving at Olten, of which all we read was, that it was a "small but flourishing town on the Aar," we change cars for

Basel, or Bâle, as the guards announced in stentorian tones. As we were obliged to wait here an hour, I concluded that taking a walk would be a pleasant relief from our long confinement in those close cars. As the sun was extremely hot, I could find no company, and so, alone, I walked across a wide square lined by beautiful houses, into whose gardens I gave surreptitious peeps, until I came to a shady park, where the greensward and the leafy trees told of a coolness that was tempting. This is one of the largest towns in Switzerland, and one of the ancient seats of learning, containing the university in which Erasmus, Bernouilli, and Euler were professors. The tombs of the first two are in the Cathedral, which dates back 1019.

Until 1795, Bâle's time-pieces were always ahead of every clock in Europe. The reason of this was that at a time when the city was besieged, a treasonable compact was formed by malcontents within the town and the enemy without, that the latter could enter the town at night when the clock struck twelve. The warder of the tower accidentally overheard this scheme, and moved the hands of the clock, so that instead of striking the midnight knell a single stroke echoed through the city. The traitors were demoralized by this scheme; those within, not knowing why the signal was not heard by them, and those without, deeming the insurgents had been discovered and their plans frustrated. In commemoration of their preservation the people of Bâle remained an hour ahead by their clock.

But I must leave my pleasant retreat, as the hands of the *correct* clock are pointing to the car-time; again, then, over the dusty street in the full glare of the noon-light I must make my way to the station. The scenery had now changed; we had left the lake and the mountains and woods, and were now in the flat region of fields and meadows,—more profitable but not as artistic,—smiling with abundance of corn,

buckwheat, wheat, and oats, also tobacco; thus we saw growing in one section in a radius of about fifty miles, what in our country would be indigenous to the soil of certain localities.

We arrived at Strasbourg in the evening, and put up at the Hôtel de Rouge, but after a good dinner and, what we needed more after such extreme heat, a bath; we sauntered out to look at the town. It was more interesting to us than before, since we had read of its siege, but we carried sore hearts within us that it was no longer a French town, but the property of the stronger Prussians. It was sad to pass the Palace of the Orleans, now desolate and robbed of grandeur; the Hôtel de Ville, in which one could only hear German spoken; to meet the grenadiers of the garrison in Prussian uniform; at every step to meet the conquered and the conqueror. Passing a handsome granite building from which strains of music were issuing, we inquired of a pleasant-faced woman what the edifice was. Her answer that it was the Theatre, but that there was no performance that evening, but that a choral society used one room in it for rehearsals, explained the music we heard. It also led us into more conversation, as we were nearing the bastioned ramparts, with the citadel of Vauban frowning upon us; we remembered that we had learned that by means of sluices from the citadel the adjacent country can be laid under water, and we could recall the terrible siege, as we seated ourselves upon the cannon and traced the ravages, in embankments and fortifications, which were still in process of repair. Something of what I have written we said to our Strasbourg companion, but she looked upon us in surprise at our ignorance. The city was still the capital of Alsace, a dependence of France.

"But this garrison," we remarked, "are the Prussian soldiers."

"Oh, no! they were all Frenchmen," she replied, laughing.

"That might be," I continued, hastily, "but in the pay of King William."

"Oh, no, no!" she said, still with that shake of the head, so decidedly negative and so aggravating when one is sure, one is right. "This is all French, soldiers and all."

We repeated this conversation to our landlord, after he had been recounting to us their prosperity under Wilhelm and their trials under Napoleon, and how glad the inhabitants were at this change of dynasty, and he laughed heartily as he said, "Why did you not astonish her more by telling her that Napoleon was dead? I do not think she knows it." We regretted not giving her that valuable information, as we remembered the stories told us of our Pennsylvania Dutch brethren still voting for "Andy Jackson."

The next morning we took a ramble around the business portion of the city preparatory to the object of our visit,—the Cathedral at Strasbourg, or what was more interesting to us, *its clock*. The building was founded in 504; the choir portion was built under the direction of Charlemagne, but the main part was commenced in the tenth century, and its history is a chequered one,—a history of wars, conflagrations, earthquakes, and restorations. The latter is still in progress, but who can tell what phase of experience will the next century bring to it? In St. John's Chapel is the tomb of Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg, who commenced the rebuilding of the ruined parts of this Church of Notre Dame in 1275. This "*glorious work*," to use his own words, was like the "*flowers in May opening to the sun;*" and he watched its growth until 1299, when he was killed in a battle at Fribourg. Although five hundred and seventy-nine years have passed, the colors of the bishop's robes are still bright on the recumbent stone figure that surmounts the tomb.

The funeral cortége of a prominent man of Strasbourg was in the Cathedral; so listening to the sublime mass, given

on one of Silberman's finest organs, interested us till the famous clock should strike twelve. The largest of the side chapels was devoted to this service, and was hung with black in long, heavy folds. Twenty-four gentlemen held wreaths of pure white flowers, and when the pall-bearers had raised the coffin from before the altar, they placed it beneath the dome, and each gentleman laid his floral tribute on the casket which contained their once loving friend. Then the sad procession went slowly out of those massive doors to go to the quiet "God's acre," and we saw them no more.

We turned now our attention to the clock; on one side of it, in a small balcony, something like the private box of a theatre, is a wooden figure of a man dressed in the style of the Middle Ages, looking down upon the wonderful piece of mechanism. We were told it was intended to represent the designer keeping watch and ward over this his most curious work.

In 1352 the first astronomical clock was made; it was not known when it ceased going, but in 1547 three distinguished mathematicians furnished a plan for another clock. They did not succeed in carrying it out, so in 1570 others took up the work, which was finished in 1574.

For two hundred and fifteen years it noted the hours as they passed, and after a half a century of silence the present clock, a model of science and talent, was constructed by Mr. Schurlgué. In the upper part of the clock stands a figure of Christ, and at the hour of noon the twelve apostles pass before Him, bowing, and He lifts up his hand as if in blessing, while a cock with a natural voice and motion flaps its wings and crows three times at the presence of Peter. The four quarters of the hour are struck by Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, while Death strikes the hours. Love and Time are seated above the perpetual calendar; the latter turns an hour-glass over, when the clock is striking. The progress of a chariot gives one the name of the day of the

week; the month and seasons are also recorded, the phases of the moon, the eclipses; the true and sidereal time; it is also connected with a dial outside the church, thus giving the correct hour to the townsfolk.

The crypt is also an interesting spot to visit; at its entrance is the *holy tomb*, representing our Saviour on the Mount of Olives with his disciples at the time of his seizure by the soldiers. This Cathedral has been adorned by some very fine statuary, but the work of demolition only gives a legendary knowledge of its inner decorations.

The designer of this church, Erwin of Steinbach, some say of Mayence, stands prominent among architects of the Middle Ages; and all of his children were worthy scions of the artist tree. Several fine statues in the Cathedral are the work of his daughter Sabina, and his two sons were architects like himself.

A beautiful view can be obtained from the turrets of the Cathedral, but as the sun was glowing with its noonday heat, we concluded to give up making the ascent.

We had been advised not to miss the Church of St. Thomas, in which is a handsome monument to the memory of the Maréchal Saxe. His body, and also that of Prince Max of Würtemberg have been embalmed and are in a good state of preservation, that is, if one considers mummies specimens of preservation. Erato was the only one of our party that appeared to admire mummies. But I thought, if the brave marshal, over whom the Genius of France is sculptured as standing, had been living now, he would have thought that the Spirit had forsaken her beloved country, although Strasbourg has always been in personality a German town.

Hearing music issuing from a smaller and more unpretending chapel, we entered it, and found ourselves in the midst of another funeral of a less potent personage than the one who was borne from the Cathedral. The organ sym-

phonies were not as well rendered as in the latter edifice, but the voices of the choristers were equally as good.

We have done Strasbourg now, with the exception of the famous *pâté de foie*, which dish we neglected to call for; so after a less gross luncheon we took the cars for Baden-Baden.

The sun, which had been scorching us so unmercifully, now retired in umbrage, and as we changed cars, both at Appenweir and Oos,—for Baden is only reached by a branch railway from the main route,—we were obliged to make a rush for each station in a drenching shower.

These heavy rains proved a serious drawback to us at Baden, as we lost the stroll through the public gardens, and the music by the fine band that discourses there during the season. Baden was at its height now, for the Hôtel Holland, at which we were staying, was well filled, as also was the Hôtel Victoria, opposite. But its glory has departed with the overthrow of the gambling-houses. It is now only a transient resort for gay tourists, and the only stationary guests are the invalids. New baths had just been erected for rheumatic patients, so arranged that only the member, suffering should be made subject to their action, as the German doctor said who was trying to interest us in these baths, "If your nose has the rheumatism, you put it alone in the bath, or your toe, even."

This gentleman appeared very irate because we were not going to remain in Baden for a week or more. We told him "we were not invalids, we were only travelling for pleasure, and wanted to see as much as possible in a given time." "Yes," he replied, "you Americans rush through everything; you do all by steam, you even travel by steam."

He meant figuratively, but I pretended to understand him literally, and replied, innocently, "Why, sir, you would not have us using stage-coaches and ships in this enlightened age?"

He answered "no" dubiously, and I am afraid I rather puzzled the good doctor.

There are very many beautiful walks and drives around Baden. Of the former, the garden with its fountains around the Conversationshaus and Trinkhalle; the ascent to the ruins of the old castle, with a brighter view of the new; the cemetery around the ancient abbey filled with moss-covered graves, and the later "city of the dead" in which the royal family is interred; the monument to the Princess Elizabeth being considered the finest there. A ride to the gloomy depths of the Black Forest is next in order to tourists, and one seems to live over again the mystic legends of that haunted region that fascinated our childish minds. But it still keeps tormenting us with showers, so we concluded not to linger longer in this Saratoga of Europe, but make Heidelberg our next stopping-place, so we took the branch railway again back to Oos, and arrived in the gloaming at the "university city."

Heidelberg is an ugly little town set in the midst of the most romantic and picturesque surroundings. The streets are narrow and crooked, and present the dark, gloomy appearance, which is painful to us who bask in the pure air and glowing sunlights which in foreign lands seem to be kept away as inspirations of freedom.

There was one thing of which I must speak, and that was the multitudinous clocks that struck the half hours and quarters, or if they were only simultaneous in their striking it might be unnoticed, but, unfortunately, there was no spirit of harmony manifested, and I rose from my sleepless pillow and gazed at Heidelberg by moonlight. Were I an artist by profession, I would paint for you a picture that would dwell in your memory as its reality does in mine, Luna in her full-orbed beauty sending her silver-robed messengers to inhabit the old castle. Yes, there were knights in glittering armor walking on the ramparts, lovely forms flitted by the moss-

hidden casements, spears shimmered in the moonlight from the towers, and diamonds glistened in the ball-room. I saw it all as I leaned upon the window-sill, the midnight revelry of phantoms in old Heidelberg. But I will describe it to you as I saw it again in the morning's radiance. Ordering a carriage, we drove first to Wolf's Brunnen or Wolf's Spring, amid the shade of Jettenlühl. The legend says that Jetta the prophetess, who lived in the wood, met her lover every night by the spring. One eve he came only to find her mangled remains guarded by an immense wolf, whose jaws were still wet with the maiden's blood. The youth drew his sword, and after a short combat his sweetheart's death was avenged, but this gory scene gives the name to the clear waters of the spring. It is now used for the breeding of fish, and the cool pavilion where one can supply the thirsty needs, is too great a resort and lacks the quiet repose that tempts both wolves and lambs.

Our next drive was to Molkencur and the Königsstuhl, from whose verdant peaks we traced the windings of the Neckar, the misty outlines of the Hartz Mountains, with the dense shades of the Black Forest, and looked down upon the ancient houses of Heidelberg. But higher yet we ascend to reach "The Alhambra of Germany."

"Why did potentates build their palaces so high among the cliffs of the eternal rocks?" I asked.

"For fear of their own vassals, and also the dread of neighboring princes," was the reply; "the gulf that lies between poverty and wealth, degradation and pomp, must not be bridged over, lest the monarchal system should crumble."

Aye, this pride of oligarchy is crumbling now, when the nobility admit you into the halls of their ancestors at a quarter of a dollar apiece, just like a travelling showman would do, only their object is to pay the enormous tax that the crown lays upon their vast domains.

I think I hear one castle saying to another, "To what base uses have we come!"

Our carriage takes a beautiful route beneath ruined archways that were erected at different times for royal forms to pass under. The last one was in honor of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., of England, who married for love, Frederick of Bohemia. This triumphal arch represented the trunks of old trees overhung by flowering vines. The Elector Frederick built another wing to the castle, as every new heir appeared to do; but his was in the English style. We looked through the dilapidated windows into the banqueting hall, which had been burned by the French, and gazed on a walled forest, for trees had grown there, tall, to meet the sun. Never did Frederick and his bride enjoy the place that his love had made so beautiful. He had to don again his armor, casque, and shield, and lead his men to *death*, and the widowed bride returned to her fatherland; the cup of bliss had been taken away, untasted, from her lips. This English wing was covered with ivy that had embraced its walls for two hundred years. It had been carefully tended and nailed up, that no stray verdant branch should tempt the tourist. There was no stray branch, but we were tempted; but the watchful eye of the guide and the fear of the five dollars' fine prevented us from kleptomania. We visited the throne-room, and placed our feet on the steps of stone that had once led to the royal seat. Then the audience-chamber and the arsenal, the dining-room and kitchen, in whose huge fireplace an ox was often roasted whole. We traversed the underground passages which led to the Neckar, used when it behooved the inhabitants of the castle to seek safety in instant flight. We passed through the powder-magazine and cellars until we reached the one in which is kept the massive tun of Heidelberg. It was ordered to be built by Charles Philip for the accommodation

of his court-jester, Clemens Perkeo, a Tyrolese, who drank from fifteen to eighteen bottles of wine per day, and as the tun holds two hundred and eighty-eight thousand bottles, the king thought it would suffice the fool. The latter was a dwarf, and a wooden statue, representing him with his cup in his hand, stands near the tun, ever keeping watch and ward over the precious object. By his side is a rude clock, with dial-plate without hands, and a rope hangs from it like a pendulum.

"This was Perkeo's clock, and it always strikes at the right time if you pull the string," said our guide, who spoke French, English, and German with rapidity. One of our party desiring to know the right time pulled the string; the door of the clock sprang open and a fox's tail *struck* her in the face.

"This was one of Perkeo's little jokes," said our guide, amid the laughter that greeted the striking of the clock. I had read that on the top of the tun, two cotillons could be danced, so going up the stairway, we measured its dimensions in our minds by the accommodations requisite for a quadrille, and concluded that the historian was correct; but as we had not the music necessary for the plain cotillon, Clio and Erato tried a waltz upon the head of this wine-tun.

Coming out from these subterranean depths we reached the court-yard again, after passing through the desolated garden, and lingered by the draw-well. It was fifty-four feet deep; but its interest is the history of the four columns which support it, they being twelve hundred years old, remnants of the one hundred columns that Charlemagne had brought from Rome, but which Louis V. had removed from Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim four hundred years ago. There were two fountains also in the court-yard, from one of which we drank, but the sculptured work was in such a state of dilapidation that we could only imagine their former beauty. I

forgot to mention the lovely view of the surrounding country we had from the grass-grown parapets of the towers, from which we said "Good-by" to this reminiscence of centuries. Taking our carriage again, we were supplicated by a little boy, some four years of age, to buy an exquisite white rose he had. Our horses were then in the act of going down-hill, so Clio threw the child the money he had asked for, but could not reach from his little fingers the flower. Poor, little fellow, he ran, breathlessly, after us, to give up the purchase, in spite of our repeated shakes of the head; but his chubby limbs were too short to keep up with two horses, so he was obliged to retain the money and the rose.

It was now twelve o'clock noon, so we took a promenade on the Boulevards, as the students of the University were doing the same.

The common school morning session was over, and the young bloods of the higher educational ranks amused themselves by throwing pennies among a crowd of their smaller brethren, and laughed when a real fight occurred in order to obtain possession of the coins. The police stood guard, but did not interfere so long as matters were not too uproarious.

There were eight hundred students at that time in Heidelberg, and their dress and general appearance were cards for their tailors and barbers. They wore white, green, red, and yellow caps, according to their grades in class; and their ranks in life were denoted by the gold embroidery or simplicity of those caps. But we regretted that *beauty* of face had not been made a *study* at the University; for we saw none who were not disfigured by cruel scars,—trophies of duels fought on the sward before a small inn just outside of the town. If a class quarrel leads to a fight, the combatants cover every part of the body from danger of a thrust, but if a personal insult must be wiped out with blood, the face is left exposed to attacks. So bandaged heads and plastered visages were

signs of late encounters, while deep scars showed earlier duels. One young man had only an ugly lump to tell where once his nose had been; another had a trench from his ear to his mouth, giving a sardonic grin to the lower part of his face; a part of one's chin had disappeared; another had saved a portion of his ear to be grown on again, and defiles in foreheads and chasms in cheeks were too fashionable to be recorded. And this tattooing occurs in a civilized country, under the fostering care of *Education*, beneath the shadow of *Religion!* The University itself is a very plain building, but quite large, but adds nothing in the way of architecture to redeem this town from total ugliness. It was founded in 1386, and still attracts students from all quarters of the globe. The Church of the Holy Ghost was a fine specimen of building, and is subdivided so as to accommodate both Roman Catholic and Protestant forms of service.

Once more we take the railway, with its coops or stalls, I do not know what better name for travelling carriages, *en route* for Mentz, or Mayence.

We reached there in the evening, and remained under peculiarly disagreeable surroundings for one night, as we intended taking the steamer for Cologne the next morning. We went to the Hôtel de Hollande as being near the wharf, and we had very handsome rooms, but entirely too high up for convenience; still from our window we overlooked the barracks, the bridge of boats, which connects Mayence with Castel, the mouth of the Main and the Rhine. The hotel was not quite finished; improvements were going on in the neighborhood; and something had occurred in the ménage of the establishment, the cause of which we never discovered. When we arrived the place was in dire confusion, in consequence of the arrival of both steamboat and train and an influx of travellers. Instead of the ordinary simple arrangement of accommodation, here were about twenty-five or thirty or perhaps more, as I

did not count them, clamoring for apartments, which clamor the proprietor and head-porter seemed unable to satisfy. By patient waiting, order at length appeared from this chaos, and in our *sky chambers* we dressed for dinner. From my position at table, I commanded a view of the closet containing the dumb-waiter. I was much amused during the interval of the courses watching the pantomime going on there; while my fellow-diners, who did not see the pantomime, were growling at time elapsing between each serving, for they did not know that the head-waiter was employed in giving instructions to his underlings as to the proper method of waiting on table. As this was evidently a new corps of assistants, this enforced teaching was difficult to the learners, exasperating to the diners, and quite edifying and interesting to me. Our head-waiter was not aware that he had a surreptitious scholar, and I felt myself duly qualified to advertise for a position as waitress. I proved myself, however, as a disarranger of systems, as I insisted on one of the new scholars supplying me with a clean knife and fork after eating fish. This was not laid down in his rules; he, probably, not being aware that there is no rule without an exception, protested against my *exception.* Two Irish gentlemen kindly informed me "that it was not the system in Germany to give clean knives at *table-d'hôte.*" I told them I would not accede to a fishy knife, so the new scholar goes back to his teacher with a report. As I expected, he brought me a clean knife and fork, but with a manner which told me it was under protest. Towards the close of the meal a woman came down the stairs crying vehemently; the waiters stood aghast; the proprietor went to her to soothe her, and finally ascended the stairs with her, he talking quietly, she still crying and explaining, every now and then showing her arm; but what ghastly wound or bruise was there I could not see. Anyhow, I am satisfied there was no blood flowing. Mystery No. 3 I thought; my interest deepens.

We took a walk around this old town after our memorable dinner, but a heavy shower soon drove us back to the hotel. We saw its walls, flanked with bastions, its citadel and outworks and forts; and the soldiers filing in and out of the garrison was a new sight to us, coming from a country which has no standing army. Where the Public Reading-Room now stands was formerly the site of the house of John Gänsfleisch, or Gutenberg, the inventor of movable types. The house in which he was born and his first printing-office are still shown. Near the theatre, in an open space, stands a bronze statue of Gutenberg, by Thorwaldsen, erected by subscription. I could not help recalling Strasbourg, proud of its child Peter Schoeffer, who contends with Gutenberg for the honor of the invention of printing. Recalling Strasbourg makes me think of the storks, which seemed to be that city's emblems. We are now on the point of leaving the region of storks, who, I understand, are the scavengers of this malarial district,—such a benefit that their very presence on the chimney-tops is an especial boon.

The next morning, August 9, we rose early, as our boat was expected soon, and we wanted breakfast. We descended to find the place in that doleful condition that the one who rises first has always the pleasure of enjoying.

We saw a gentleman lingering in the hall, so we interviewed him.

"None of the household up?" we inquired.

"Yes," he said, with a dreary attempt at a smile. "I came across the boot-black, I believe it was, and that is all."

We gazed around; here comes the boot-black (*he was a waiter last evening*).

"Can we have breakfast?"

"There is nobody up but me," he answered.

"Well, call somebody—the proprietor, cook, or somebody —to get up and give us our breakfasts; we want to be off."

"Yes, ma'am; but the head-waiter don't get up till nine o'clock, and——"

"Well, we don't want to eat the head-waiter; but we want coffee and rolls, ham and eggs, or something, for we are hungry, in just fifteen minutes; now mind, not one second more."

Woman's imperiousness accomplished what the man's money had not, for our breakfast was on table in ample time for us to eat it and enjoy a little walk on the quay before the boat came in.

When I stepped into the proprietor's office to pay the bill, he sermonized on the advantages of a thorough systematic arrangement, explained the difficulties of conducting such a large establishment were it not for his efficient system. I agreed with the theory perfectly, and I expressed myself to that effect; but I said nothing about practice. In this little office I must hand my money to a clerk. "*System, madam, system,*" said the proprietor, blandly; but all the soiled dishes were carried through here to the sink beyond, and a poor boy, not having space enough to pass us with a waiter of goblets, let one fall, which, according to Sir Isaac Newton's *system*, broke. In the excitement this event occurred, the terror of the boy, and the indignation of the proprietor, I ejaculated, "System, sir, system," and vanished from the scene. We returned to our elevated room to gather up our luggage for our journey to the Rhine, and, as we looked around, we thought soon we would bid adieu to the tall, porcelain stoves, to the down-beds that made our coverlets for the night, to all these strange experiences of German life, to find new phases in other scenes, and yet memory will recall with a pleasant halo those curious customs.

PART FIFTH.

THE RHINE.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene."

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

A BEAUTIFUL day, a fine steamer, pleasant company, and the picturesque view marks a bright epoch in my calendar for August 9, 1878. I was supplied with a book of "Legends of the Rhine," one of my friends with a guide-book, another with one of views, and a gentleman passenger seated near us having a good opera-glass, which he placed at our disposal, we were well paraphernaliaed for the proper enjoyment of the river of traditions. The gentleman with the field-glass, I noticed, spoke good English for a foreigner, and as I heard him speaking German, I asked him for the proper pronunciation of the polysyllabic names that belonged to the romantic castles which bordered the river's banks. He laughingly responded that he could not speak German any better than English. I wondered what was his nationality, but was not Yankee enough to question further, and his conversation to a friend with him was not carried on either extensively or in a loud tone of voice, that I could observe any peculiar dialect. Our topics of conversation being governed

by the surroundings, I made a remark about a tunnel, with the observation that we had passed through one on our way to Mayence, which had occupied fifteen minutes of steam travel to traverse.

"I have never passed through such long tunnels anywhere as I have done in your country, miss. I am surprised at your noticing that one."

"Probably I have missed those of my own land; but"—and a sudden thought struck me—"what is my country?"

"England," he answered, in the most uncontradictable of tones.

"You err, sir, in your supposition. I am, or, in fact, we are, Americans."

"Indeed! I did not think so. I am an American also."

"From what part?" I queried, a little of the Yankee example overcoming my natural instincts.

"From Buenos Ayres," was the answer.

"Ah! You are, then, a South American."

"While you, ladies, are North Americans; my friend here is also a North American."

"He cannot speak a word of English," I said, looking at the short, lithe, swarthy gentleman of some forty years of age, who was seated near us, unconscious of being the subject of remark.

"True, but he is a North American. He is from Mexico."

"Then you both speak Spanish?"

"Yes, miss, that is my native tongue, but I finished my education in Germany. I was here four years, but have been home now six years. I was sent to the Paris Exposition by my government, in company with twenty-five others, to take notes for the proper conducting of a national exhibition to be given in our country in 1880, to commemorate, centennially, our settlement."

But this interchange of confidences did not interfere with

the enjoyment of our excursion, as you must remember we were the whole day upon the Rhine, and took satisfactory notes of the scenery. The culture of the vine being the principal industry, we could easily perceive the "vine-clad hills" of which the poets have raved; but we were hardly prepared for the difficulties, with which the vine-growers seemed to have contended, in training the delicate fruit among stony cliffs and on precipitous terraces; but the results, while profitable to him, were exceedingly beautiful to us.

The quotation with which I have headed my chapter carries one back to the time of the Pagans, when a cruel dragon occupied that gloomy peak, but beneath the power of the cross, in the hands of a pious maiden, was exorcised, and the billows of the Rhine covered him forever. The Christian girl married the prince of the district, and on that site they built the castle and "lived happily ever afterwards."

Seven rocks rising above the waters are a terror to navigators and a warning to ladies who like to flirt, as seven sisters met their fate in this manner on account of their stony hearts.

But the beauty of the Rhine is the rock above Saint Goarhausen, where the Lorelei dwells. The channel narrows here, and the waters of the Middle and Upper Rhine force their way through the rocky pass with a surging noise. The precipitous cliffs are surmounted by lofty oak-trees, that one can well imagine the fauns and dryads making their haunts there, while the naiads sported in the waters. On the rock Ley, of which I spoke, tradition tells of a beautiful siren appearing, whose voice, like an Æolian harp, enchanted all listeners. At this wild spot the steamboat slackens speed, that the passengers may enjoy the surprising echo, the only recollections that remain of the Lorelei. The reverberations

were not as remarkable, though, as those of the Alps. Saint Goar is one of the stopping-places of the steamboat, and one could hardly imagine, in looking at the thriving German hamlet, that it received its name from the pious pilgrim who built himself a little hut there in the middle of the sixteenth century.

We stopped at "Bingen, *fair* Bingen on the Rhine," and as there is no accounting for tastes, we must conclude that the poetess only imagined the soldier's home feeling, for I looked in vain for its *fair* or *sweet* aspect. But the surrounding country forms a handsomer frame than the picture within; for below it, on a small island which commands the navigation of Bingen-Loch, is the strong tower, now a ruin, built by Bishop Hatto as a toll-gate, which is styled in legendary lore as the *Mouse Tower*, too well known to cultivated readers for repetition, here. On the opposite bank, terraced like a Roman fortification, stands the ruin of Ehrenfels and Rheinstein, a very picturesque castle.

We passed Ingelheim, where once stood the famous palace of Charlemagne, of which mention was made in my account of the well at Heidelberg.

The Lorch is a beautiful river which empties into the Rhine, and flowing through a wooded valley, becomes the scene of traditions of gnomes. The Devil's Ladder is the name given to a curious rock upon whose steep ascent an enchanted castle once stood, but disappeared under a different influence, and the gnomes have disappeared with it. On an island in the vicinity can be seen the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey Lorch, and on the borders of the Rhine Valley the towers of the former Castle Fürsteneck. So entrancing was this woodland hilly scene that it was with regret we left it, but were equally charmed with the wild, romantic country of Bacharach. It derives its name from an altar erected by the Romans to Bacchus; it is said you can see the stone when the

water is low, as it is supposed to have been erected on a now submerged islet, but the inscription is illegible. Above the town, lies the picturesque ruin of a twelfth-century castle, Stahleck.

In a district less weird, rise the two castles Sternberg and Liebenstein, otherwise The Brothers, whose history is a series of crimes, quarrels, reconciliations, and remorse. Lahneck revives to us the Knights Templar of the fourteenth century, and of the besieging of twelve of the order in this rocky stronghold.

We noticed that some old castles had become modernized, and on many a wooded cliff, buildings of the present epoch have been erected to become the future ruins, when those, we now have gazed upon, have crumbled away to form a part of the very rocks themselves. The romance of the Rhine fades as we near Bonn; it is true, legends hover over that comfortable-looking town, and also over Königsdorf; but factories take the place of castles, farms of the nymph-haunted woods, and the mystic waters are disturbed by other craft beside our luxurious steamboat.

We are approaching Cologne, and with Byron say:

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;

"Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine,
The mind is colored by thy very hue."

Cologne! a filthy city and a city of odors, but, I am sorry to say, not of the perfume of the same name; we were glad to see thee and doubly glad to leave thee! The Hôtel Hollande had just received a large party of Cook's tourists, so we were obliged to take rooms in the seventh story. We did not object, as, fixing our gaze heavenward and our noses too,

we were better enabled to forget the unpleasant town beneath us. We had a splendid view of the river, a bridge of boats connecting Cologne with Deutz, and we watched the golden and crimson rays of the sun filling the west with glory and tinging the waters with bright hues, at the same time that a silvery gleam shot across from the east where the dark shadows had been lying, and the new moon in her gentle beauty rose like another Lorelei from the blue depths of the Rhine. Then appeared the lights along the river-shore, sending their "gleams across the wave," and I retired to rest with the full determination to draw from Cologne all the beauty of which it was capable, and, therefore, I would be up in the morning to see the sun rise. I am glad I did so; those two pictures relieve Cologne of its shadows of dirt.

The walls of the city are perfect specimens of the fortifications of the Middle Ages, and the Cathedral of St. Peter is one of the finest and purest monuments of architecture in Europe. It was commenced in 1248 by Archbishop Conrad, of Hochsteden, whose remains are interred there beneath a handsome monument; he needed none finer than the church around him.

Tradition gives the credit of the design to the Arch-Fiend, but finding himself circumvented by a pious hermit, he revenged himself by preventing the completion of this sublime edifice. It is truly a model of different architectures of different ages, and as the work upon it is still in progress, we must suppose that the influence of his Satanic Majesty is going on, also. Four hundred men were engaged daily while we were in Cologne in building a tower; the scaffolding still being up, we could not well observe the style; a corresponding tower on the other side is the design. The King of Bavaria purchased in 1824 a large lot of ground, covered with houses, adjoining the Cathedral, and presented it to the benefice, which is the site on which the process of building is

carried on now. Another piece of ground, on which were market-sheds, is soon to be swallowed up by that insatiable monster,—the Cathedral. It was market morning when we wended our way thither, and we were amused at the peculiar dress and bustling manners of the hucksters contrasted with the patient look of the panniered donkeys that had carried the edibles to the town. One is so beset with guides offering their assistance, that in self-defence we were obliged to accept of one. He was a very intelligent young man, and made the simple statistics interesting by his manner of telling it.

On entering the large door, I lingered to examine a very curious monument, if I can call it so. It was a roughly carved stone coffin, more like a bath-tub in size and shape, out of which was emerging a caricature of the figure of Christ; grotesque specimens, six in number, surrounded it, one representation of a man at the head of the coffin, another at the foot, and two at each side. I think, however, that on one side the objects might have been women; these figures were not ludicrous enough in design, so to add to the strange monument, each head was surmounted with a common artificial wreath. Our guide would not expatiate on this nondescript affair, therefore I have my doubts in regard to his perfect faith in the church, for the record says that this quaint sculpture was excavated when the foundation of the edifice was dug, so its carving must have been prior to the twelfth century.

The Cathedral has one hundred and four columns, which support its massive roof; the four in the centre having a circumference of thirty feet. The building is in the form of a cross, and is five hundred and eighty-eight feet long, fifty-six feet outside of the reredos, thus leaving five hundred and thirty-two feet for the body of the church. The height of the transept is two hundred and thirty-eight feet, the other part one hundred and sixty-one feet. The upper part of the glass windows in the old portion are antique, the lower sec-

tion modern imitations, while the new portion contains the handsome windows of the present style. We could thus compare the lost art of painting on glass with the later mode. A wooden crucifix, holding a life-size figure of Christ, dates back one thousand years, and it has been hanging in its present high position seven hundred years. It represents Him without the crown of thorns, and is one of three thus carved in the whole world. The tombs of the archbishops were fine specimens of sculpture, and as in former times the head of the church at Cologne was Elector of Bavaria, and was obliged to command the army, some epitaphs gave the warlike deeds of those who truly belonged to the "church militant."

This building not only shows the wear of the tread of pilgrims, but also devastations made by soldiers, horses having been stabled in the side chapels when Napoleon I. made his name a terror to Europe.

Our guide having told us all that could be told about the Cathedral, and more than I can remember to repeat, took us to a store, where we could see the *original* model of the Cathedral if we purchased a bottle of the *genuine* cologne made by the *first* Johann Maria Farina.

We did so, satisfied in our minds that we had an *honorable* guide, and that we were not being deceived in buying cologne from this venerable establishment. Nor were we; for in Cologne there are one dozen at least, if not more, inherited stores of Johann Maria Farina, where the *genuine* cologne is sold, and where the *original* model is shown of the church, consequently you are not going wrong to buy from any one; only the cologne purchased by our party was very poor; we Americans can beat Cologne in the making of their *genuine* perfume. It is a wonder to me that Johann Maria Farina has not risen from his grave at the numerous impostures on his name.

Our guide also had a commission in a store for the sale of

photographs and stereoscopic pictures, where the lady of the establishment prided herself on speaking well the *American* language as distinct from the English. The other objects of interest, but to which we had not the time to go, as we were anxious to reach Brussels before night, were the Church of St. Ursula and the Church of St. Gereons. The first contains the bones of eleven thousand virgins, the companions of St. Ursula, who also rests here; her monument is in alabaster, and represents the saint herself with a white pigeon at her feet. She was the daughter of King Vionetus, of Britain, and was given in marriage to Coman, son of Agrippinus, a German prince; but her husband and herself, together with her wedding retinue, were massacred by the Huns.

In the Church of St. Gereons are placed the remains of martyrs who lost their lives during the terrible havoc among Christians originated by Diocletian.

Cologne is also proud of being the birthplace of Rubens, who was born in 1577 in the house which, in 1642, saw Mary de Medicis breathe her last sigh.

A long journey and a tedious one was now before us, going by rail from Cologne to Brussels, but the monotony was relieved by stopping at Verviers, to run the gauntlet of the custom-house officers and to buy a lunch.

One poor trunk was being sadly dismantled, and as it was a *three-story one*, the officer himself was nearly all inside of it, giving a very ludicrous effect, in his search for contraband goods. I never knew who was the owner of that trunk, but judge that the officers had suspicions that way, for we had no difficulty whatever, but walked quietly through the rooms, our hand-luggage being chalked by the officials without being opened.

"*La petite Paris*" is justly the title of Brussels, with this difference only, its size being smaller than France's capital, it is more aristocratic. We put up at the Hôtel de la Poste,

which was built on the same style as the Hôtel du Lac in Geneva,—that is, a court-yard in the centre of the building, with the rooms overlooking it. We started out early in the morning, desirous of attending service, being Sunday, in the English Church, but the one, to which we were directed, proved to be a French Protestant, so we lingered in the Botanical Gardens admiring the different specimens and beauty of landscape gardening, and thus whiled away an hour very pleasantly, and again started for our English service. We walked up the Boulevards,—consisting of eight trees across, in long rows, as far as the eye could reach, and as far as our strength *would reach* we soon discovered, for, after resting now and then on benches beneath the trees, we arrived at the church exactly as the congregation were coming out. We spent the noontide hour in the park adjoining the Palace gardens, and as we had seen on our way many handsome residences, we concluded to take a shorter route back to our hotel, which led us through the older and more business portion of the city, past the homes of the medium classes.

We were too tired to do any more sight-seeing, so we proceeded to the general occupation of weary people—that of writing letters—until dinner, which latter undertaking occupied us two hours. Then another walk through the brilliantly-lighted city and we retired to rest. The next morning was devoted to the Lace Factory; the company employ three thousand women, but they are scattered through the neighboring districts; they only have a dozen at work in the establishment, in order that visitors may see the process. They were middle-aged women, and mostly wore glasses. I will not pretend to say that their work had anything to do with this weakness of sight, for myopia appeared to us the prevailing disease in Germany as the goitre was in Switzerland. The reason given by a German for the infirmity was the prolonged study. I responded "that the national intel-

lect must be very dull if it required so much time to obtain knowledge that the eyesight was lost in the attempt."

We were asked by a minister if we did not think it wrong to purchase lace. I say no; there must be labor for these women; if it is not in this form another might prove equally deleterious. Work in coal-mines, match-factories, and foundries is found to be a shortening of human life, and yet who would abolish, if they could, these means of livelihood for millions? and so lace-making, with its evils, has its corresponding good. While we were there these women were making Duchess, Point Appliqué, and Black Chantilly Lace. *Wrong* or *not* in principle, we purchased our specimens, brought them home, honorably, and wear them without compunction. From thence we went to the Musée Royale, where galleries were devoted to Rubens's works; but his style is not a favorite of mine, even if I offend the Genius of Art by thus daring to impugn an "*old master.*" The finest works had been removed to the Paris Exposition, but they had still left to us something beautiful to remember. I have stamped upon my mind's eye the "Wandering Judas." It was night, and darkness had gathered o'er Judea. The cross that on the morrow was to bear our Saviour was not yet finished, and the two men, who only knew of the thieves that would expiate their crimes, had fallen asleep by their incomplete work. The light from their evening fire of sticks, shone upon their tired faces, and threw a fitful glare upon the dread instrument at their side, and nearly stumbling over them and it, came the fleeing Iscariot with the bag of thirty pieces in his hand. How the artist could portray the varied emotions that flit in one second across that traitor's soul so graphically on his face, I do not know. They were there, and the life-like scene on that dreaded night is vividly present with me. "The Trophies of War" represented five Georgian women just sold. The brutal, lustful face of the purchaser, the sordid, business-

craft physiognomy of the seller, the sorrowful gaze of the women, excepting one, whose sadness was relieved by a defiant air, which told of future struggles, these were portrayed by a master-hand. Cattle-pieces—which, I believe is a Belgian specialty—we found excellent, but a Madonna and child surrounded by Dutch burgomasters for the Magi, was not a pleasing production, too much like the Cimabue style of the Tuscan school.

A fine artist was engaged in copying the life-size figures of the royal family, and we saw cards up on the walls that on the following Monday there would be an exhibition of her Majesty's dress and the presents that were to commemorate the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Belgium. A *mark* was the price of admission to see them, and the proceeds to be devoted to the National Orphan Asylum. Brussels, like Paris, is full of monuments; the one to commemorate the battle of Waterloo is of the same design as Napoleon's tomb in the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris. A fine statue of Godfrey, first King of Jerusalem, carried our minds back to the times of the Crusaders. We visited one very old church, also the fine Cathedral; in fact, the prominent buildings are all worthy of interest. Brussels is very gay in winter, and the citizens pride themselves on their operatic and theatrical performances, declaring that nothing but what is very good can be allowed on their stage, but at our season of visiting, the beau-monde were out of town.

Back again to dear, delightful Paris, undergoing another examination of luggage as we crossed the frontier again, and we feel stronger and refreshed from our three weeks' travel. Arriving at a different station, I thought the better plan would be to engage a voiture, as we had some awkward luggage. When I asked a coachman his fee for driving us to No. 77 Rue de la Butte Chaumont, a smile played over his face as he answered, "*Un franc, madame.*" I did not under-

stand his mobile expression until, as we drove from the station-yard, I said, "Girls, just around that corner is our boarding-house, but our driver will not take us straight there." Nor did he; he took his way around the Rue de Lafayette, brought us up the Boulevard St. Denis, and landed us in style at our door. I handed him his fare, and he commenced asking for more by declaring that he did not know we had so much luggage. I have always made it a rule to state the exact amount of our baggage, so I knew that was one of his subterfuges with the hope of extorting money, as Madame declared the coachmen, all "*peek-pock-ets.*" I pointed to the station, and told him for the distance he had been paid enough. The smile, I at first, had seen, again played over his countenance, and with a satisfied air, I saw him coming out of the wine-shop next door, as we watched from our window for his departure. Madame and I took a carriage at nine o'clock that same evening to go to the Lyons station to meet Monsieur, who had been on a visit to Blois.

We had a very long ride through the old part of Paris—passed the Place de la Bastille, which I have described—before we reached this handsome depot. It was new to my American eyes to note that all luggage must be examined within the Paris gates; no countrywoman can enter with a basket of eggs but that basket must be searched, consequently there was much delay after the arrival of the train before the new-comers could join their waiting friends. Another feature of French life were the demonstrations of joy in meeting, or grief in parting, both of which were evidenced by kissing. A number of soldiers had returned home on a furlough, and to see those bronzed and bearded men kissing their fathers and brothers first on one cheek, then on the other, was rather strange to our phlegmatic temperaments.

Thursday, August 15, 1878.—A gala day in Paris, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, so we started

to the Church St. Roch to witness the ceremonies. This is one of the fashionable churches of Paris, but it must be on account of its size, for it is ugly without, and only relieved by pictures and statues from being ugly within. The painting and sculpture commemorate Coustou, Coysevox, Jouvenot, and Pujol; monuments to Corneille, Descartes, Cardinal Dubois, and Abbé de l'Épée, are pointed out to visitors. We had reserved seats, from which we had a good view of the chancel and high altar. In addition to the choristers, six men were engaged,—I suppose, professionals; while two fine organs and two bass-viols gave sufficient accompaniment to the rich voices. A number of young girls dressed in white, with blue sashes, and covered with white veils, formed a processional around the chancel, carrying beautifully embroidered banners. A large cake was blessed by the priests and distributed in small pieces to the people, as a part of the ceremony. The sermon was preached from the incident in the life of our Lord when he visited the home of Lazarus; it was a beautiful discourse, but scarcely suitable to the day.

We took lunch at one of Duval's establishments in the Rue de Montesquieu, where the cooking is going on in the centre of the building, and the diners occupy the galleries, from which one has a good view of the preparing of one's dinner before it is brought to the table.

We had an invitation to dine with a French lady, who occupied the sixth floor of a large house; she had a fine suite of rooms, and from her high balconies we could see the tallest monuments of the Père La Chaise and the gloomy towers of the Prison de la Roquette. The latter contains a separate department for juvenile offenders; and in the courtyard of the prison for condemned criminals stands a marble tablet, which records that on the "24th of May, 1871, Archbishop Darboy and five priests, imprisoned as hostages, were brutally shot by order of Ferré, Préfet de Police of the

Republican Commune." On the 26th, thirty-seven other prisoners were murdered in cold blood; on the 27th, sixty-six gens d'armes were indiscriminately slaughtered by the mob of National Guards, or condemned convicts released by Ferré to act as executioners.

Capital punishment by the guillotine takes place in an open square in front of the prison.

On Friday, after a visit had been paid to the fashionable establishment of Worth by Pomona and Clio, the couple wended their way to the Hôtel des Invalides, where they met Artemis and Erato, accompanied by Madame A., and commenced an inspection of that building. It is beautifully situated on the south bank of the Seine, and was founded in 1670 by Louis XIV. On a terrace in front of the grand court is ranged a battery of trophy guns,—Austrian (relics of Austerlitz), Prussian, Algiers, Dutch, Chinese, and German. Small gardens are given to the old men as a privilege to cultivate. They show unmistakably the difference in taste; some abound in roses, others show the ripening grape-vine; some produce fruit, a few prefer vegetables; and one essayed tobacco.

An equestrian statue of Louis XIV. surmounts the centre entrance which leads to the Great Court, whose arched galleries are covered with paintings illustrating French history. We first visited the dining-rooms and kitchens. In the latter are caldrons capable of cooking twelve hundred pounds of meat. The dinner hour is four o'clock. There are accommodations for five thousand, but there were about seven hundred inmates when we were there. Their costume is a blue uniform and a cocked hat; and they are given an allowance in money according to their rank, a private twenty-four francs per annum, the governor of the hospital forty thousand francs. Those who have lost their legs receive their shoes' allowance in money. Thirty years' service or severe wounds are qualifications for admission.

The Musée d'Artillerie next occupied our attention. Models and weapons from the Bastille; the trophies of Napoleons I. and III.; suits of armor of the French kings; weapons of different eras,—from the stone and bronze ages to the present,—and also specimens from different countries, form an unrivalled collection. The Library contains twenty thousand volumes, and there, also, is preserved the cannon-ball which killed Marshal Turenne in 1675.

We then entered the Church of St. Louis, and were instantly struck by the sight of the flags suspended from the roof. They are relics of Africa and Sebastopol; one English flag gives no sign of fighting bravely before being captured! The dome is the beauty of the chapel, it rises three hundred and ten feet above the pavement, and is the work of Jules Hardouin Mansard. One writer says, "It is the masterpiece of the architect, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments of Paris." I do not like the word *ornament*, it rises above the tomb of Napoleon, and might better be styled the *loftiest monument* in Paris. In 1801 the inauguration of the Legion of Honor took place in this chapel in the presence of Napoleon, who was then only First Consul.

The pensioners meet here for service every morning, and on Sunday have military mass at twelve o'clock.

On the piers we read the names of Mortier, Jourdan, Moncey, Oudinot, Duroc, Grouchy, and Bugeaud, generals interred here, but whose memories still live. The entrance to the tomb of Napoleon is from the Place Vauban, by the great gate at the south. A circular marble balustrade enables one to look down into the depth, nineteen feet, where stands the sarcophagus of the great Napoleon.

We descend to the opening of the vault by two marble stairways, which are behind the high altar, and guarding the entrance to the tomb are the sepulchral urns of the two faithful friends of the Emperor,—Marshals Duroc and Ber-

trand. Two bronze gates supported by bronze colossal statues close the tomb, over which one can read this extract from the will of him who rests there: "Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français, que j'ai tant aimé." His sarcophagus is a block of granite from Lake Onega, in Russia, and weighs thirteen tons, and stands on a mosaic pavement. The circular balustrade, of which I spoke, is supported by twelve colossal statues, sculptured by Pradier. In the transepts of the church are the monuments of Vauban and Turenne. Here also lie the eldest and youngest brothers of the Emperor, Joseph and Jerome. In a sepulchral chapel can be seen the sword, crown, insignia of the Emperor, and the colors taken by him in battles.

Taking a carriage, we proceeded next to the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the corner of Rues Richelieu and Colbert, formerly the palace of the Cardinal de Mazarin. It contains the rarest of collections of books and medals and coins. I made note of a Polyglot Bible of 1569 and 1573 in Hebrew; Books of Hours, belonging once to Marie Stuart and Louis XIV.; the Bibles of Blanche of Castile and Joanne of France; a Commentary, written in the tenth century, on the Book of Ezekiel. Another Book of Hours of 1458, belonging to Ferdinand of Naples, a rolled manuscript made of palm-leaves, a palimpsest of Ephraim of the fourteenth century, illuminated Epistles of St. Paul of the eleventh century, and a Samaritan manuscript of the Pentateuch of the thirteenth century; manuscripts on bamboo, autographs of distinguished persons, manuscripts of the sixth century, and printed volumes of 1464 and 1472; books decorated with precious stones; ancient cameos, Etruscan and silver vases, an agate cup of the Ptolemies, a large silver plate found in the Rhone, and the celebrated Zodiac of Denderah. A bronze throne of Dagobert's, from the Musée des Souverains, at the

Louvre, and the *heart* of *Voltaire* in a gilt box, are a little out of the order of a library collection, but they add to the curious matter which attracts the visitor. Our time was so limited that only a desultory glance could be given to what otherwise would profitably occupy days of study.

The Jardin des Plantes employed the whole of Saturday afternoon; it is not merely a pleasure-ground, but includes laboratories and lecture-rooms, a fine library containing seventy thousand volumes, and sixteen professors giving lectures; there are about fifteen hundred students attending these lectures, which are gratuitous; the most eminent naturalists of France have been attached to this institution.

Our hostess, being interested in the cause of education, was very anxious that we should visit this botanical garden, to which she had often resorted with children, in order to instruct them. It is located southeast of Paris, opposite the Bridge d'Austerlitz. It was begun in 1626 by Louis XIII., and opened in 1650. Its former name was "*Jardin du Roi*," but has now become republicanized to the "Jardin des Plantes." We first passed through the avenue of medicinal plants, then flowers, shrubbery, and grains, until we reached the "*Ecole de Botanique*," where the plants are arranged according to the Jussiean system entirely for study. A curious walk is the Labyrinth, whose complicated paths lead to the summit of a hill, upon which a pavilion has been erected, and from which a fine view of the surrounding districts can be obtained. We passed on our way up a cedar of Lebanon, eighty feet high, which was presented when only one foot high by Bernard de Jussieu in 1755. He had received it from Collinson, the English botanist, in that year. Descending from this Labyrinth, without any difficulty, we reached the Zoological Garden, but whose inmates are too well known to mention here. We next visited the stuffed collection of animals, the geological and mineralogical galleries, and the

Museum of Comparative Anatomy; the principal curiosities of the latter room are the skeletons of the Mussulman who murdered General Kleber, and the dwarf Bébé; also the phrenological collection formed by Dr. Gall.

A most interesting visit was paid by us to a public school-teacher, who resided in the building where the school was located, No. 5 Rue Milton. In Paris the public schools are divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant, but both equally supported by the government. Being vacation, we could only look through the deserted class-rooms and the chapel for assembling for worship. We were very much pleased with the Primary Department, with its varied charts.

They have a system by which a deaf and dumb pupil can be taught the alphabet, spelling, and reading with the eye as readily as the child with each sense complete, and the mute system of conversation being thus imparted to the latter class of children, mutual communication between them can always be effected. The average time of an ordinary intellect to comprehend the reading of easy words is one month, after a lesson of only five minutes a day. The hours of study are from nine to twelve o'clock A.M., and one to four P.M. The noon hour is spent during the summer in a large court-yard, where the children eat their luncheon; in winter basement-rooms are set aside for that purpose, in which light gymnastics can be conducted. In this lowest grade the salaries of the principals commence at five hundred dollars, and after three years of teaching they receive six hundred and twenty-five dollars; the assistants begin with three hundred and seventy-five dollars, which, after the same course of time, is increased to four hundred and fifty dollars.

We had left to the last the ride to the Bois de Boulogne as our farewell remembrance of Paris; and, in order to see the city better, we took a tramway to this beautiful park. This is probably the last relic of monarchy, as it was Napoleon

III.'s gift to the city of Paris, and it seems hardly likely that France will ever again lose its republican government, as it is growing in political wisdom every day. We first visited the Jardin d'Acclimation, a piece of ground of five acres, in which are animals, not wild, but those which can possibly be acclimatized. So far, success has only attended the llama and the Thibet ox. They have the finest collection of dogs that I have ever seen, and on certain days you can purchase there. I showed to Madame the prairie-dogs, and explained to her their nature and peculiarities; she was ecstatic in her admiration of them, and delighted with her information. There was not as good a display of animals as at the Jardin des Plantes, nor were the artificial arrangements as good, but I think the aviaries and aquariums were far better. In the terrible siege of 1870 those animals that could be eaten were slaughtered.

For amusement, camels and dromedaries were saddled for riding; elephants pavilioned for the same purpose, ostriches drawing phaetons, and donkeys and zebras saddled for equestrians. Nor were these only intended for children's pleasure, gentlemen and ladies availed themselves of the privilege, and the scene of mounting and dismounting was like a play. We witnessed an exhibition of the Gauchos from South America in their great lasso feats. Their dark skins, broad Panama hats, leather leggings, their blouses girdled with broad belts, their short cloaks, and the quickness with which the horses (wild?) were caught, formed an interesting picture, which riveted our attention for some time.

An excellent band discoursed classic music in the pavilion, but our time was too limited to listen long.

Monsieur now engaged two carriages, and we took the drive through the woods. The Park covers two thousand five hundred acres, seventy of which, however, is water. We first drove to the small lake, on which are rowing-boats for hire; two beautiful green islands in the midst of it were very

inviting, but the drive by the side of the lake was equally as enchanting. We passed one waterfall, but its artificial beauty was exceeded by the Cascade de Longchamps, so called from being near the ruins of an abbey of that name; and the little windmill, now used for pumping up the water for the lakes, was built in the twelfth century by the mother of St. Louis, Blanche of Castile, for the use of the Abbey, as the latter was intended for the retirement of the ladies of the court when feeling extraordinarily, pious-inclined. The Cascade is forty feet high, and beneath it are caverns, where those who like to see the under part of a waterfall can enjoy the sight and spray. We went to the pinnacle of the Cascade, and saw before us the massive towers of Mont Valérien; farther off were the spires and domes of *la belle ville de Paris.* Taking our carriages again, we proceeded in the sunset hour homeward by the Avenue d'Uhrich, which is bounded by handsome villas and delightful shade-trees, until we reached the Arc de l'Etoile, whence we took the Avenue de Friedland for the goal of dinner.

Monday morning we started for the shores of old England. Riding through Paris, we looked with steady gaze at its high buildings, gay stores, handsome boulevards, that we might never forget the city in which we had spent some three happy weeks; and, as my eyes wandered o'er its fair surroundings, I said, "Good-by; I may never see you again." Madame looked at me with her beautiful soft eyes, and said, "Do not say that, child. Remember, it will be as God wills." I felt my doubting heart rebuked by her "*simple faith.*"

I have already described the road between Dieppe and Paris, and in regard to the Channel, the day-boats are preferable to the night-boats,—much cleaner and larger, and one does not have to "stumble in darkness" or by the flickering light which makes the darkness more visible. The sea, however, was in its natural condition; the waves dashed as high

as the smoke-stack, and washed the passengers, who had hoped to linger on deck, down to the fetid atmosphere of the cabins. The time-table says that the train will start from Newhaven at five o'clock P.M. According to English arrangement, as usual, we started at seven o'clock, and had two minor accidents, which delayed us so that we did not arrive in London until near ten o'clock.

A young French girl had been placed in Paris in the wrong train. She, expecting to reach Havre, remained in blissful ignorance of her route until we arrived at the Channel, where, not seeing her friends, the full awkwardness of her position dawned upon her. Her tears attracted the attention of the ever-ready and more kindly American gentlemen, and with their natural tact they said the first thing to be done was to telegraph to Paris for the London address to which the young lady was going. For she, expecting to meet her friend, who would accompany her to London, knew not her destination.

The train interpreter, a coarse, rough man, who had been drinking, declared his intention of seeing her safely through, but was highly indignant at the young American taking upon himself the first duty. The girl was placed in our charge until we reached London, the interpreter not being able to gainsay her the privilege of ladies' society, and we learned that she had just lost a mother, her only near relative, and friends of her mother, residing in London, had sent for her, promising to take care of her. Poor girl! to make her home in a strange land, without a word, as yet, of their harsh language on her tongue. We felt very anxious about her, but encouraged her as best we could until the tears dried on her cheeks. We saw that the interpreter had a prior right to take care of her, being her own countryman, and she, too, felt more at ease with him than with us, who talked French with an English accent, so *our countrymen* could do no more

than to inquire at the telegraph-office for their answer, which had, fortunately, come, and then call the next day to see if the young girl had arrived in safety.

Another incident of an opposite character and this railway journey is over. Opposite to me was seated one, whom I thought a phlegmatic Englishman, but was only engrossingly selfish. The black face of a soot-covered English lady did not disturb his risibilities; the sorrows of the French damsel did not excite his sympathies; but the time taken in travel began to jar on the gentleman's nerves. He had read newspaper after newspaper in moody silence until darkness set in (I may here state he did not offer any reading matter to his fellow-companions), and then began to growl at each stoppage, saying, "I could walk as fast as this. I wish I had started to walk."

"That is just what I was thinking, sir; but as this seems to be your regular style of travelling in England, I concluded to put up with it;" I responded.

He looked savagely at me, but could not decipher whether I spoke from sarcasm or ignorance, so relapsed into his former immobility and *growled* no more; and, as we had determined to see only the bright sides of our journey, we found amusement even in our delays, and only felt with Hamlet, his one desire,—

"Come, for England."

Act 4, *Scene* 3.

PART SIXTH.

SCOTLAND.

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honored shade."

BURNS: *Address to Edinburgh.*

Wednesday, August 12, 1878.—We started this morning for Scotland by the Midland Railway, which, I believe, contains the best furnished cars and is the finest conducted railroad in England. In our compartment was a pleasant gentleman who was going to Scotland for a few days' shooting, and his conversation made the route to our stranger-eyes very agreeable. We passed Leeds, Sheffield, and Wakefield (which Goldsmith has immortalized). The former towns, so noted for their manufactures, have been ruined by Americans, so we were told. The true reason is, that the operatives have never been governed by prudence, nor took any measures to lay aside for the dark days that come to every one. They once made from eighty to one hundred shillings a week, and lived as if they were lords on unlimited incomes,—the pint of ale was superseded by champagne; now they barely make ten shillings, and have not only poverty to contend with but the extravagant notions engendered in their minds. There are some, however, whose common sense refreshes us, and our attention was called to Titus Salt, who began life a poor

apprentice boy, but died a few years ago worth millions of dollars. He founded the town of Saltaire, which now contains four thousand inhabitants; and which he endowed with a university and charitable institutions. We passed through the coal regions of England and then the limestone, until we reached the Eildon Hills.

The ruins of abbeys on our route recalled to us what England was, in monastic days; but we are now at the foot of the Eildon Hills, where lies Melrose, the seat of abbeys, on the south bank of the Tweed, over which a chain bridge connects Melrose with Gattonside, and which we, as tourists considered our duty to cross during our rambles on the following day. But this evening we were too brain-wearied for aught but rest, so we put up at the Waverley Hotel; being so near the station, we concluded it would be more convenient for us.

A lovely morning, with every promise of being very warm during the rest of the day, greeted us as we opened our eyes in this charmed and charming place, and thought of our visit to "Melrose Abbey." Ruins are picturesque, of course; I believe I gave the usual quota of admiration to Heidelberg, but I give the palm for beauty to Melrose. It was founded in 1136 by David I., and two hideous stone heads, purporting to represent himself and wife Matilda, mark the spot where they lie buried. The poor abbey has gone through a series of devastations in its time, the greatest outrages being performed by the Scottish reformers, who carried away most of the figures of saints which adorned the outside of the edifice. The few that were left by their vandalism are much mutilated. Melrose was burnt by the English during the reign of Bruce; then repaired; burnt in 1385, again repaired at great expense; then in the reign of James IV. underwent other improvements; but destruction had marked it for its own, and it is a sad relic of antiquated grandeur. The ground-

plan is that of a cross, and the nave lies due east and west, and is two hundred and fifty-eight feet in length, seventy-nine in breadth; the transepts are one hundred and thirty feet in length, and the breadth forty-four feet. Beneath what was once a magnificent chancel-window, lies the noble heart of Bruce, the resting-place only marked by a simple stone. On the right of the chancel is the tomb of Alexander II., and on the left that of Black Douglas. In St. Bridget's Chapel is the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, of whom Sir Walter speaks in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." A grotesque figure at the foot of the grave either represents the wizard or one of the weird phantoms he has so often invoked. The image of the saint of the chapel still fills its appropriate niche.

Alongside of Scott's grave is that of Sir Ralph Ivers, who lost his life in the battle of Antrim Muir. His gravestone is enclosed with iron bands, as if the brave soldier would attempt to rise from his receptacle ere the "last trump will sound." A large stone is shown to us where Sir Walter Scott used often to sit and muse on the fading glories of his favorite abbey. The carving of the pillars still exhibits varied beauty, one chapiter is a hand, an exquisite female hand, holding a bouquet of rare flowers; there is one window that represents the crown of thorns; in fact, all the designs within the Abbey evince a better taste than those without. The gargoyles are very ludicrous, the one of a pig playing on the bagpipes is shown to visitors, and others are intended to personify angels (but certainly not celestial) playing upon different musical instruments.

The large church-yard is interesting not only from antiquity, but on reading names with which Sir Walter Scott has made us familiar. We went into the priory to purchase photographic views, and lingered for a while in the grass-grown spot once known as the priory garden, whose high wall shut all but heaven's view from the friars' eyes. Weeds and grass

are growing now where stone floors once echoed to the clang of warriors' feet and the gentle rustling of the satin trains of courtly dames. We went out of the large iron gateway still with the enchantress's spell upon us, the spell of the past.

At the Abbey Hotel we took a handsome barouche for our morning drive, and first to Dryburgh Abbey was our order to the coachman, a fine specimen of Scotland's sons.

These ruins were four miles east of Melrose, and our whole journey was not only enchanting with romantic scenery, but historical in reminiscences.

We passed Flodden Field, upon whose blood-stained ground has been erected a monument to those slain there in the battle of 1513.

We saw Ravenswood, now the residence of the Earl of Buccleugh, but tradition has never told of any more hapless bridegrooms within its boundaries. The Abbey, that we had just visited, is on the estate of the earl I mentioned above, who, like a showman, makes money to pay the expenses of keeping the place from total decay by charging a price of admission. We were now obliged to alight from our carriage and cross the winding Tweed on a suspension bridge, which rocked like a cradle at every step we took, Dryburgh Abbey being situated on a peninsula formed by the river. The view up and down the memorable Tweed was most beautiful on this summer morning, a delicate haze overspread the landscape, which did not conceal, but heightened, the tints on the face of Nature.

We passed a monument erected to the poet Thomson, the author of the "Seasons,"—that being his best-known work,—also a tower, with cannon broken and ruined on its ramparts; it was called Stirling Tower. Then Dryburgh House, belonging to the Earl of Buchan's family. We inquired of a ruddy-faced, strong-looking woman, with her milk-pails over her shoulders in the manner represented in children's toy-books,

if the family were at home. She said they were at the sea-shore, but she did not know the name of the place, but could find out by going up to the house. It was as much as we could do to prevent the woman from taking that long walk through the park up to the mansion in order to satisfy us; so I told her, as gravely as I could, that as we were obliged to go to Edinburgh the next day, we would have no trouble in learning their whereabouts from their friends. I may as well state here that we forgot to inquire on reaching Edinburgh.

A very ancient mansion in the vicinity, called Bemerside, has been occupied by the Haig family since the days of Malcolm IV. Nearly opposite the Abbey is the village of St. Boswell's, where every July a cattle-fair is held.

Dryburgh Abbey was founded by David I. in 1150, and is larger than Melrose, and is particularly graceful in style. You cannot stand in the centre of the nave and view it at once, as can be done at Melrose, but it is cut up into chapels, that you can wander from one to another as in a maze. In the one dedicated to St. Mary is a handsome Italian marble tomb, enclosed from ruthless hands by an iron railing, and on it we read that Sir Walter Scott was laid there, September 26, 1832. Since that date the chapel has enclosed his wife, eldest son, and his faithful biographer, Mr. Lockhart. We saw some moss-grown steps, and ascending them, judged they must have led to the belfry tower, for a perfect picture presented itself before us as we gazed,—the broad avenue lined with trees by which we had entered, and the shining Tweed losing itself in the sky. Descending, we read the inscriptions on monuments, whose dates, partly obliterated, were those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To us who came from a land who can only count back two centuries, we felt lost among these relics of a past age. We went through the priory garden, where the boxwood border had become trees and formed a thick shade, that, leaving the clear sunbeams,

we found ourselves in semi-twilight, following a path we knew not whither; at length we arrived at the priory, a long, low-ceilinged room, with narrow windows, now secularized for the sale of mementos of the Abbey. A turret-window, representing the Star of Bethlehem, seemed to me to be in the best state of preservation, and let the light of heaven in upon this scene of decay like a symbol of promise. A pleasant walk back beneath the spreading trees, across the rocking bridge, and found our coachman had improved the shining hours by gathering for Clio a bouquet of cereals and wild-flowers. As Erato's taste consisted in geological surveys, her collection consisted in pieces of brick, stones, pebbles, from the haunts that history had immortalized.

We now ordered the driver to take us three miles west of Melrose, to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's residence, and by a singular coincidence now occupied by Hope Scott, Esq., who married Lady Maxwell, Sir Walter's granddaughter. There is no lineal descendant of the great novelist whose name of Scott has come to them from him.

The study, library, armory, and picture-gallery are shown to visitors, also the dining-room in which Sir Walter Scott died; but which, on account of the presence of the family, was closed at this time.

The butler was our cicerone, and I wish, I could give to you his peculiar intonation and his tangible disrespect to the letter H; but my readers must be content with a summary of what we saw in Abbotsford.

An ebony desk, handsomely carved with scriptural figures; and quaintly-carved, stuffed chairs, were presents from admirers of Sir Walter's genius. An oak cabinet was a bequest from his grandfather. We saw a likeness of Prince Charlie and a lock of his hair; a brooch of Helen Macgregor's, and Flora Macdonald's pocket-book, also one, once belonging to Rob Roy; Sir Walter's gun, the clothes he last wore; an ex

ecutioner's axe, the key of Selkirk prison, also the key of the old Tolbooth of 1818; copies of the curious sculpture of Melrose Abbey; a letter-case and a pair of revolvers taken from Napoleon's carriage after the battle of Waterloo. In the library are twenty thousand volumes. In the picture-gallery were the likenesses of the Scott family, of Mary Stuart, of Tom Purdie, Sir Walter's gamekeeper, and other retainers; Baillie Nichol Jarvie and Fairfax, the printer. Busts of Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson (*Christopher North*) were in the library, also a life-size picture of Captain Scott, the nobleman's *only son*, who died in India. This represents him in uniform standing by the side of his charger, with the bridle thrown carelessly over his left arm. It seemed almost like a sacrilege to wander thus in rooms and gaze upon books and pictures that were so dear to the heart of the departed, and the genius of the man was lingering still around those sacred haunts, and I breathed more freely when I was once more with Nature, which was mine as well as his; my share of God's inheritance which no man taketh away.

We were now driving back to Melrose, but stopped at a picturesque farm-house for a glass of milk; while the woman was procuring it, an old man dressed in Highland costume came forward and asked if he should "play the pipe for the leddies." This musical instrument had always annoyed me in the streets of our cities, but as a lady from Missouri, who had joined *we four* at Melrose, had never heard the bagpipes, I bade him play, and resignedly threw myself back in the carriage to be made nervous. But what sound is that? I leaned forward again, and my eyes filled with tears as I saw but the old man standing beneath the summer sun, bareheaded except with life's winter's snows upon him, and giving forth the weird strains of the past. It was no longer the rasping sound of the bagpipes, the cliffs re-echoed the melody, the earth vibrated to sad music, and the spirit of Ossian breathed from

his native air. No wonder that the Scot loves the sounds that remind him of his fatherland.

Arriving again at the Abbey, we dismissed our charioteer, and took a stroll around the village. We entered one of the cottages to make inquiries, and were much pleased at the order that reigned there; the bedstead was a closet in the wall, although not enclosed, deep enough for a double feather-bed, and to hide which curtains are drawn before it. I spoke of the culture of flowers; there is not a cottage but has a garden before it full of beautiful plants, more blooming than is generally seen in our country. We sat upon a lovely green bank by the side of a rippling stream and mused on the summer landscape and dreamed of home, till aroused by summons for the train, for we must reach Edinburgh before nightfall.

As we were coming into the city a new building was pointed out to us as the penitentiary, for the Tolbooth of the past was becoming too dilapidated to remain any longer in its original position, and must make way for a stronger prison. We put up at the "Waverley," on Prince's Street, the principal thoroughfare of the new town, and presenting more the appearance of an extensive terrace than a street, as it overlooks the public gardens. After tea we commenced our investigations, and began first at the Scott Monument, opposite our hotel. It is built of granite, but not in a heavy manner, being more like a Gothic steeple. The figures which surround it personify the heroes and heroines of Scott's novels, rendering the whole design quite effective. We ascended this monument (two hundred and eighty-five steps), that we might have a better idea of this city, which is considered the finest situated in Great Britain, and laid out with the most symmetry. Our next goal was Calton Hill, the acropolis of Edinburgh, and from its vast summit can be seen the Frith of Forth, the distant hills of Fife, and the nearer Arthur's Seat, and looking towards the west the city is spread below us. Here stands

the Royal Observatory, presided over by Professor Smyth; and farther on the commencement of what was to be a Parthenon, as a national monument to the heroes who fell at the battle of Waterloo; the monuments to Dugald Stewart and Jonathan Playfair, and quite a lofty one upon a rock, erected to the memory of Nelson. Some boys were flying kites upon the hill, and calling one, we pointed to the last-named monument and asked what it was.

"'Tis a rock," was the reply.

"We know it is a rock,—that is, a stone; but why is it placed there?"

"Dunno," was the answer.

"Is it the monument to Nelson?" we inquired once more.

"Dunno," again was the reply.

Another boy started forward, who, if he knew no more than the first, was, at least, smarter, and said,—

"Yes'm, it is Nelson's monument."

Ah, boys! under the very shadow of heroes, flying kites, ignorant of the past and careless for the future.

The High School is situated on the slope of the hill, and Burns's monument, containing relics of the poet in the way of letters, is on the other side. We could see the circular monument erected to David Hume, the historian, towering above the others in Calton Church-yard.

But night was gathering around us, and, foot-sore and brain-weary, we retired to our couches, to be ready for another trip on the morrow.

Our morning's journey was over the business portion of the city, but we came to the conclusion that Edinburgh is not properly a mercantile metropolis, so we tried art by entering the Royal Institution, containing the National Gallery and the Antiquarian Museum. In the latter we saw ancient sculpture casts containing Bible scenes in relief from the creation of the world down to the time of Joshua. The statues were,

as usual, copies of those in the Vatican. But the Picture-Gallery contained more students than any other in which we had been; they seemed to be copying everywhere and every picture. There was a series of paintings representing Judith and Holofernes: the first shows the former's maid at the door of the tent waiting for her mistress; the second was Judith giving the fatal stroke; the third was Judith leaving the tent with the head in her hand. "Leaving the Manse" was an affecting scene, vividly portrayed. "The Murder of Rizzio," at the time he was dragged through the chambers to the private stairway, "Jeanie Dean when stopped by the Robbers on her way to Edinburgh," were local in their features. We saw a genuine Murillo of a boy drinking. That artist seems to have chosen his subjects from the most homely themes. There were some very fine altar-pieces, and perfect copies of Rubens's Crucifixion and "The Transfiguration." A life-size portrait of the Princess Beatrice first attracted my attention as the likeness of a girl to whom life had proved a failure, young though she was. I did not see the Princess, but I hope her portrait is not a correct one; the artist should have, at least, flattered the expression. We examined also a large collection of water-colored drawings, which require more delicacy of skill than painting in oil.

"This looks familiar," said Erato, and went on her knees down on the floor before a small painting.

"Yes, it is the Schuylkill," rejoined Pomona, and would have knelt also, but Erato was in her way. A young lady, copying Rubens's Crucifixion, looking up from her work, said to us,—

"It is the Schuylkill River by the Falls. Did you ever see it?"

"Indeed we have, many a time."

"Then it is a good picture?"

"Very good, indeed," we replied, and went away, feeling as if we had had a glimpse of home.

The Aquarium, which we next visited, contains the inhabitants of the sea, from the large serpent to the little insect that sheds its phosphorescent gleam upon the water. The remainder of this large building was laid out in booths, where many handsome small articles were sold. But one of the most novel of sights to us were the fishwomen from the coast, who came up to Edinburgh to sell their fish. Their dress consisted of a blue flannel skirt barely touching the ankles and tucked as far as the knee, woollen stockings and low shoes, a bodice of dark serge over the white, high-necked chemise that had sleeves to the elbow; a cloak fell from the shoulder, and a white cap completed the attire. Some had their hair plaited in long braids, others wore it flowing. Just below the waist a stiff hoop was placed in the upper part of the skirt. We could not tell the use at first, until we saw that a large basket, called a *creel*, was lodged on this on the back and fastened to the head by a broad leather strap, and thus the fish were carried. They are of Norse ancestry, conversing in the original Gaelic. I asked one of the officials "from whence they had come." He answered, "*Down the coast*," but proceeded to launch forward in praise of them as hard-working, respectable women in such eulogistic terms that made me think that he doubted the sincerity of my question. However, by dint of apologies I placed myself in a proper light. The Scotch as a people are quick to take offence; in fact, to imagine slights or sarcasms where none are intended. I felt myself in a continual "beg-pardon" frame of mind in consequence of my natural American brusqueness.

Saturday morning, *August* 24.—In a pouring rain and with the wind blowing as if November of our own country was with us, we started to the old town to visit the Castle. We were obliged to climb steps to reach this section, where the houses vary from seven stories to ten. One is not only

engrossed by these quaint buildings, but on High Street can see the Town Hall, the New Assembly Hall, St. Giles's Church, the Bank of Scotland, Moray House, John Knox's house, and the Canongate Tolbooth, which I mentioned was undergoing changes. To reach the Castle itself we were obliged to ascend a hill, which was very wearisome, particularly when contending with wind and rain.

Going leisurely on, I heard the tramp of many feet, and on turning to see the meaning of this strange noise, saw a company of red-coated soldiers, headed by their captain, actually running with military precision up the hill; for this castle is used as a barracks. I understood that a petition has been sent to the Queen asking for a removal, as the place is so old that renovation is no longer possible, and on a day like this one was, danger is apprehended. We fled, not to the guard-house, like the soldiers, but to St. Margaret's Chapel for protection. It was a very small place, whose gorgeously-painted windows were a modern innovation; but its history is a sad one. Margaret was the wife of Malcolm, who, with his son, David I., fell in battle, June 6, 1153, which so affected the loving woman that, four days after, she joined them in the grave.

On the fortifications, or bomb-battery, rests the large piece of artillery called *Mons Meg*, cast at Mons, Flanders, in 1486, and made of malleable iron staves, like a cask.

We then went into the low-ceilinged dining-room of the Castle, where hung two portraits of Mary Stuart,—one the copy of the celebrated Oxford picture, the other an original one, taken when Mary was Dauphiness of France, only eighteen years of age. "Mary's Flight from Lochlevin Castle" is represented by Schissi very artistically. Other family portraits are on the walls. From that room we enter Queen Mary's bed-chamber, where James VI. of Scotland, who became the James I. of England, was born, June 19, 1566.

It is very small, a mean apartment in which royalty drew its first breath.

The room in the Armory is next visited, where the Scottish regalia is shown, consisting of crown, sceptre, and sword of state. These were accidentally discovered in an old oaken chest in the Castle, having lain for more than a century, not only having never been looked for, but considered lost. In 1818 they were found, during the progress of repairs in the Castle, and are shown as relics of Scotia in her days of grandeur. We left this almost ruined edifice, which will soon be only a site to which parents will point and say to their children, "There once stood the famous Castle of Edinburgh," and descended again to the antiquated town, from *royal seats to muddy streets.* We passed an old man playing the bagpipes, but the vicinity of houses, I noticed, detracts from the melody, even in its native air. Even the Highland regiment which I saw in Paisley marching to their national musical instrument, did not awaken in my mind such phantasies as did the old piper "*amang* the *braes.*"

We now took a carriage for Holyrood, which stands at the foot of Arthur's Seat. The palace is four hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea, but looks sunken on a plain beneath the bold, precipitous cliffs of Salisbury Crags, before which Arthur's Seat rears its head eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea-level. The weather was too unpropitious for us to take the Queen's Drive or make the ascent, which would have given us a panoramic view of Mid-Lothian, if it had been 'neath the sunshine, so we contented ourselves with the Palace and Abbey. The former is quadrangular in shape, and the central court is ninety-four feet square. A portion dates back to 1528, the time of James V., and the remainder to the days of Charles I. His bedchamber is shown to us, still furnished as it was when last he slept within it; in fact, I believe the palace has not been

occupied at all since his time. We entered first the gallery containing the portraits of the Scottish kings and queens unto the uniting of the kingdoms. Four curious paintings on glass are exhibited there. One represents the *Trinity;* the second a bishop at his devotions, while an angel plays on an organ by his side; the other two are scenes taken from Scottish history. The next room, hung with old tapestry, was once an audience-chamber.

We now ascended the grand stairway, and were shown Lord Darnley's apartments. We stood at the window of his dressing-room and thought that his eyes had seen, as ours were doing now, the same line of hills, the same stretch of woodlands, the same meadows, and probably oft the like mist hanging o'er all. These walls were hung with tapestry, representing hunting scenes, still fresh-looking, when one considers their age. A private stairway leads up to Queen Mary's rooms, and it was by means of this that Darnley led his adherents to the assassination of Rizzio. The little boudoir in which he was stabbed led out from Mary's bedroom, and one could hardly imagine how eight persons, which history says there were, could have sat down to supper, with attendants, in that contracted space. When attacked, Rizzio was dragged through the adjoining bedrooms out into the hall, into which another private stairway leads, and between it and the public staircase is shown the dark stain on the floor, where his life-blood oozed out, when he died after so many wounds. The silk tapestry in this boudoir has been framed to preserve it as long as its tattered condition will allow. The private altar-piece of the queen stands upon the *block of marble* upon which she knelt in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood when married to Lord Darnley. The bedchamber of the ill-fated queen is a room twenty-two feet by eighteen and a half feet, and the panelled ceiling is adorned with the emblems and initials of the Scottish sovereigns.

The ragged tapestry represents the "Fall of Phæton." The bed of Queen Mary is enclosed with a wire fence to prevent persons from aiding the devastation that three hundred years have already made. The hangings of crimson damask with green silk fringe and tassels are but faded remnants of richness; the blankets are still upon the bed,—that is, what once were blankets; the chairs and tables are best preserved; and on one table, at the foot of the bed, stands the queen's work-box, with a piece of her own needle-work still in it, representing "*Jacob's Dream.*" The baby-basket of the young prince, presented to his mother by Queen Elizabeth before his birth, is on a stand near the foot of the bed. How little the Virgin Queen thought at that time of the cruel act that her hands would yet do! The sad history of Mary Stuart has darkened many a fair site in Scotland. Holyrood was destroyed twice,—first by fire during the minority of Mary; the second time by the marauders under Cromwell.

The Abbey of Holyrood dates back to the time of David I., 1128, and was one of the wealthiest monasteries in Scotland at that early date. All that remains of it is the ruined chapel, with its finely-sculptured east window, which saw the marriage of Lord Darnley and Mary, Queen of Scots, July 29, 1565. In the southeast corner are the tombs of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen, his wife; Lord Darnley, and in this chapel also was Rizzio's tomb, the murderer and the murdered meeting the same violent death, and reposing in the same ground.

We had dismissed our carriage, and, as the rain had abated, sauntered along to the station, where we intended to take the train for Roslyn Chapel, seven miles south of Edinburgh.

The country in the vicinity of a large city is never prepossessing, but after we reached Hawthornden and walked up the glen, we cared very little about the dull ride as we rambled through this spot, which is the admiration of artists,

and the inspiration of poets. We passed cottages in whose mimic gardens were growing the rarest flowers, whose beds formed as fine specimens of landscape-gardening as we saw in the Botanical Gardens on the Continent, and then we suddenly came upon a romantic spot, so much like the wilds of our own dear land, that we stood entranced. The North Esk flows through a deep ravine, and the rocks are almost hidden by the trees and copsewood, and when the river is swollen by the rains, as it was to-day, "The Linn" roars its tempestuous way over the stones.

Let me advise my readers, if they should make this trip, to proceed at once to the Chapel; the guide will wish to show you the Castle, but it is money thrown away to enter its precincts; it is a deserted ruin, with deep, dark dungeons, where the ruthless noblemen confined their captives, and with broken windows, from which one can see this romantic valley, but that is all to be seen, and an outside view is sufficient. But go to the Chapel by all means; it is pronounced by art-critics to be "*unique*."

It was founded by William, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, whose baronial residence was the Castle of Rosslyn, in 1446, and combines the solid Norman style with the easy grace of the Tudor. It was intended to be a cathedral, but never arrived at that dignity. The Chapel, as it is called, and in which service is held every Sabbath, only constitutes the choir of a larger edifice. There is a tradition which accounts for this failure: the design for the Cathedral was given to a celebrated architect, who went to Rome, and remained there two years to study a carving for a pillar. He returned unsatisfied, and discovered that during his absence his apprentice had carved one representing a column with a vine of flowers twined around it. In his rage at being thus outdone by a boy he murdered the young sculptor, and in that chapel stands the one odd column among the others called "The

'Prentice Pillar," a monument to genius and a reproach to jealousy. Among the mouldings which form this highly ornamental building are St. Christopher bearing the Infant Saviour, The Crucifixion, Martydom of St. Sebastian, and The Heavenly Host. The chancel is quite elaborate with sculpture, but the curse of " brother's blood" lingers over the Chapel, as it never grew into the lofty idea of the founder.

We sauntered slowly through the village to the station, for, although the clouds were still lowering, we had escaped heavy showers, and discovered we had some time to wait for the train. A gentleman was waiting for the down train, and inquired of us " if we had any idea of taking Roslyn Chapel to America with us." I opened my eyes wide with astonishment as I answered, " No, sir; for what would we do with it?" but was more surprised at the merry burst of laughter my answer had encouraged. " That speech stamps you an American. I have been over the water on business, and I find that the first thought of you, Americans, is profit. You do not preserve places of interest as we do." A little nettled, I replied, " But you keep them for profit. Just think, it cost us a shilling and sixpence apiece to look around at a place which only takes a few moments to see, when we can visit a gallery of fine paintings for only the shilling. I consider your fees of admission perfect extortion." What the result of our discussion would have been, we know not, for, fortunately for one of us, our train came, and we left our arguer and a blue-skirted fish-woman, sole occupants of the little waiting-room, and we returned to Edinburgh.

Sunday morning, August 25.—We were in Scotland, the land of the Covenanters; we were in Edinburgh, the home of the reformers and John Knox in particular, so we concluded to be Presbyterian to-day. We had been advised to attend St. Cuthbert's, at the end of Prince's Street, as a famous preacher, Dr. McGregory, drew a large congregation

there. I wanted to see and hear George Macdonald, but he was not in town at that time, so on this lovely Sabbath-day, after so much rain to make it more beautiful, we went with many richly-dressed people along Prince's Street to St. Cuthbert's. Why they called that old-fashioned, high-backed-pew edifice, where they sung doleful hymns in doleful fashion, St. Cuthbert's I do not know.

We learned from the sexton that Dr. McGregory would not preach this morning, but the Rev. Mr. Hastings; but as we did not know whether we could do any better elsewhere, we remained. His text was the 15th verse of the 13th chapter of St. John's gospel: "For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Quite a long list of banns of matrimony was read, some the second and some the third time of asking, which took quite a while to read, and to which nobody seemed to pay any attention but our party from "away over the water." To reach the church we passed through the church-yard, which gave a rural aspect to the Sabbath surroundings.

In the pleasant part of the afternoon, as we thought it was, we started for a walk to the picturesque *old* town; but alack, for Scotland's pleasant days! we had only reached High Street, when down came a heavy shower of rain. Darting into the nearest court-yard or *entresol*, as the French would say, for these dwellers in cities live in flats as the Parisians do, we waited for the storm to pass. We had one advantage in being opposite the quaint dwellings, in one of which John Knox resided, so we could study the designs of former centuries.

"Which is John Knox's house?" asked Erato of a woman who had sought shelter as we did from the sudden shower.

"That one where the man is praying."

Erato gazed earnestly, and then said, "I do not see which one; tell me again."

"That one over there where he is praying."

"Who, John Knox?"

"Yes; that tall house where John Knox is praying."

"Indeed, my good woman," answered Erato, "I cannot see which one you mean."

The woman went to the pavement, for the rain was diminishing in quantity, and, pointing with her rugged finger across the way, said, in the most impatient tone,—

"Can't you see that figger kneeling on the porch of that furthest house,—that wooden figger with clasped hands?"

"Why did you not tell me that before?" Erato replied, as if she, too, was angry. "You kept saying it was John Knox that was praying, and I was looking for him, not for a figure of wood."

The woman did not appreciate the joke, but went away, pitying the poor girl for her "incorrigible stupidity." We had passed criticisms before on the representation of the devout man at the end of the second-story porch of this wondrously gabled mansion, and had concluded that a house so designated must have been the home of the great reformer.

We were obliged to forego a longer walk on account of the rain, and, as we had planned rising very early in the morning to be able to finish the tour of the Trossachs in one day, we concluded that "early to bed" would be the best preparation for "early to rise."

Our train would leave the station at six and a quarter o'clock, and the one in which the Queen was going to Balmoral would reach Edinburgh about eleven o'clock, and it occasioned some surprise that we did not wait to see her. But we understood that Her Majesty would not stop any time, and there was but an infinitesimal hope that we would obtain a glance through the windows of a train-carriage, so we felt that time would be lost in waiting, and we had so much before us to do.

We were told, and we remember reading in the papers,

that on the erection of the memorial to Prince Albert in Edinburgh the bishop remonstrated with the Queen, because a text from the Apocrypha was engraved upon it instead of one from the Bible, so full of inspired words. To his remarks she took offence, and refuses to visit Edinburgh while that city is under the bishop's ministration. So the story goes; whether this was the cause, or in consequence of a strong demonstration in her honor to be given at Dunkirk, that the Queen did not remain longer in Edinburgh, is still a question.

We were, however, well on our journey by the hour she arrived. Our first stopping-place was Stirling, two hours' ride from Edinburgh. The purport of our stopping here was to visit the Castle, from which such a fine view can be had of the surrounding country and the windings of the River Forth and the silver thread of the distant Doune; but before we reached Stirling our minds were in an appreciative mood, for we passed Linlithgow, where Queen Mary was born, and whose history is founded on that of the Jameses of Scotland. We then came to a ruined castle, which we learned had once been Niddry in its grandeur, and, while we gazed over the broad fields of Bannockburn, we thought of the *one* that had been commemorated by poets and historians, where the famous battle of 1314 was fought.

Descending from historical reminiscences to what is more profitable, but also matter of fact, we saw Falkirk, noted for iron-works and its cattle-market. We walked three-quarters of a mile in a gradual ascent up to the Castle, which stands on a precipitous rock two hundred and twenty feet high. Here we crossed the draw-bridge, and under the overport battery to the massive gateway, with its portcullis; but before we took the tour of the place we asked some children, who had followed us with their satchels in their hands and with gaping eyes fixed upon us, "*where* their school was situated."

"*In that room,*" was the answer, pointing to a turret-window of the castle. "*Who is your teacher?*" was the next query. "*There he is,*" said one bright little boy, and we turned to meet the laughing eyes of a handsome young soldier.

We were very glad to find some one who had something to do among those garrisoned troops, for it appeared to us that they led a very idle life. Several of the men were playing billiards, but not with the energy that characterizes those who practice for exercise; this was only for a passing amusement. An officer was giving lessons in light gymnastics to a set of youths, preparatory, I suppose, to military drill. We took the famous Edmondston Walk, so named after the gentleman who constructed it, and through the castle-garden, viewing from the ramparts the Campsie Hills at the south, the Ochil Hills at the north and east, and the Highlands in the west. We saw the Abbey Craig, the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and, as I mentioned at first, the sparkling Forth, through the "fertile Carse of Stirling." At the north of the Castle we noticed a mound, hardly attaining the dignity of a hill, upon which four men were beheaded in 1424 by James I.'s order, within sight of their own castle. They were the Earl of Lennox, the Duke of Albany, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart.

The palace built by James V. occupies the southeast part of the fortress; but only one room is thrown open to visitors, and that is the Douglas room, in which took place, in 1451, the dastardly murder of William, Earl Douglas, whom James II., after granting him a safe-conduct, stabbed, with his own hands, and threw his body from the window into the moat below. I looked around for the traditionary spot of blood, but failed to discover it. However, a secret chamber was disclosed to me, opening out of the larger apartment by a door, and all that was mysterious was a deep closet, but it was empty. By what contrivance it was rendered a

secret—for to me it was the most tangible of doors by which to enter—I could not learn from the stammering boy, who, with a table before him of fancy articles, was doing his best with stuttering tongue to praise his relics. An excellent plan was adopted here of charging admission unless you purchased something; as you generally chose the latter alternative, the consequence is that one will contribute a pound, where otherwise it would only be a sixpence. In the large apartment we saw John Knox's pulpit, a very dilapidated affair, and his communion-table; an old drum connected with the history of Colonel Fairfax; the Douglas sword and battle-axe; and many other relics of perilous times in Scotland. Leaving the Castle, we passed what had formerly been a palace, I think, built in 1652, but now used as a hospital, called Cowan's Hospital. A soldier on guard could tell us nothing more about it, or Stirling either, as he was an Irishman, and a home-sick look came into his brown face as he spoke of his native land.

The Grayfriars', or Franciscan Church, although built in 1494, is of such handsome Gothic finish that it appears more modern. By it, is the cemetery, whose principal attraction is the pure white marble monument to the memory of Margaret and Agnes Wilson, who were tied to a stake in Solway Frith till "*the tide came in*," and they were drowned for refusing to abjure their Protestant faith. The sisters are represented as clinging to each other, while their guardian angel stands behind them with a glance of pity, and yet of triumph, on his divine face. The monument is covered with glass to protect its purity from the changeable climate of Scotland. Beneath the statues are the lines that I have here transcribed:

"Love many waters cannot quench; God saves
His chaste, impearled Ones in covenant true.
O Scotia's daughters, earnest scan the page
And prize this Flower of Grace, blood-bought for you."

Another monument of like interest is of Scottish granite, upon whose rugged, rock-like surface are an open Bible and cross of white marble. This is the record of the Covenanters.

A curious epitaph attracted our attention, to the memory of Alexander Miffin, Chief Constable of Stirlingshire, who died in 1807.

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt
Who lingers out the day;
He who goes soonest
Has the least to pay."

There were other memorials of distinguished men, whose graves we had not time to note, and, passing with but a parting glance the ruined chapel at the entrance, and giving a few moments to the Argyle's Lodging, with the sculptured arms over the door of Sir William Alexander, the first Earl of Stirling, we hastened to meet the train. When we think of the time in which Scotland's sovereigns occupied the palace; when coronations took place in the Grayfriars'; when the nobility resided in the villas around, we feel like saying, "Ichabod! Ichabod!"

Sixteen miles more of railway, passing the Abbey Craig and Wallace's conspicuous monument, resembling a shot-tower more than any other memorial, the romantic Bridge of Allan, a summer-resort for dwellers in cities, the fine Cathedral of Dunblane, and the picturesque ruins of the Doune, we arrive at Callender, a small village at the foot of the hills. At the house of the Macgregors we took the stage-coach for the Trossachs. Imagine us now in the rear of some half a dozen coaches, *we four* perched majestically up on the back seat, with a merry crowd in front of English and Irish

gentlemen, who had been spending their vacation from business among the Highlands. Our first route is by elegant villas, where croquet-parties on the lawns stop their games to look after the line of coaches. We cross the Leny and Teith Rivers and see Lochs Vernacher and Achray on our left as we approach the wilder region and leave the civilized country residences behind us. We are now on hallowed ground, hallowed only by the imagination of Sir Walter Scott. We see Coilantogle Ford, where Fitz James and Roderick Dhu met in combat. We saw Lanrick Mead, Clan Alpine's mustering-place. We cross by the Bridge of Turk another stream, which solitary skirts the vale of Glenfinlas. We stop here at the hotel of Ardcheanochrochan, and in consequence of filling one's mouth with the name, we did not take dinner here. If the party who occupy it would shorten the name and the price of dinner, the decrease would be largely in their favor.

The Trossachs, or *bristled* territory, is a wild defile between the lofty peak of Benvenue, two thousand eight hundred and eighty-two feet in height, and the smaller one of Ben A'an. Here, in the centre of this weird gorge, we feel as if we were but the minor pulse-beats in the great heart of nature, for these are the pulsations of ages, we are of the present only. Romance tells us that in the defile of *Bealach-an-anduine* "Fitz James lost his gallant gray." History tells us of the persecuted ones who fled for refuge to the rugged fastnesses of their own mountains. Suddenly, as we round a cliff, the sweet Loch Katrine bursts upon us. Nestled in among the picturesque scenery of the Trossachs, with its own wooded islet in the centre, it forms a picture on which artists have loved to dilate. History again comes forward and tells us that "Ellen's Isle" was used by the Highlanders to secrete their families and effects from the ravages of Cromwell's soldiers.

In the "Pass of the Man" a skirmish ensued, and the English, in revenge for their slain, resolved to attack the

island. But they had no boats; so one daring fellow offered to swim across and seize a skiff. He was endeavoring to unfasten the rope, when Helen Stuart leaned over the rock, and, with a firm stroke and a sharp sword, severed the intruder's head from his shoulders. The loss of their able ally stunned the Englishmen, and the Highland women and children remained upon the island unmolested. In the "Lady of the Lake" a similar island is described as the residence of Douglas. Several years ago Lady Willoughby D'Eresby erected a cottage on the island, but it was accidentally burned down, and since then it has been left solitary to the naiads and dryads of legendary lore.

Before we took the steamer for our excursion across Loch Katrine, we saw the locality of Rob Roy's greatest adventures. It seemed, to cross this charming water, as if we were drifting into fairy-land, so perfect was the scenery around us; but the nineteenth-century hotel and coaches at Stronachlacher woke us from our dream of enchantment. Now through Glen Arklet, not so wild and picturesque as the Trossachs, but with a rustic beauty of its own. Our goal was Inversnaid, where we would take the steamboat on Loch Lomond. We passed a ruined fort that was built in 1713 to check the advance of the Macgregors. This, too, was the home of the gallant General Wolfe, whose Scotch blood was spilled on America's soil. A silvery cataract gurgled over the rocks and sent its merry waters into the fair bosom of Loch Lomond. This latter lake is twenty-three miles in length,—thirteen more than the length of Loch Katrine; its breadth is five miles,—exceeding the latter by three; but it lacks the beauty of the smaller lake. Thirty islands are scattered over its surface, ten being of considerable size. Its depth varies, being twenty fathoms in the southern part, while in the northern it ranges from sixty to one hundred fathoms, and never freezes where it is deepest. We did not

enjoy this ride as much as upon Loch Katrine in consequence of a disagreeable wind, that rose upon the water and seized us in damp clutches. Several residences belonging to the nobility were pointed out to us on the banks of the lake, the most unpretending of which is the Buchanan House, belonging to the Duke of Montrose. He owns the coach-road through the Trossachs, and a formal request must be made to him every summer to allow the diligences to pass through his gates. A gentleman told me he was once making a pedestrian tour through the Highlands, and climbed a fence into one of the duke's fields. An old woman, bent with work and furrowed by time, came towards him and told him he should come through the gate. "But," he replied, "the gate is not open, and I am over now." But she insisted that he should return to the road, and allow her to open the large, heavy gate, that he might pass through under the recognized consent of the Duke of Montrose. The whole affair was perfectly ludicrous to him, but as he was not pressed for time he acceded to the old retainer's request, and was formally entered on the duke's property. The steamer went up to Invernain Pier to unload passengers for Glencoe, whose glens and mountainous passes have a terrible history of their own; and here the loch was narrowed by the mountains of Glenfalloch, that throw the reflection of their rugged outlines on the calm water. Coming down the lake again, we stop at Tarbet, from which we have an exhilarating view of Ben Lomond, that rears its head three thousand one hundred and ninety-two feet above the level of the sea. *Climbists* start from the Rowardennan Hotel to make the ascent, which is six miles up, and it is said, a most extensive view can be had from its summit.

Passing the various islands, we see to the south of Inch Tavanagh the ruins of Galbraith Castle, starting up from the water like the towers of the mermaid's halls. Our steam-

boat stops at Balmaha, at the northeast part of Inch Cailliach (the *island of women*), a nunnery having once stood there. Its chapel was for some time used as a place of worship, but is now fallen into decay; its church-yard remains, however, as the place of sepulture for the neighboring clans, particularly the Lairds of Macgregor and those who claim descent from King Alpine. Sir Walter Scott memorializes it in "Lady of the Lake," Canto III., thus:

> "The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
> Whose parents in Inch Cailliach wave
> Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave,
> And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
> Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep."

We saw the little island of Clar-inch, from which the Buchanans took their slogan, and then, after viewing the ruins of the Lennox Castle, landed at Balloch's Pier. Here we took the train for Glasgow, and my strongest reminiscence of the journey is Dumbarton Rock, rising suddenly five hundred and sixty feet at the junction of the Leven and Clyde. It is a mile in circumference, and terminates in two peaks. At the mouth of the Levan is the ancient town of Dumbarton, just behind the castle rock.

Arriving at Glasgow, we went at once to Cranston's Temperance Hotel, to which we had been directed while at Edinburgh; but we could not be accommodated there, and were sent to the Washington Hotel, another temperance house, under the management of the same family, but located in Sauchiehall Street. We liked to sleep and eat under the fostering care of *Washington*, and whether it was the name or not, —for Shakspeare deprecates a mere title,—we were much pleased with our accommodations there. Our room was front, and overlooked a very handsome dry-goods store, which afforded us attraction while we were obliged to remain in-doors on account of rain.

Glasgow is situated on what tourists have said to be the finest river with the grandest views in the world,—the Clyde; but we look back on that week we spent in the city with regret, on account of the persistent showers that, while a benefit to the earth, marred our pleasure.

We went one day to visit Paisley, seven miles below Glasgow, quite a manufacturing town, as Glasgow is, and will, in course of time, be engrafted into the larger city. Having letters of introduction to the best families of the place, we had a delightful ride under the escort of Bailie Fisher to Glenifer Braes. This gentleman resided in one of the suburban villas that relieve the business look of the town, for dirty and smoky as Paisley was with its varied manufactures, it is surrounded by the loveliest of landscapes, and when we reached the summit of the hill we were enchanted by the view before us. The vale of Glenifer at our feet; the spires and domes of the two cities against the dark background of an autumnal sky; the ruins of Stanley Castle rising from the green island in the midst of a small lake, another reminder of Mary Stuart's history,—all were spread before us in that misty haze that throws a saddened glamour over all. This was a favorite walk of Hugh Macdonald's; sometimes at break of day, sometimes in the gloaming, the peasant would see him, drinking in inspiration from the scene around. He also drank the limpid water from a spring, of which his admirers have made a stone fountain; upon it, is carved his bust and a few lines from his poem, dedicated to that spot:

> "The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
> Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin so gray,
> Where the wild moorlan birds dip their nebs and take wing,
> And the lark wheets his whistle ere mounting to sing."

We saw in our drive the low, thatched cottage where Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, lived and worked at weaving. A monument is erected to his memory in Paisley, for his

remains lie in the graveyard of the Old Swedes' Church, in Philadelphia. And farther on the more pretentious Elderslie Mansion, where Sir William Wallace opened his eyes on his troubled life. A storm had dislodged the old oak-tree in the hollow of which he had hid from his enemies, the English, so we could only remember that spot was once its site. The most extensive manufactures are those of Coats's spool-cotton, and the cottage in which Sir Peter Coats was born and the handsome residence that he calls his own now, were pointed out to us. Here is an example of industry and probity amassing wealth.

We stopped at a low, long building, called the Peesweep Inn, a favorite resort for the gentlemen of Paisley. The floor was of stone, and every day a new design was chalked upon its well-worn surface. The tables and benches were as white as soap and sand could make them, but so cut and notched with initials that it was with difficulty we could find places to engrave ours.

The next day we visited Ayr, two hours' ride below Glasgow, on the sea-coast, and we had an advantage over the previous morning's trip in not having any rain all day. The scenery was varied on our route,—towns, farm-houses, factories, woods, and hills passed each other in panoramic succession, until we reached this pretty town, renowned as being the birthplace of Robert Burns. Arriving at the station, we engaged a wagonette to take us to the revered spots, two miles from the town, near the Doon.

Another long, one-story stone cottage appeared in view, as we had seen along the track of the railway, and our wagoneer stopped and welcomed us to Burns's cottage. A wing had been added to the house, in which to hold the centennial anniversary of the poet's birth, January 25, 1759. This large apartment was hung with pictures of the bard, engravings from his works, and eulogies and criticisms. But

among them we saw soldiers' certificates from the United States,—one admitting a certain man named Morley as a private into the volunteer corps, which did active service during the late Rebellion; then he became corporal, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and finally a captain in the 113th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. We could not understand this until we went into another room, where, in a glass case, were some fancy articles commemorative of the cottage and of Burns, and to the fine-looking man who waited upon us, we put the question, "Are you Captain Morley of the 113th?" He answered, "*Yes*," and seemed glad that we were from Philadelphia, and would have detained us longer to talk of the terrible times he had seen in America; but our coachman was becoming restless, so we mounted our chariot again and proceeded to the monument. In the little time we were in the cottage, we saw the old-fashioned bedstead, the deep fireplace, the corner cupboard, with its quaint china, the old clock, and learned that Captain Morley was a descendant of Burns, and so came into possession of the homestead. The poet died, however, at Dumfries, where a handsome monument is placed over his remains; but this locality makes one appreciate his genius, for it glows with his life.

We passed Alloway Kirk, in whose church-yard, with its ancient graves and the ruined chapel, with its older tombs, was walking a centenarian, who told to the traveller wondrous legends of the buried there. The monument is a Grecian temple standing on a terrace, and what appears to be the foundation of stone and would-be vaults, are rooms; in one are the figures of Souter Johnny and Tam O'Shanter, seated each with his tankard of beer in his hand. In the other are exposed for sale, relics of the place, as we had seen at the cottage. It was a beautiful morning, and the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon" looked very fair in the autumn light, and our feelings were in accordance with the sunglow,—bright and happy.

We passed the well-stocked park and palatial villa of Colonel Hamilton, of the Fusileers, and, returning to Ayr, took a good look at the old inn, whose attractions marred the genius of Burns. Over the door was a weather-beaten painting of Tam O'Shanter's memorable ride. Another Wallace's Tower stood in High Street. This was one hundred and thirteen feet in height, with a statue of the bravest of Scottish chiefs surmounting it. Having procured ourselves a slight lunch, we walked to the shore, passing through Wellington Square, adorned with statues of the duke. Near the square was a handsome fountain, erected by a wealthy Scotchman and presented to the town. We enjoyed the beach, gathering shells and limpid stones, and thinking of the "other side" of that vast water that was stretching before us. A few bathers were sporting in the waves, but we were more interested in two men who were each teaching a horse, circus tricks. One succeeded, while we lingered there, in making his horse gallop in a complete circle without swerving, but the other failed, and was obliged to discontinue his lessons for the present; whether the fault lay with the teacher, or whether one pupil was more docile than the other, I could not determine. Tired, we took the train back to Glasgow; but only physically *tired.* We had had, as it were, a pleasant picnic, and were refreshed mentally for our communion with mother Nature. For the first time since we started together, June 18, we were going to separate. Erato, in consequence of former experiences of seasickness, and not feeling well enough to bear another Channel trip, had decided to omit the Irish tour and join her friends on their return at Manchester, England.

We will now give Erato's account of what she saw alone, and in another part the experiences of the trio in Ireland, as on Friday evening, August 30, *we three* took the steamer from Glasgow to Belfast.

ERATO'S STORY.

Being a great reader and an analyzer of the characters which were brought before me in books, I have been much impressed with the effect that certain contingencies might excite, and I have wondered among others how a person must feel "to be a stranger in a strange land," and here was I, away, with an ocean between my family and myself, and the Irish Sea between me and my dear friends. I could not help, on waking Saturday morning and looking around my deserted room, to wish that I had had perseverance enough to have accompanied them. The days before me looked dreary without my sister-travellers, for the kind friends I had made here were not like those of the past. But enough moralizing, let me describe the passing days. The rain which had annoyed us for three days had ceased its ministrations, and my friends had a fine passage after all our fears; so in the clear sunlight and through the muddy streets of Glasgow I wandered on Saturday morning. I made two calls, and felt myself initiated into the warm-hearted home-life of the Scotch people. But my heart was sickened at the misery among the lower classes,—drunkenness and debauchery were prevalent, and, as a natural result, beggary was a common scene. I was accosted by one woman for alms with five children hanging to her skirts and one at her breast, drawing whiskey-tainted nourishment to poison its early life. Her plea was her six children. And this was the career she was bringing those little ones into,—*beggars—thieves.*

This was in the purlieus of the city, and across from the way where I met her were some cheap shows going on, of what nature, altogether, I could not determine,—giants and dwarfs and fat women were staple articles on these vacant lot shows. Punch and Judy, that used to please my childish fancy in my English story-books, seem to have lost none of

their relish to the children in Great Britain. Why should I say *children?* for those of larger growth form the majority of the crowd that gather round the itinerant showman and hear the woes of Punch graphically described.

We missed, too, on arriving at Great Britain, the appearance of cleanliness that charmed us on the French shore. The dinginess of the houses from the smoky atmosphere is augmented by the dirt in which the common people live,—women standing at their doors, with matted hair, unshod feet, and dirty gowns,—certainly not for want of time to clean as from want of inclination, as time seems to be the greatest treasure they possess, and they certainly do not put it out to interest.

One young lady asked me one day the question, "How do you, American girls, find time for all that you do? I know you accomplish a good deal, not alone from what I have heard as from what I have read in papers, and from what I have seen in accomplishments and work."

I thought a while, and then answered, "For one thing, we rise earlier and so have a longer day; another reason is, you have two more regular meals than we have, and therefore, too much time is absorbed in eating."

"Fancy!" she replied, which amused me not a little, as I had been quizzed for using "I guess," as it was declared an Americanism without meaning. I replied that I thought I could explain it, better to them than they could "Fancy" to me; but the logical Scotch mind demonstrated it, so we agreed to cling to our own idioms, and not interfere with those of other nations.

In my walks, I had been impressed with the number of blind people I saw about the city, and among the handsome institutions at the West End, the Blind Asylum is conspicuous; on going to the Cathedral on Sunday, which stands at the east end of High Street, in the old town, I saw another Blind asylum. I read in the papers since my return of a

Scotchman leaving in his will liberal bequests to the different blind asylums around his native city, so it must be a malady indigenous to the climate that awakens such an interest.

There is a lovely park in the West End, but the rain and its concomitant dampness prevented me from enjoying it. On Gilmore Hill, in the same vicinity, is a magnificent building, the design of Mr. Gilbert Scott, to be *the New College.* Hunter's Museum and the Andersonian Museum contain quite unique collections, similar to the British Museum in London. The Royal Exchange, built in 1829, in Queen Street, was considered the handsomest building until the New College eclipsed it. In front of it stands an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, in bronze. I had purposed visiting the Cathedral on Sunday morning, and mentioned the fact at the dinner-table of the hotel the day before. A gentleman opposite me, looking significantly at the gold cross which hung from my necklace, said,—

"Miss, the Cathedral is not a Catholic church, the service is the Established one."

I knew he meant what I call Presbyterian, but there the one creed seems to have several forms, and, as the city had restored the Cathedral, it had the privilege of locating its own form of worship there, so I only answered, "That I had been informed so," and the subject was dropped. To reach the sacred edifice, I walked through the oldest and, what is generally the case in a large city, the least respectable portion, passing the Almshouse on my way, also, a large granite church with a placard, *no*, a sign-board, like a theatre, by the door, with this inscription,—

"This is the church for the working-man,—come one and all in your every-day clothes, and be not ashamed."

I also passed a drinking fountain, on whose stone front I read, that behind it were placed the bones of two martyrs, who were executed for their principles at St. Andrew's.

The Cathedral of Glasgow was built in 1123, during the reign of David I., by Bishop John Achaius, and dedicated to St. Mungo; but the history of it clings around 1638, when, in November, the celebrated General Assembly was held which abolished all forms of Episcopacy.

I entered first the crypt, which Sir Walter Scott tells us in his novel of Rob Roy, was used as a place of worship until 1805, and passed from there into the nave of what constitutes the present Cathedral, and where the public service is now held. The choir is over the crypt, which latter contains some very old tombs of the warriors and dignitaries of Glasgow, the reading of whose epitaphs interested me very much until the sexton warned me that service would soon begin. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Brownlie, and the text was Psalm iv. 6th verse: "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." It was very impressive, and with the deep tones of the organ mingled the voices of the congregation in the grand old hymns whose echoing sounds will never die, making a thrilling service in the fretted vaults of that old Cathedral. Its chief beauty is the stained glass of its windows, executed at the royal establishment of glass-painting at Munich. A very large window is in each transept, and below it are two couplets of smaller proportions; there are three large ones in each gable, and the figures on them are life-size; a catalogue describing the windows is sold there, but as it was Sunday I could not procure one. The chapter-house extends from the northeast angle of the building into the venerable graveyard, around which I meandered and mused as Gray did upon the varied lives of those who had now laid themselves down and their works to rest.

Across the street was another place of worship of more modern style; it was the parish church, and two gentlemen were very earnest, as I walked up the broad path to the Ca-

thedral, in endeavoring to induce me to attend service over the way. I told them I loved the liturgy of the Church of England, but I was not so prejudiced in its favor but that I could worship anywhere, and it happened to be curiosity that took me to the Cathedral, for I have a weakness for old buildings, so much so that my trio friends would amuse themselves by pointing to lonely chimneys or burned factories and telling me they were ancient towers or ruined abbeys if I only knew their history. The tower and heavenward spire of two hundred and twenty-five feet rise from the centre of the Cathedral, but as the edifice stands low, the real height is not as perceptible as if it towered from one angle.

My next destination was the Necropolis, whose lofty monuments I could see in the moonlight so far above me, as the spirits of those who lay beneath them, were. Crossing a beautiful stone bridge, an endowment from the merchants of Glasgow to the cemetery company, I was among the homes in the "city of the dead." It is arranged in terraces, and from its summit one can trace the windings of the Clyde, the fields of shipping at its mouth, and the busy mart of Glasgow lying quiet now beneath the Sabbath sun, the dead holding the heights above the living. The central feature of the Necropolis is the lofty column erected to the memory of the Scottish reformers. The first martyr to the Protestant cause was a youth of rank, Sir Patrick Hamilton, only nineteen years of age, who was burned at the stake at St. Andrew's in 1524. Very near this column was a fine granite monument to the memory of John Henry Alexander, an actor, who died in 1857, aged fifty-five years. His epitaph was so appropriate—a rare thing in epitaphs—that I will copy it here:

"TO JOHN HENRY ALEXANDER.

"Fallen is the curtain,—the last scene is o'er,
The favorite actor treads life's stage no more.

Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone,
For Virtues, not enacted, but his own.
A constancy unshaken unto death,
A truth unswerving and a Christian's faith.
Who knew him best have cause to mourn him most.
Oh! weep the man, more than the actor lost.
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end
His best were those of *Husband, Father, Friend.*"

I saw the grave of William Miller, whose verses live in the hearts of children, for he was the Poet-Laureate of the Nursery, and is best remembered as the author of "*Wee Willie Winkie.*" I read the names on tombs of Dr. Dick and Dr. Macfarlane, and others of like celebrity; and the good taste which was displayed in the selection and arrangement of stones, the laying out of lots, the choice of flowers, and, above all, the shade of the church-yard English yew, contrasted strongly with the tawdry ornamentation of Père La Chaise. A very handsome white monument, quite new, was erected to the memory of a youth of eighteen years, who started away from home, full of health and spirits, on a pleasure-excursion, to be carried back to his mother, for he was her only son, a corpse, drowned in the Clyde! At the foot of the hill a small enclosure marked the unadorned graves of the Jewish citizens. My closing worship for the day was in St. Jude's Church, and its plain glass windows and substantial galleries jarred on my æsthetic feelings, so highly developed in the antique cathedrals and cloistered abbeys. It was an English church, and the service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, who preached a sermon from Revelation, 4th chapter, 1st verse: "Come up hither, and I will show thee things that must be hereafter."

I am afraid that my long walk in the morning prevented me from appreciating properly the strong apocalyptical ad-

dress, which was one of a series on the prophecies, given to us that evening. Feeling tired and warm, I fanned myself vigorously, and noticed that the lady in the same pew gave me some searching glances. I offered her my fan, but the favor was refused. I forgot the incident until a very intelligent Scotch lady, who was remarking upon the peculiarities of nations, said,—

"And you fan in church, too, I understand."

"Do you not fan if you feel the heat?" I inquired.

"Why, no; it is not etiquette here."

I told her of my Sunday evening's experience at St. Jude's, at which she laughed heartily, and said it was a wonder the persons around me did not suggest to me the impropriety.

"If they had," I replied, "I should have gone out. I am more than ever thankful that my lot has been cast in a free country, where one can fan."

Monday morning, I took the train again for Paisley, and arrived at my friends' house just as they were starting for a Congregational meeting, in regard to the election of a pastor, that was to be held in the Abbey. This picturesque building, of which part is in ruins, and lets the sunlight in on grass-covered floor from broken windows and gaping roof, was founded in 1163 by Walter, son of Alan, the first of the house of Stuarts.

Paisley lies in the Barony of Renfrew, the portion in Scotland assigned to the Prince of Wales, and the only estate remaining in the name of Stuart. The Abbey is the oldest building in Great Britain, and at one time ranked the wealthiest. The repaired portion consists of a nave and two aisles, outside of ten massive, clustered columns, each one of the circumference of a hogshead. Above these aisles was once a gallery, but the march of improvement ordered it to be taken down. On one column hang two tattered ban-

ners, the ensigns of the Renfrew Regiment when it was in action. The coat of arms of the soldiers are the three feathers of the Prince of Wales. The stained windows are all new; the one opposite the pulpit is to be the Queen's memorial, but she had not sent it when we left, and I have not yet heard whether it now decorates the consecrated spot. One window represents Sir William Wallace, the Baron of Elderslie. The organ-loft is over the pulpit, and, as the instrument is a very fine one in tone, it should be seen also, although I do not think the position at all desirable.

The charm of the Abbey is the "*Sounding Aisle*," a small chapel, supposed to be built by Marjory Bruce, as her tomb is in the centre before the altar steps, representing her sculptured recumbent figure, with her hands together as if in prayer. She was the mother of Robert the Second, her husband being Walter, brother of Robert the Bruce. The chapel is also the cemetery of the Abercorn family. It has received the name "Sounding Aisle" from its singular echo. When we entered the solemn precincts and closed the door, the reverberations of that closing, died away like distant thunder, and, standing by that tomb of ages past, my Paisley friend sung the sweet hymn, "*Nearer, my God, to Thee*," and the old, old walls took up the strains in triumph and told them over and over again, and then glided into soft, bewitching murmurs long after she had ceased to sing. Going out from this cool retreat into the warm sunlight, with the sacred melody still echoing in our hearts, we proceeded to the "Fountain Garden," a bequest of Sir Peter Coats to the people of Paisley. It is a pleasant resort in the evening, but during the day there is not enough shade, as the garden has not been laid out long enough for the trees to afford a refreshing shelter. The fountains and flowers were quite beautiful, and it will in time be an attractive place.

The Paisley Museum, while it contains handsome speci-

mens of the manufactures of the town, also shows curious relics of other nations. Mr. Pollock had contributed quite a case full of articles collected from Paris during its reign of blood, the terrible siege of '71. Another case with ears of Indian corn in the different forms; in the husk, then with the silk, then stripped, then the cob alone, while it excited an interest to those who never saw a field of it, waving its "silken tassels" in the air, made me hunger for a good roasting ear to eat. There was to be a horticultural exhibition in Paisley, and I had, prematurely, a surreptitious view of some magnificent roses in Lawyer C.'s garden that were intended to compete for the prize. His grounds were quite extensive, but the lateness of the season had robbed them of most of their beauty, excepting those cherished plants which he intended for the autumn exhibition. The floral advantages of Europe have been spoken of before in this work, so I will not enlarge upon them now. The fine villas, with their cultivated surroundings, which I mentioned, were situated on the site of the famous woods of Craigelea, where the poet Tannahill wandered, and which he had immortalized, and the last oak of the grove was pointed out to me,—the last of the

"Bonny Woods of Craigelea."

Paisley's greatest poet, Robert Tannahill, was born June 3, 1774, and died May 17, 1810, by drowning himself in the canal, after a life of trouble that only true genius knows. The world is apt to sneer at the unsuccessful, but it is the sensitive mind, the delicate perception, that succumbs first in the battle of life. A few more struggles, perhaps, and the talented one may be lifted to the sphere which he covets, but heart and strength both fail him, and he yields to the pressure which is crushing him. A later generation appreciates the brilliant star that has set in darkness, too late

only for his memory, and on June 3, 1874, Paisley celebrated the anniversary of Tannahill's birth in the glen that he loved.

We drove out to the suburban villa of Haircraige, and then, with its lovely mistress in our company, visited the romantic haunts of the poet. At the entrance to the glen was a bust of Tannahill, but our carriage-drive terminated at a ravine, so we alighted and strayed at our own wills over the grassy knolls. The ground had been cut in terraces to form seats for the thousands who clustered there on the anniversary, a rustic platform was erected for the orchestra, which comprised the best talent of the district, together with one hundred voices, who sang the poet's songs and choruses.

From this verdant mead we found a little path which, leading us through a flowery ravine and over a rustic stile, brought us to a stone surrounding a well of the coolest of waters. Mr. Fulton, of the manor, insisted that I should drink first from its limpid depths, that the mantle of inspiration which it had moistened for Tannahill might descend on me; so, to make the enchantment doubly sure, I read first aloud the lines which are engraven above it:

> "Round the sylvan-fairy nooks
> Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
> Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
> And ilka thing is cheerie O."
>
> *From "Gloomy Winter's now awa."*

We then crossed a rustic bridge over a noisy little stream, and in another picturesque defile was a stone erected, and on it was a warning from Tannahill's "Bonnie Wood of Craigelea":

"TO THE NEST HERRIERS.

> "Awa', ye thoctless, murdrun gang
> Wha tear the nestlins ere they flee;
> They'll sing you yet a canty song,
> Then, oh! in pity let them be."

My attention was called to the many birds flying around, so that the warning was a necessary one. They, indeed, filled the air with their joyous notes, and won one's sympathy from their tameness. We followed the *noisy* stream to the Linn, where, up among the rocks, was its source, and as it came down in a quiet thread of light, we wondered that its character changed so soon from peace to strife. The dry season, they had been having, had deprived the Linn of its silvery beauty, as only a shower came from among the moss-covered cliffs. Such a country walk as we had back to our carriage, by the side of the rivulet, over a stile, crossing the bridge again into a field, and stumbling on its uneven surface, we reached the carriage-road.

Our next visit was to an old farm-house, where a dairy of twenty cows was kept, the milk and butter being sent to market in Glasgow. When we arrived at the door, a dog commenced barking, a turkey flew at us in its crimson anger, two geese cackled their welcome, and a young calf bellowed a greeting, while a cat mewed in concert, and a little old woman urged us to alight. We told her we would if she took the menagerie away, as Mrs. L. was afraid of the turkey, Miss L. of the calf, our coachman of the dog, Miss J. of the cat, and I of the geese. She laughed, probably at our city airs; and as our charioteer declared his solemn intention "not to die barking like a dog," she ordered that animal back to his kennel. A stick drove away the calf, a *shuing* sound with the lips dispersed the feathered tribe, and the cat being declared tame, we alighted. Entering the large kitchen, we stepped upon a stone floor, laid out in patterns, like Peesweep Inn, which accounted for the rheumatic foot, swathed in bandages, that the mistress of the farm-house possessed, for she boasted of chalking the floor every morning. The harness hanging from the rafters emitted a disagreeable odor rather opposite from one's idea of a savory kitchen. On one

side of the large fireplace, with a mantel-piece too high up for even an average-sized American to put his feet while smoking, was an old-fashioned dresser, with its display of china; on the other side was a door leading to a small bedroom occupied by the herdsman, for from his room you entered the cattle-shed and the dairy. The latter was large, and its shelves and floor were of stone. I remarked to a gentleman, on my return from this visit, how strange it appeared to me to see the dairy and cow-pen so close to the house. He replied, "that was an improvement on the old method of being altogether under one roof."

We then went up-stairs, and were ushered into the parlor, which was furnished in a modern style. English tapestry carpet covered the floor, a cottage piano was invitingly open, a marble-top table in the centre held the lamp and some handsomely-bound volumes; easy-chairs were around; a comfortable sofa, lace-curtains at the windows and before each was a small stand holding a vase of fresh flowers. I asked the "*daughter* of the *house*" if she played the piano.

"No, miss," she replied, and holding out her hands, coarse and brown with toil; "what fingers are these to play? They have only been taught to work; all my young days were spent in labor, and it is too late now to learn anything."

Too late! there was such a vein of sadness in the speech. A woman of some thirty-odd years, but with health destroyed by working beyond her strength, and now with hands folded idly before her, she knew not what to do. She could appreciate the beautiful but she could not enjoy it, and it was with more animation that she led us into the spare room from the parlor, and exhibited the pile of home-spun blankets, of which she proudly said, "My mother made them all herself," her taste for the useful superseding her longings for the ornamental.

Her first question on being introduced to me was, "Where is your husband?"

On my confessing to the non-possession of such an accompaniment, she inquired, "How, then, did you come?"

When I confessed again to *we four* travelling from America to Europe without a manly escort she seemed astonished, but I am sorry to say did not appear to admire our courage, so I asked her in return "if she had a husband;" but her sad negative warned me that there were heart sorrows as well as joys with which a "stranger meddleth not." I thought at first she was a widow, but learned that, like ourselves, matrimonial woes as well as its joys she had never known.

The poverty and degradation in the large cities was painful to witness, but whether, because it is among the beauties of nature, but the sight of mendicancy in the country affects one with more sadness than when surrounded by man's works.

A feeling of horror came over me when I saw an aged woman, a tramp of the lowest type, standing beneath the spreading branches of a tree, and yet there was a fascination about her which I could not resist. She was tall, but so attenuated that her bones, as David the Psalmist says, "could be counted." Her feet were barely kept from the ground by an apology for shoes, a chemise and quilted skirt formed her dress, and to cover her bare head and shoulders another quilted skirt was thrown over her gray hairs, and she held it beneath her chin with skinny fingers. But the gray hairs were unkempt and straggled over her forehead in wiry outlines, and from underneath them, shone eyes so brilliant in their fierceness that they looked like stars. If she had been masculine in her appearance, I should have thought that one of Sir Walter Scott's characters had stepped from out the framework of the novel to her native braes. I should have fancied Meg Merrilies before me. This woman, we discovered,

belonged to a gang who obtained, I will not say a living, but their whiskey by *stealing*, and begging as an excuse for the former; and it will not be long that this attenuated figure, already with fatal consumption holding her in his skinny fingers, practice either, and yet the profane language she uttered when refused assistance was a poor herald to the other world. Novelists, so often, throw a charm around such lives, of which the missionary is obliged to disenchant us, before he can receive assistance in his labors.

Among other places visited in Paisley was the cemetery, that had lately been improved. At the extreme ends of the central avenue were two monuments, both erected to the memory of engineers. One design was a simple shaft of Scottish marble, but the symmetry was spoiled by a gilt band about two feet from the apex. I concluded there must be some reason beyond that of mere taste for this elaboration, and on inquiring, learned that on the night after its erection, it fell during a heavy storm and this damage occurred. The other one was of white marble, and the design was a temple with a sculptured angel above it. Another monument that attracted my attention and will interest others, was of granite, and covered the remains of Protestant martyrs, James Algie and John Park, who were executed in Gallows Green, February 3, 1685, for their religion. This graveyard, like the Necropolis of Glasgow, was laid out in terraces on a hill, and gave a fine outlook to the surrounding country. I was accompanied in this ramble by two lovely girls from one of the villas that adorn Craigelea. One possessed the vivacity and delicate perception of a French girl,—roving from music to literature, pictures to fancy work, like a bee from flower to flower, culling from each additional powers of pleasing. The other sister was domestic in tastes, taking the head of the table with all the ease and grace of an accomplished matron, and to whom little brothers and sisters clung, recognizing the

motherly sympathy in her young heart. An older sister, whom I did not meet, was of a different type of womanhood. She had been a student of Nature's pharmacy, her delight was in tending to the wants of not only her fellow-creatures, but of the lower order of animal creation. But home was too narrow a field for her warm nature, and, already was that field occupied by laborers, so she went to Edinburgh, and at the age of seventeen years took her place in the rank of nurses in the hospital, and at the time I was visiting there she had been engaged in the profession for one year, and had under her charge a ward of thirty men.

The system adopted in Edinburgh in the Female Medical College is, that the women must first serve as nurses in the hospitals, or outside if required, for which course of education they receive graded certificates. On being declared efficient in that branch, they then take up the study of medicine, being released from nursing, and after a certain course obtain a diploma. Thus, a woman stands out in the profession not only a doctress but an able nurse.

I felt more sad in leaving Paisley than any other place we had visited, on account of the dear friends I had made there, and in my recollection still linger the pleasant evenings around the piano, and the social chats. At one company, a lady sang "*Prince Charlie*"; immediately following it came "Treasures of the Deep," from the sweet singer of the Sounding Aisle. An animated discussion followed on the relative merits of the two songs. A Scotch gentleman praised the first, as wakening in each heart a sympathetic chord as we thought of the trials of the young prince. An American lady favored the latter song, as being applicable to all people, as many a love, a hope, a joy, had been lost at sea. "There was not one of us," she said, "who did not share in the 'lost treasures of the deep,' but 'Prince Charlie's' aspirations for the crown could not touch an American

heart as much as the Psalms of David, when he, too, hid among the clefts of the rocks from his enemies." The argument subsided, but the two opinions had not varied from their point.

I left a little poem to be printed in the "Paisley Herald and Renfrewshire Advertiser," and it appeared September 14, 1878. As some of my friends may feel desirous of participating in my thoughts of Scotland, I give them here:

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Thy land is like an abbey's walls;
  Within are shrines, to which we bow
In adoration meek; no cloistered halls
  We've ever trod are dear as thou.

We've stood where warriors in each glen
  Have marshalled clans in days of yore;
Our hearts have throbbed like Scotia's men
  When Bruce's heart had touched her shore.

We love the land where Wallace bled,
  Its heroes people yet each hill;
We love the land, where martyrs dead
  Of faith and courage teach us still.

Dear are thy purple-mantled braes,
  A glory in thy lochs is seen,
Thy sparkling rills still lisp the praise
  Of lofty crags embowered green.

Is there a land whose every cliff,
  Where grows the purple heather wild,
And lakes which bear the tiny skiff,
  And dewy meads where verdure smiled,

Have been immortalized in song
  By Tannahill, by Scott, by Burns,
Where Ossian woke the echoes long,
  O'er which the Muse of Poesie ycarns?

O Scotland! e'en the Holyrood
Is consecrated in thy hand;
Colombo's Island stained with blood
Marks thee supreme a Christian land.

In the last stanza I refer to the island of Iona, where stands the first cathedral in the country, and where Bishop Colombo first preached Christianity. Near to it is Staffa, noted for the Fingal's Cave, the termination, or the beginning, it is hard to determine which, of the curious formation of the Giant's Causeway, that will be described in the account of the Irish tour. The heavy rains prevented us from visiting these two noted islands, as the small steamers which ply there cannot get up on account of the tide, and our limited time prevented us from waiting for a more auspicious season. It was the *one* disappointment of our European trip.

These rains make me sigh over my lost American umbrella; I have an English one now, it is true, but I left Philadelphia with one that I prized highly from recollections,—a silver plate upon its handle bore my name and address,—but Fate had decreed its remaining in Europe, so in Geneva the warning finger of stern decree touched it in the shape of a man who entered our room while two of us were in dishabille, and the other two on their couches in the arms of Morpheus, and this audacious man, the handsome hotel clerk, seized upon my umbrella, and in his best German claimed it, while one of *we four*, in the best English that her modest blushes would allow, protested against this forcible entry, and still more forcible possession of an *umbrella*. Twice was this invasion attempted, but the besieged were victorious, and for this time retained the disputed article. But, as I said before, Fate had determined its departure, so on our road to Lake Thun, the sudden uplifting of a parcel from the floor of the car sent the unfortunate umbrella first in a perpendicular position, then a slanting one out of the window, then a series of geo-

metrical curves, and landed I know not where, for I was laughing too much at its manner of going to notice where it went. Whether it has proved a shelter to some German head, or whether a passing train has broken its many ribs, will never be revealed.

But I am a pilgrim, and must take my staff, versus English umbrella, and, with travelling-bag and shawl-strap, start for Manchester; but before leaving the land of poetry I must tell you of a coincidence which I did not discover until my return to America. In my father's library there is a book published in Boston in 1829, called "Specimens of American Poetry;" in it I found "The Braes of Glenniffer," credited to Robert Dinsmoor, born at Londonderry, in New Hampshire, October 7, 1757. He was a farmer's boy, and served as a soldier at the capture of Burgoyne. In 1828 his poems, which had been so far fugitives in newspapers, were published by the "Rustic Bard," as he termed himself, in one volume. Being of Scotch descent, he has written most of his verses in Scotch dialect. As Tannahill published his "Braes of Glenniffer" in 1805, just five years before his death, ought he not to have the credit of the originality of the poem, as he had wandered there so oft, while Dinsmoor had never seen the romantic spot? Or shall we think that the Muse of Poetry breathed the same inspiration into like words into the minds of her talented sons so far apart?

But the Caledonian Railway is taking me now away from the land of Scott and Burns, as we leave shire after shire of rustic beauty beyond us.

It may have appeared to my fellow-travellers, a pleasant English gentleman with rather a fretful, invalid wife, that I was in a lonely position to be travelling in this manner, an entire stranger to the country, thus by myself, but there was too much novelty in my surroundings for me to feel any desolateness in my situation. Passing Gretna Green, that from its

verdant pasture well deserves the name, my memory ran riot over the tales of the village blacksmith and elopements, now a thing of the past. Then through the lake district, that reminded one of Switzerland, only the mountain-peaks were no longer snow-tipped, but the lakes nestled the same at their feet beneath dark-green foliage.

Carlisle being the grand centre for all diverging railways, the excitement around the station was an exhilarating interlude to my long ride. A lady entered our carriage there, accompanied by a porter, who carried on a truck her luggage. As the system of checking baggage like we have in the United States is still to be adopted in Europe, people travel with more hand-luggage than they do in our country, and articles that should be in the baggage-car are crowded in your travelling carriage to interfere with your comfort. I looked aghast as eleven articles, comprising baskets, satchels, bundles, travelling-rugs, and boxes, were placed one by one around me. I could not help remarking, as I saw myself nearly annihilated, "This is an imposition; this baggage should be registered, for this is not a third-class car where all things are allowable." I did not expect an answer, and therefore was not at all disappointed in being perfectly ignored, but I saw had made an enemy of my intended *vis-à-vis*. But my relief came sooner than I expected; the guard appeared on the scene, and informed the lady that she was in the wrong carriage, as she wished to go to Liverpool. In counting over her goods as she withdrew, she missed another bag, thus making an even dozen articles, one of which had been left in the other train. The guard remonstrated with her about filling up the travelling carriage, so I sincerely hope for the comfort of those travelling towards Liverpool in her compartment, that the luggage was considerably diminished. The slowness of movement in Great Britain is very aggravating to an American traveller, and I sympathized very much with a young lady who expected to

reach London before dark, and probably might have done so if the guard would have taken her box out of the baggage-car more expeditiously, so that she could have made the connection at Manchester for London at five o'clock; as it was, she was obliged to wait for a later train.

I was now in Manchester, which comes next to London in antiquity, being founded about the sixth century. It is situated on the Irwell where the Medlock and Irk Rivers meet, and is reached by eight bridges, and the low situation and supply of water make it the manufacturing town it is. There was some difficulty when I was there in municipal affairs, in relation to the conducting of water through the city. I came away before the matter was settled, but I can truly say, except my drink at Tannahill's well, this was the best tasting water we had drunk in Great Britain. I put up at the Trevelyn Hotel until I could learn of the whereabouts of my friends, whose arrival, however, did not take place until three days after mine.

The Cathedral is the attraction of Manchester for visitors. It was built in 1422, and during its erection the workmen received a penny a day for their labor. Near it, among the quaint buildings that are the relics of the ancient town, stands "*The Seven Stars*," an old inn with gabled front and latticed window, in which the men employed on the Cathedral drank their pots of beer. I was very anxious to know how much the foaming draught cost in those days, as a penny a day would not procure even the necessaries of life with our nineteenth-century views, but no one could tell me. This building has been improved so often that its very antiquity is lost, the only reminders of age being a piece of tapestry behind the altar representing the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the old tombs in the chapels.

One very handsome monument was erected to the memory of Mr. Cheetham, who founded the school for orphan boys in 1686, which institution stands in the vicinity of the Cathe-

dral. We heard a choral service the afternoon we visited this venerable church, but the principal part of the music was sung by a tenor voice of remarkable strength and flexibility. It was rumored that the young man to whom the voice belonged would soon exchange the cloister's gown and solemn service for the actor's trappings and the operatic rôle. There was to be a baptism after the service, and there were so many waiting for that ceremony, that now and then infant voices mingled their lugubrious notes with the richer harmony.

The Town Hall and the Assize Courts are the finest buildings in Manchester. The former is built after the models of the Temple of Erectheus and the "Temple of Winds," at Athens. As you ascend the steps to the portico you pass the statues of Solon of Greece and Alfred of England. Is the same wisdom and justice that they meted out, measured from this hall?

Standing on the tessellated pavement of the rotunda, one feels that from floor to dome, art has served her highest purpose in this magnificent building. The Assize Courts is quite a new edifice, the workmen had not yet bade it a final adieu, but it has been occupied. It is the Norman style of architecture, more palatial than cathedral in its size and interior arrangements. This being the district of Lancashire, the Rose of Lancaster was the principal figure in the carvings and hangings, while the armorial bearings of the duke—his coat of arms being a couchant lion—were suspended in every apartment. The central hall was a vast room, with marble pavement and niches on the sides for statues, and overlooking it, was a broad gallery, which our guide told us was a favorite promenade for lawyers while the courts were in session. The latter apartments were arranged on the regular English system, only they were rich and fresh-looking,—a charm that is soon dispelled in this murky city. The windows were of painted glass, and one representing the signing

of the Magna Charta was considered the finest, as it was the largest, in the building. The barristers had dining-rooms for their especial use, very handsomely furnished; the jurors' rooms were plainer in decoration, but more substantial-looking, while on the first floor is a public restaurant.

I had a delightful ride to Kersal Moor, passing on the way rows of semi-detached villas, each with a fancy name upon the gate-posts. One of the residences I was told was that of the Bishop of Manchester, but he had concealed it with a brick wall about fifteen feet high, so that its beauty, if there was any, could only be imagined. I was told he was a very good man, but I also learned he was æsthetic in his taste and a patron of the liberal arts, but I am afraid he is not liberal enough to allow his neighbor to participate in his surroundings. He was an old man, dressed in knee-breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, a long coat, a broad-brimmed beaver, while a white neck-tie gave him a clerical appearance. He was quite urbane in his manners, and is not only loved and esteemed, but almost worshipped by some of his people.

The view of Manchester which I had from Kersal Moor has been taken in oil by a townsman, Mr. Cameron; the painting was on exhibition in the Langworthy Wing of the Peel Park Royal Museum. The same artist had another study there from Kinnoul Hill, at Perth. Another view of Manchester was taken from Throstle Nest, by James Simpson, but I cannot verify its truthfulness, as I did the first painting I mentioned. Among the works of other local artists, I was much pleased with the Conway Marsh, by Joseph Knight. Another study of Conway Bay, but by another artist, was very fine, for the scenery on the Conway coast is well worth a painter's interest to see. Views taken on the coast of North Devon, including the Valley of Rocks, were quite picturesque. The gems of the collection were "Deer-Stalking," by Richard Ansdell, of the Royal Academy, and "Waiting for the Herring-Boats,

on the Beach at Scheveningen," by S. H. Sadee. "Under the Opening Eyelids of the Morn" received the Turner Gold Medal, in 1877, from the Royal Academy; the artist was J. H. Davies. Two pictures by J. Lamont Brodie were charming. One entitled "The Fiery Cross":

> "Like heath bird, when the hawks pursue,
> A barge across Loch Katrine flew.
> High stood the henchman on the prow;
> So rapidly the bargemen row,
> The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
> Were all unbroken and afloat."
>
> SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

The second, "The Lady of the Lake":

> "The maiden paused, as if again
> She thought to catch the distant strain,
> With head upraised and look intent,
> With eye and ear attentive bent,
> And locks flung back and lips apart,
> Like monument of Grecian art,
> In listening mood she seemed to stand
> The guardian Naiad of the Strand."

The Peel Park, in which stands the Royal Museum, receives its name from the statue of the celebrated statesman, Sir Robert Peel, which is placed at the entrance. Other fine statues, one of Richard Cobden, and beautiful fountains ornament these pleasure-grounds, which are laid out in parterres and terraces of flowers and verdure, with a miniature lake on which one can sail.

I spent one evening at *Free-Trade Hall*, which was built at the time (1853) when the free-trade movement was agitating the country, and will accommodate eight thousand persons. It was used by Moody and Sankey during their visit to England, and six to seven thousand people congregated there nightly. It is an unpretentious hall, with nothing but its

vastness to admire. Hague's Minstrel Troupe of sixty performers, with what is termed, in minstrel parlance, eleven endmen,—seven with the banjo and four with the bones,—were giving entertainments there. They were an American band of serenaders, and six were original colored men from the slave States, and gave the plantation dance as if they were "*down Souf.*" Their songs were chiefly American, but their anecdotes and jokes were local. One of their conundrums was, "What tree was planted in this hall?" After some circumlocution, in their general manner, the answer came, "Birch." It appears that a self-made man by that name has taken a great interest in poor boys, and holds services on Sundays in Free-Trade Hall for all working-people who have no church interests elsewhere. We hope that his good works will prosper. Another conundrum was, "What's the difference between a glass of water and a glass of brandy?" Of course everybody gave it up, and the reponse was, "*eightpence.*"

"*We four*" are together again, and feel as if we could be separated no more, and our destination is Stratford-on-Avon, our only stopping-place before we return to London. We change cars at Chester, another old cathedral town, one of the walled cities of England. Its streets cross each other at right angles, according to the ancient Roman direction, with the four principal ones diverging to the cardinal points. The Cathedral has a tower one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and is a massive structure, with some fine old monuments. The ruins of an abbey are adjacent to it.

PART SEVENTH.

THE TRIO'S EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND.

"A Type that blends
Three Godlike friends—
Love, valor, wit—forever.
Oh, the Shamrock! the green!
Immortal Shamrock!
Chosen Leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock."

MOORE.

August 30, 1878.—*We three* left Glasgow for Belfast (Ireland) at six P.M. in the Royal Mail steamer Buffalo, a splendid vessel, containing a fine saloon, and state-rooms handsomely fitted up, but with no preparations for sea-sickness.

The stewardess informed us that the passage across was seldom rough, and the "*Oh, my!*" disease a rare event. As we were not at all addicted to that complaint, this information did not afford the consolation she seemed desirous of imparting.

After leaving Glasgow, we stopped at Greenock, and took on board quite a number of passengers and a quantity of luggage. We left Greenock about eight P.M., and steamed down the Clyde, which we were told was the Delaware of Scotland; but on seeing it, decided it was an insult to compare our noble river with the narrow, sluggish Clyde.

The first part of the trip was down the river into the Frith of Clyde, thence into the Channel, passing before dark Dumbarton Rock and Castle, the residence of the Duke of Argyle, and the ruins of an old ivy-covered relic of the days of palaces.

About ten P.M. we retired to our berths, and slept soundly until five A.M., when we found we had reached Belfast, and were anchored in the "harbor" of old Ireland. We remained on board the Buffalo until six o'clock, then went ashore to secure a jaunting-car to convey us to a hotel.

As it had been a settled fact in our minds that our first ride in Ireland must be in a jaunting-car, we could not be induced to take a carriage of another kind on any consideration.

Our driver, a jolly young Irishman, assisted us in, or rather *on*, the car, mounted up in front, seized the reins of his noble steed, flourished his whip as though he meant business, and away we went.

The jaunting-car, allow me to say for the benefit of those who do not know, has but two wheels; the driver sits on an elevated seat in front, the passengers, two on each side, sitting back to back, facing the curbstone, with feet hanging over the side of the car and resting on a narrow board in an *easy posture.*

The morning being damp and chilly, one of the party wore a water-proof cloak, which in the breeze caused by the rush of our chariot floated out most gracefully on the wind. We, in the mean time, were trying to maintain our positions on the "low-backed car" by holding on with both hands. The faster our steed rushed on the more the cloak fluttered in the air, we laughing immoderately, and wondering what our friends at home would say could they but see our stylish turnout.

Our horse being lame added to the effect, and on we dashed up York to Donegal Street to our hotel, where our coachman drew up with a loud "whoa," and looked around at us with a very knowing look, as much as to say, "Sure and have I not brought yees in ilegant style?"

After doing justice to an excellent breakfast, we started

out to explore Belfast. We visited first the Ulster Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, where, although it was not a visiting day, we were most kindly received, shown through the building, and allowed to see the pupils at dinner. Went next to the establishment of Marcus Ward, the Queen's College, several other prominent buildings, and wound up by a tour of inspection of the principal stores and streets of the town.

Belfast is a beautiful city, containing many fine public buildings, and handsome private residences. The people are most hospitable and kind to strangers, polite and refined in manner, and very American in many of their customs.

Sabbath, September 1.—We accompanied Mr. and Mrs. R., of Belfast, to the Duncairn Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Killen is pastor. As it was Communion Sabbath, we had the pleasure of witnessing the real old Covenanters' service, an exceedingly solemn and impressive ceremony. Dr. K. preached a most excellent sermon from the text, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things for us?"

In the evening attended service at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. The curate, Mr. Crozier, took for his theme, "For the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost," and gave a good, effective sermon. Indeed, we regard this and the discourse of the morning as the best heard abroad, not even excepting Spurgeon. St. Andrew's is quite low church in form of worship,—very different from the Episcopal churches elsewhere. They have a clerk,—quite an old man,—who leads the responses. He wears a black robe, and "has a pulpit on the ground-floor," as one of our party facetiously remarked.

Belfast is a Sabbath-keeping city, the first day of the week being universally observed as one of "*rest.*" No running of cars disturbs the solemnity which broods over that sacred time; no *shops* being open, jar upon the mind's peacefulness.

A Sabbath in Belfast is truly a suitable harbinger for the weekly cares that so soon weigh upon us.

We hear much of the "*brogue*" of Ireland, but it applies only to the southern part of the island, the people of Belfast and Dublin being noted for their pure and correct English.

Monday, September 22.—We rose at four o'clock A.M., and reached the depot at six, in order to take the train for the Giant's Causeway. We were told by an official to pass on to the carriage, and the conductor would "nip" our tickets before starting.

The ride from Belfast to Port Rush is through a most beautiful country, passing many pretty towns, some with strange names, such as Antrim, Ballymena, Ballymoney, Calleybackey, Coleraine, Port Stewart, and many others equally funny until we reached Port Rush, a fashionable watering-place on the sea-coast. Here we found a large, handsome hotel, called the Antrim Arms. After resting a short time we took our favorite carriage—a jaunting-car—for the Causeway. This car had four wheels, two horses, and held ten persons,—*we three* and seven gentlemen (English and Scotch) filling it quite comfortably. The gentlemen were a jolly party, amusing and entertaining, but treating us with the greatest respect and kindness.

The drive of seven Irish miles along the sea-coast is most grand, and would alone repay one for a visit to Ireland. We passed the old Castle of Dunluce, which stands on an isolated rock that rises one hundred feet above the level of the sea, the sides of the rock appearing to form part of the walls, while the base, by the action of the water, has been formed into curious caves. It is separated from the land by a chasm twenty feet broad and one hundred feet deep, and is approached by a self-supported wall of rock about eighteen inches wide, below which the waves foam and dash, even when the sea is calm.

The date and builder of Dunluce are unknown, but it is a relic of feudal times, and was the stronghold of the Mac-Donells, but has degenerated to be a favorite resort for picnics and tea-drinkings during the bathing season.

After leaving Dunluce, we passed the Lion's Paw and the Devil's Punch-Bowl. The former is a rock, covered with moss and ivy, projecting out into the sea, and bearing a strong resemblance to the paw of the King of Beasts. The Bowl is a deep, round cavity, in which, as we were informed, his Satanic Majesty brews punch for his followers by the wholesale, which accounts for the drunkenness in the United Kingdom.

The entire road from Port Rush to the Causeway is lined with the possessions of the Giant and the Devil, and many are the legends told in connection with them. We remarked that Satan seemed to have a great many relations in that part of the country; our guide replied, "Far too many for the good of decent people."

We passed also on this road the residence of Sir Francis McNaughton, a very handsome mansion, surrounded by a beautiful park.

On arriving at the Causeway, the first sound which greeted us was "Grandfather's Clock," which was being sung to a piano accompaniment by some person in the hotel, causing one of *we three* to exclaim, "Really, 'Grandfather's Clock stops short' even in this out-of-the-way place."

Soon we were surrounded by men and boys offering their services as guides and boatmen. One old man exhibited a book containing over three thousand references and autographs, that of Dom Pedro among the number. He insisted on us gazing on "only this and nothing more," feeling confident it would insure his election, but in the midst of his harangue he was pushed aside by another with, "Sure, an' don't yees believe him, ladies, 'tis himself don't tell the truth," and offering to take us out in the boats for about

one-half the fee demanded by the Dom Pedro man; he, in his turn, being thrust back by another still more moderate in his demands. We poor mortals, feeling that we were in the hands of the Philistines, resigned ourselves to whatever might befall us, and calmly awaited our fate. The gentlemen, however, kindly came to the rescue, took charge of the party, and ended the disputed point by selecting an honest lad, Hugh McDonell,—we suppose the last surviving descendant of the family who owned Dunluce,—to act as guide for the whole party. Hugh at once assumed command, and started us up the Shepherd's Path, followed by quite a small army of the rejected, who kept informing us that "sure, Hughey knew nothing about the Causeway; had never been over it himself, an' the first thing we knew we would be drowhnded in the say." Hugh retorted by saying "'twas themselves would drowhn us; and sure they heard the ladies say they did not want to be drowhnded." We finally succeeded in getting rid of some of our numerous retinue, and commenced the ascent.

On reaching the Wishing Well we were again beset by men, women, and children selling sea-weed, shells, views, and specimens of various kinds. One old dame with a "three-bordered cap" insisted on us buying something from her, "as she had not had a drop of tay for a week."

"Oh," said a gentleman, "it is my opinion you have had too much tay already this morning."

She was quite indignant, and moved on, to try her powers of persuasion on less obdurate hearts.

"Blessings on your sweet face, buy from me, and 'tis myself will pray for a safe voyage to America," said another old crone.

"How do you know I am an American?" was asked.

"Sure an' I know the tongue of yees, and that yees have plenty of money, as all from America have."

"Go away," said another; "she'll buy from me, for I axed her first."

"Give me a penny?" said a ragged "*vagabond heroine*," who had followed us up, jumping from stone to stone like a young chamois; "give me a penny? Well, then, give me a ha'penny."

"Change a crown and take it out," said a gentleman.

This was too much for the damsel, and she subsided.

Such a clatter and chattering as was kept up around us can only be imagined by those who have been besieged as we were. It was bewildering, provoking, and exceedingly laughable, too.

Our poor, patient guide, Hugh, was in the mean time trying to rescue us from the clutches of the enemy, and we at last succeeded in evading them for a few minutes, and were then invited to take a seat in the Wishing Chair, and drink a glass of water from the Wishing Well.

"Drink," said the old man of the well, "and whatever yees wish will come true within a twelvemonth. If yees are single and want to be married, or if yees are married and want to be single, just drink, and in a twelvemonth it will all come to pass."

What could all who were single do but drain the glass?

One gentleman alone obstinately refused to partake of the wonderful water, saying he had no desire to test its properties, as he was perfectly satisfied with his condition in life, and wished no change.

After bidding adieu to the ancient specimen who guards this mysterious chair and spring, and at the same time collects toll from innocent pilgrims, we resumed our journey, and Hugh commenced his explanations.

"This is a wonderful structhure," said he, "and was built by a giant thousands and thousands of years ago."

"Indeed!" said some one. "And what was the name of the giant, Hugh?"

"Do none of ye know?" said Hugh, with an air of great surprise.

"Don't believe him, lady," said another youth, who kept following the party; "don't believe a word he tells ye."

"How long was the giant building it, Hugh?" was next asked.

"Years and years," said he.

"Don't believe him," said number two; "it was all built by the giant in the space of six days, an' he rested the seventh."

"And what was the name of the giant?"

"It was God," he reverently replied.

We concluded he was well rooted and grounded in the faith, if our guide was not.

After climbing a few minutes Hugh again stopped.

"This," said he, "is the Giant's Organ; it is composed of seven thousand pipes and four thousand stops, and is played upon by the giant on a Christmas morning, at six o'clock, once in seven years."

"Have you ever heard it, Hugh?" we asked.

"Sure an' I never get up so early of a cauld morning," he replied.

"This," said our guide, pointing to a stone, "is a pentagon, and this, an octagon."

"Oh," said one of the gentlemen, "what nonsense, Hugh! You don't know a pentagon or an octagon when you see them."

"Get down and count for yourself," answered he; "and if ye know anything about figgers at all, ye can tell I'm right."

And he was, too, being, as we found, well posted on the subject.

We inquired how far to the top of the "structhure."

"About an Irish mile; and I suppose ye know an Irish mile is longer than any other mile."

"No," we replied. "Why is it longer?"

So Hugh proceeded to explain:

The Irish mile was measured with a woollen string, which was tied to a mad dog; every time the dog gave a "leap" the string stretched, and as the animal was very restive and gave a great many "leaps," by the time the mile was measured the string had increased considerably in length, thus making the mile an exceedingly long one, as we found it to be before reaching the highest point.

Our attention was next directed to a figure resembling an old woman on her knees, with hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer.

"That," said Hugh, "is the 'Devil's Grandmother' saying her prayers; every afternoon at four o'clock she says them loud enough to be heard over in Scotland."

We asked if he had ever heard her pray.

"Sure an' do ye think I would be deafened by the likes of her," he replied, assuming an air of the greatest contempt.

He next pointed out the Highlander's Bonnet, a large stone in the ocean in the shape of a Scotchman's cap, having even the little tuft on the top.

The legend runs thus, according to Hugh:

When the giant was building the Causeway one of his men, becoming angry about some trifle, refused to work, and started to swim to Scotland. The giant seized his bonnet and threw it into the sea, where it was turned into a stone, and, as Hugh remarked, "There he remains pethrified in the say to this day."

Our guide was very particular pointing out the different shaped stones in the Causeway, and assured us there was but "one nine- and one three-sided figure in the whole structhure."

We wound up by a visit to the Caves, where a musket was fired off for our edification, to give us the benefit of the echo.

On returning to the hotel we parted with our friend Hugh, who we would recommend to all who visit the Causeway as an honest, entertaining youth. Of his honesty we can vouch, for when *we three* insisted on paying him for his services, he refused to accept anything, saying the gentlemen had given him "far too much, sure;" then bidding us an affectionate good-by, and wishing us "a safe voyage over the say," he took his departure. Poor, honest Hugh! we will not soon forget him, his humorous tales and Irish wit.

The Causeway is truly wonderful, but at first sight, persons are rather disappointed at its height, but on inspection it surpasses expectation. Sailing past in a vessel, gives no idea of its magnitude and grandeur; it is only by walking over it, from stone to stone, that a correct impression can be obtained. The stones—some four-, some six-, and some eight-sided—fit as exactly as though all had been done with chisel and rule. "This" (to quote Hugh again) "proves that the giant knew how to use his tools."

They also tell a tale of the Causeway having been mistaken by the Spanish Armada for a fortification, and after bombarding it for several hours, the fleet sailed away "without receiving a shot in return."

We dined at the Causeway Hotel, and returned by jaunting-car to Port Rush, where we bade adieu to our gentleman friends and took the train for Belfast, which place we reached at ten P.M., very tired, but in good spirits. Our visit to the Causeway will long afford us much enjoyment in recalling the many funny incidents which occurred at that time.

September 3.—We left Belfast at ten A.M. for Dublin, and had the pleasure of riding in the carriage with an Irish gen-

tleman, who pointed out the various places of interest along the road, and was also quite entertaining; talked of America as a howling wilderness, and the inhabitants thereof as barbarians; said *we three* would not dare to travel alone in our own country, and much more to the same effect. We, of course, resented this, and took up the hatchet in defence of our native land; and after the battle had raged for some time, found to our discomfiture he was only jesting, trying to provoke us; as he then informed us his business interest centred in New York, and he entertained the warmest feelings towards Americans. On reaching Lisburn we parted with our friend, who expressed many kind wishes for our welfare and safe journey home.

The line of road from Belfast to Dublin passes through a most beautiful section of country, many parts of it reminding us of counties in our own State. The verdure of Ireland is remarkable, the grass being of a *greener green* than in other lands; and no place else does the ivy grow in such profusion and of such a dark, shiny green, the leaves having the appearance of being oiled and then rubbed with a cloth to make them shine. Every wall, house, and old ruin is covered with this "rare old plant,—the ivy green." Fuchsias grow into large bushes, and wild-flowers of all kinds are abundant. It is nothing unusual to see fields of poppies, which are cultivated for opium.

Of course there is a vast difference between the country and the people of the north and south of Ireland. In the north the land is fertile and highly cultivated, the dwelling-houses of the working-class neat and comfortable, while in the extreme southern part the land is barren and unproductive, and in many places the poor people live in mere hovels, and perhaps share this shelter with a cow; and yet these miserable objects constitute the "tenantry" of some noble Lord or Right Honorable, who takes the last penny from the poor wretches,

and yet does nothing to improve or elevate their condition. Is it at all wonderful that so many of this class leave the Emerald Isle to seek a home in "the land of the free?"

After passing through many fine towns, we arrived at Dublin about four P.M., and secured our favorite carriage —a jaunting-car—to convey us to a hotel. After dining, took a walk through some of the principal streets of the city.

September 4.—We went out this morning to inspect Dublin, and heard of a fashionable wedding which was to take place in Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal). We were invited to attend, and being blessed with a reasonable amount of curiosity, and anxious to see how things were done over the water, we concluded to present ourselves, so we wended our way to the church. We found a vast crowd assembled around and in the building, but succeeded in obtaining entrance and very good seats. The groom was Lord Granville Gordon, the bride Miss Roe. There was a goodly sprinkling of Lords, Ladies, Right Honorables, and other high-sounding titles, with diamonds and laces in profusion. Each invited guest was presented with a book, bound in blue and gold, containing the wedding service and hymns to be used. As the bridal party left the church, the groom scattered small coins among the crowd gathered outside, much to the edification of a small army of ragged urchins, who yelled, scrambled, and punched each other in a manner wonderful to behold.

On leaving the Cathedral we went to the Royal Bank of Ireland; afterwards to Pym's establishment, famed for poplins. This store is after the style of Stewart's, in New York. The attendants were most obliging in conducting us through the various departments and displaying the goods. We also explored Sackville Street, a wide, beautiful thoroughfare, containing large, handsome stores, equal to those of Paris

and London, the display of millinery, lace, silk, and velvet goods being remarkably fine. After visiting many of the prominent buildings we returned to our hotel, tired and prepared to enjoy a good dinner.

September 5.—We left Dublin at ten A.M. in company with Dr. R., of New York, and Rev. Dr. S. and lady, of Georgia, for Killarney. The country along this line of road appears very barren and poor, and gives but little sign of improvement. Peat-bogs are numerous in this section, causing our friend Dr. R. to remark "that it was all a mistake calling St. Patrick the patron saint of Ireland, that it should be St. Peter, spelled Peat."

To obtain the peat or turf, which is a kind of soft, vegetable matter, and which burns with a bright, clear light, they dig from six to ten feet below the surface, and after the turf is removed the land is again cultivated. We noticed great quantities of peat piled up, drying for winter use.

In the bogs, below the peat, are found logs of wood, called peat-oak, or bog-wood, which, as many persons believe, were trees buried during the flood. These, from being so long under the soil, have become quite hard and black. From this wood the bog-wood ornaments, pipes and jewelry so much admired, are made. "The peat-bogs are the coal mines of Ireland," and were it not for them the poorer classes would be without fuel.

We arrived at Killarney at six o'clock P.M., and drove to Muckross Hotel; but as this house is not on the lake, we removed, the next morning, to the Lake Hotel, which is situated on the Bay of Castlelough, on the eastern shore of the Lower Lake, and but a short distance from the water. Here one commands a fine view of Mangerton, Torc, Eagle's Nest, Purple Mountains, Glenna, Tomies, and Carrantual. The pleasure-grounds of the hotel cover sixty acres, and are laid out very tastefully. We can recommend this house to all who visit

Killarney, as it is in a very desirable location. We enjoyed a most delightful row over the lakes, in company with our friends, Dr. S. and lady and Dr. R. We had a large boat and three oarsmen, "natives to the manor born," who took particular pains to point out all objects of interest.

The Lakes of Killarney, the Upper Lake, Lake Muckross, and Lough Leane are beautifully surrounded by mountain ranges, among which are Mount Torc and the Eagle's Nest, the latter rising twelve hundred feet above the water's edge. The cliff is covered more than half-way up by the graceful arbutus, and it is said eagles still build on its summit. It is here the rare "Killarney Fern" is found.

> "The fern! the fern! the Irish hill fern,
> That girds our blue lakes from Lough One to Lough Erne;
> That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
> And bends like a nun over clear well and spring.
> The fairy's tall palm-tree, the heath birds' fresh nest,
> With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,
> Oh, what can you match with its beautiful stem?
> With a spell on each leaf that no mortal can learn,
> Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill fern."

In the woods the "red deer" still roam, and stag-hunts often take place.

Our first landing-place was Ross Island, where the O'Donoghue Castle is situated. This is a grand, beautiful ruin, completely covered over with ivy. We ascended the time-worn, crumbling stone stairway to the topmost point of the wall, and gazed spellbound upon the beauty spread out before us.

Our boatmen told us many tales connected with this ancient edifice, one of which runs thus: "Once in seven years the 'Last of the O'Donoghues' returns to the castle, when it is restored to all its former grandeur, with servants and retainers without number. This continues for seven days, and

then in the twinkling of an eye the glory departs, and the castle is again a ruin." They also pointed out a huge rock in the lake, called the "O'Donoghue's Pulpit," from which he harangues his clan before taking his departure. We asked one of the boatmen if he had ever been so fortunate as to witness this wonderful transformation. He replied, "It was not for the likes of him to be around when the gentry were about."

We saw also the "Hen and Chickens," which are kept in the water to be in readiness for the return of the "Lord of the Castle." These are stones, but so close is the resemblance that one of our party "wondered what chickens were doing in the water."

On this island is a cottage, surrounded with columns which are completely covered with the beautiful and graceful fuchsia in full bloom, the flowers being of the largest size and of a most brilliant color.

We were beset by women selling bog-wood jewelry and ornaments of various kinds. "Och, buy this pin, and the Lord bless you, and take you safe over the water, all for two and six," said an old woman to one of our party.

After drinking in all the beauties of Ross Island, we again took our boat and rowed to Innisfallen. The ruins of this Abbey are still in a good state of preservation. It was founded in the seventh century by St. Finian. A small chapel is still of an earlier date.

In the centre of the island is a large ash-tree, a deep space under the trunk being called the "Friar's Grave." It was known that St. Finian was buried on the island, but the exact spot could not be ascertained until some years ago, when a granite slab was discovered under the roots of the tree, which project some distance above the ground.

St. Finian Lobhar (the leper) was a descendant from the Munster Kings, and the "Annals of Innisfallen," in the Bod-

leian Library, were written by the learned monks who lived within these old walls twelve hundred years ago.

Innisfallen is a picturesque island in the Lower Lake, and is next to Ross Island in size. We lunched at this romantic place, and all declared that cold chicken, ham, and bread and butter, with various other edibles, never tasted so good as when partaken of at "Innisfallen's ruined shrine."

We gathered here some fine specimens of fern, and also the "Dear little Shamrock of Ireland," the "Irish Emblem," used by St. Patrick to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. He remarked in one of his sermons on that subject, "As these three leaves are united in one, so the three persons of the Trinity are united in one Godhead."

After spending some time on this beautiful spot, and feeling almost as though at

> "Innisfallen we must pray,
> Though the monks have gone away,"

we again took to the water, and as we caught a last glimpse of this lovely isle, we thought:

> "Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
> May calm and sunshine long be thine!
> How fair thou art let others tell,
> While but to feel how fair is mine."

Our next stopping-place was Kenmare's Island, on which is a beautiful cottage belonging to Lord Kenmare, and in which "Her Majesty the Queen" lunched when making a tour of Ireland in 1862. The apartments remain as they were when occupied by Queen Victoria, but the cottage is now used only when Lord Kenmare and his guests visit the island. The grounds are quite pretty, and appear to be kept with much care. A short distance from Kenmare Cottage is a smaller building, which is free to the numerous picnic par-

ties which frequent the island. By permission of the gardener, we gathered a quantity of the beautiful purple and white heather, growing in profusion over the rocks, and also some ivy leaves, to carry over the Atlantic.

We went from Kenmare to the "Old Weir Bridge," which was built by the Danes, and through which the rapids run. Here is the passage from the Upper to the Middle and Lower Lakes. This passage, or "shooting the rapids," as it is called, is considered quite dangerous, but the boatmen are able to do it, even at night, with perfect safety, though a stranger could never find the outlet. This is called by the boatmen "Colman's Eye," after an ancient chief of the Upper Lake, who is said to have leaped across when defeated and pursued by the O'Donoghue, whom he had challenged to single combat. His footprints are still shown to the curious, and of course look very natural. On looking at this bridge and the rapids, we were reminded of the lines:

> "Shoot not the Old Weir, for the river is deep;
> The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,
> The sky tho' unclouded, the landscape tho' fair,
> Trust not to the current, for death may be there."

The Long Range, as it is here called, is the most beautiful part of Killarney. Here we heard the echo, said to be one of the most remarkable in the world, and famed for its repetition of a bugle-call, which appears to be repeated by hundreds of bugles, the sound growing fainter and fainter until it is finally lost in the distance. At the discharge of a musket loud thunder seems to peal from rock to rock, and at last dies away among the mountains. We met a boat, the oarsmen of which were singing, and as "Bold Irish Boy" seemed to be the refrain of the song, the echo gave back "Irish Boy" with so much effect that we almost supposed ourselves surrounded by "Irish Boys" without number. Some years

ago a small cannon was used to awaken the echo for visitors, but it is now abandoned, on account of several accidents having occurred.

The Meeting of the Waters, where all the lakes unite or join together, takes place a little below, giving rise to Moore's beautiful poem, "The Meeting of the Waters." And is there an individual who has visited this most beautiful spot but will agree with the poet, that

> "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet"?

On all the islands the arbutus-trees hang their branches down to the water, while the banks are clothed with ferns, long grass, and wild-flowers, many of which are unknown to strangers.

After gazing for some time on this lovely scene, and still feeling reluctant to leave so much beauty, we turned homeward, and, passing the Cloisters, Muckross Abbey, and Arbutus Island, continued our route, and reached the shore as daylight was fading, the universal opinion being that "Beauty's home is Killarney."

Our boatmen told us that an Irishman is not allowed to carry or own a musket; and, if his children were starving, he dare not shoot any of the wild ducks which fly around, or be allowed to fish in the lakes, for that would be encroaching on the rights of the "Lord of the Manor"; and yet these lords exact the very last farthing in the way of rent and taxes from the forlorn objects known as "tenantry."

We spent a pleasant evening with our friends and some Americans whom we met, all agreeing that this day should be marked with a white mile-stone, being one of the most delightful spent abroad.

> "By Killarney's lakes and fells,
> Mountain-paths and woodland dells,

Memory ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney."

September 7.—We left Killarney this morning for Dublin. On arriving at Mallow, where the railway connection is made for Cork and Queenstown, we witnessed a very affecting parting scene between a young Irishman, who was bound for America, and his friends. His poor old mother, ragged, bareheaded, and shoeless, clung to her son, and wept as though her heart would break, the other friends crowding round for a last shake of the hand, and weeping violently. It seemed impossible to stop the general wail until the signal was given to start the train, and even then the poor old woman climbed up on the side of the car and clung to her boy until the speed was so great as to oblige her to jump off. The last seen of her, she was weeping and mourning as one who "refused to be comforted."

Dublin, Sabbath, September 8.—We went this morning to St. Patrick's Cathedral (Episcopal), which was built in 450. This, as may be supposed, is quite a gem from the antique, although some parts have been restored at much later dates. It contains the tombs of Dean Swift, Samuel Lover, and other prominent Irish characters. This church was built by the Monk Patrick (not the saint of that name), who went from Christ Church Cathedral (Dublin), which dates back to the year 439. While St. Patrick's was in progress of erection, water being scarce, and converts for baptism numerous, Monk Patrick was under the necessity of instituting a search for a well, and after digging only four feet

below the surface was so fortunate as to discover a spring of clear, pure water. This well remains to this day, and is called "St. Patrick's Well," the water being still used on baptismal occasions. It is related that Cromwell, during his invasion of Ireland, stabled the horses of his army in the Cathedral, and although a vast quantity of water was used, the supply was equal to the demand, the spring continuing to bubble up cold and clear as crystal. We were importuned by an old verger to take a bottle of the limpid fluid from the Holy Well to Philadelphia, as a curiosity, but as we could not determine whether the custom-house officials would demand thirty or sixty per cent. duty, and having already a collection of mementos of various kinds, we declined the vial with many thanks. The monuments and marble pavement in the old part of the building are much defaced in many places, said to have been done by the English soldiers when the church was used as barracks. The building has been lately renovated and improved at the expense of Sir Benjamin Guinness, who spent a vast sum of money—over one million dollars—we were told, for that purpose. The music at St. Patrick's is remarkably fine; in the estimation of many persons, excelling that at Westminster Abbey.

We were highly honored by being conducted to seats in the Dean's pew, which commands a fine view of the choir and congregation, thus giving us an opportunity of observing as well as being ourselves observed. After service we spent some time in inspecting the building and the numerous old tombs which it contains, and then bade adieu to our friend the verger, who had been so kind in relating to us the history of the Cathedral.

Dublin boasts of a grand park of eleven hundred and seventy acres, called Phœnix Park. It is handsomely laid out, contains many fine old trees, and, like all Ireland, beautiful verdure and flowers of every description. Many of the

walks lead down to the River Liffey, and in the distance can be seen the mountains of Wicklow. The Phœnix stands on an elevated column in the centre of the Park, and is an object of admiration to the residents of the city and the first pointed out to strangers. The Hill of Howth, three or four miles out of Dublin, is six hundred feet high, extending into the water and guarding the entrance to the city. Its sides are covered with the beautiful heather, and from the top you can command an extensive view of sky, sea, and land.

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), built in 439, is a fine old edifice, and like St. Patrick's has also been repaired, by the generosity of Mr. Roe, of Dublin.

There are many grand buildings in this city, the pride and boast of the inhabitants, among them the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Irish Parliament House. Before Great Britain and Ireland were united as one kingdom the House of Peers and Commons of Ireland met in this edifice, and here their last session was held in 1800.

We were exceedingly pleased with the "Capital of the Irish nation" and its people, and left them with regret, ready to agree with their own poet, that

"Och, Dublin City there is no doubtin'
Bates every city upon the say."

September 9.—We started for the shores of Old England at eight o'clock this morning by steamer, for Holyhead, and enjoyed the trip across, *we three* not being at all sea-sick, although many were suffering from that most delightful disorder, and disappeared one by one from the deck, until we and a few others alone remained to inhale a "stiff sea-breeze," as the captain remarked, and view a cloudless sky. We reached Holyhead at four P.M., and took the train for Manchester.

We had a pleasant ride through Wales, part of it being

along the sea-coast and by the Menai Straits, which separate the island of Anglesea from Caernarvon, in which county stands Conway Castle, that from its picturesqueness, deserves to be, as it is, the theme of poets and painters. It was built by Edward I., and is one of the grandest of the feudal fortresses that remain in Great Britain, being situated on a precipitous rock overlooking the Conway River. The town is enclosed with embattled walls, with towers and gateways. But this vision of the past is lost in the speed of the present, and we made such good time that we arrived in Manchester at ten P.M., where we rejoined the other member of our party, and resumed our travels as *we four*.

PART EIGHTH.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

"That shire which we the heart of England well may call."
DRAYTON.

THE whole route to this renowned spot was one exquisite panorama of woods, farms, fields, rivers, lakes, and nestling villages; we had left the manufacturing towns for a while, and the eye saw only the beautiful until, passing through Birmingham, the useful in the way of factories met our gaze; but the situation of the town is so picturesque that even the useful did not detract from the beautiful. In that city has been established a Shakspeare Museum, which all worshippers at the shrine of the Bard of Avon should visit before they leave a locality so honored.

We arrived at the close of a beautiful autumnal day, and already the wind was nipping our cheeks with the promise of a frosty night, and the sun was setting in its yellow, wintry splendor. We took the coach for the Red Horse Inn, because it had been highly spoken of, but regretted afterwards that we did not stay at the Shakspeare, where the rooms are named after the poet's plays. I should have preferred to sleep in "All's Well that Ends Well."

The Red Horse is a large inn, with a central court-yard, and Washington Irving's Parlor was the front room, on the right side of the court,—the dining-room was opposite. The bedrooms were very comfortable, but the meals were quite poor, and we learned that persons who had preceded us there suffered in like manner.

Coming down the stairs, hungry and tired, we met the waiter, who on seeing us, drew a poker from a red flannel scabbard, in which it had been placed, and laid it in Clio's hand.

"What is this?" she queried.

"A poker," he answered, indignantly.

"I have a better one than that at home," replied Clio, turning it carelessly with her fingers.

"Probably you have, but not this poker," he irately said, taking the dangerous-looking article from her unappreciative hands and handing it to Erato.

"*What's in a poker?*" she commenced, intending to quote Shakspeare most eloquently, when our now exasperated waiter pointed to a device upon the poker and shortened her "soliloquy."

"Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre," slowly read Erato. "Who was Geoffrey Crayon? Was he a king?" she asked, with a look of innocent wonderment on her face.

"It is evident you have never read the Sketch Book."

"Oh, yes," replied Clio, "we have; but we have no predilection for pokers."

"Only as a means for supper," said Erato. "Is our supper ready, for we are hungry."

"It will be *shortly*," and our waiter spoke as *shortly;* and it must have been on account of our incredulity in pokers that our meal was a poor one, so we suffered for our little pleasantry not only at supper but at breakfast.

Washington Irving's Parlor was very neatly arranged, with engravings and extracts from newspapers, framed, hanging on the walls. The chair in which he often sat, the table at which he wrote, and the fire accoutrements he used, all were kept in perfect order, but we had no reverence for these inanimate objects. The genius we admire lives in its own works, not in the furniture another man constructed, nor the

clothes the tailor made. We visited no place in which was said to be the original furniture of Shakspeare's home, already in two houses; it was sufficient for us that we walked the ground that he had trod, that we gazed on scenes that he had loved to look upon, that we saw the house in which he was born, the school in which he studied, the cottage in which he wooed and won Anne Hathaway, the church in which his bones are buried; that here he made the acquaintance of James Burbage, probably one of the family of that name residing at Stratford, but in 1577 the leader of the Earl of Leicester's players; also Thomas Green, another resident of Stratford, an actor too, who, it is thought by Malone, introduced Shakspeare to the theatre in 1586. It was in Stratford where the *child* was born, that the genius of the *man* was developed, for the borough seems to have been well patronized by strolling companies of actors, as those of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester appeared there in 1577, when the future playwright was but a boy and easily impressed by the glitter and show of a playhouse. In 1579 a troupe under the patronage of the Countess of Essex appeared at Stratford, while in 1588 we read of the players of the Earl of Berkley and Lord Chandos visiting the town, and the next year three other companies, but no account is given under what noble patronage *they* travelled. With these surroundings, with the inimitable reminiscences by Washington Irving and Grace Greenwood still in my mind, it seemed as if we were walking on consecrated ground.

We feel very grateful that we look back on September 13, 1878, as one of the perfect autumnal days that Nature vouchsafes to man, and under the beautiful morning, born of the frosty night, the town of Stratford-upon-Avon lay clean and pure and fresh, a fitting shrine for pilgrims to worship. We started under the cloudless azure sky, first through the borough, looking at the old Market Hall in the centre of cross-roads,

then at an ancient house on High Street, whose latticed windows and gabled front and curious carvings reminded us of the antique buildings in Strasbourg. The house in which the immortal bard first saw the light on April 23, 1564, is situated on Henley Street, and has a wide front and a low porch, and is devoid of the visage carvings that ornament the older house in High Street; but the exterior has undergone many changes, brick being substituted for the original timber-framed front, that even this landmark will soon lose its interest to visitors. It is a natural concurrence of events to visit next the Grammar School, which adjoins the Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, of which it forms a part. It is unknown when this guild was established, but in 1269 a hospital, a chapel, and a school were founded, which were sequestrated when monastic institutions were abolished by Henry VIII. The chapel is quite an ornament to the town, being of the elaborate architecture of Henry VII., but the chancel was rebuilt in perpendicular Gothic in 1443, and forms a striking contrast to the long, two-story homely building at its side, where, under Thomas Hunt and Thomas Erskine, the poet received his early education.

We cannot but regret that "New Place," the home of Shakspeare, which he purchased in 1597 from the Clopton family, returned to them again by a sale made by Shakspeare's granddaughter, as, after numerous alterations, the edifice was razed to the ground. This site, however, substantiates Shakspeare's claims to having been a personage of importance in his native town. His father was alderman in 1556, and high-bailiff in 1568. His mother was of the ancient family of Arden, in Warwick County, and their coat of arms was impaled with that of the Shakspeare house during the mayoralty of William's father, 1568; and a young man who, at thirty-four years of age, could have retired from active life in an affluent style for those days, certainly deserves more

credit than the reputation of a poacher, spendthrift, frequenter of London ale-houses, or unfaithfulness to the woman he had married for love, although several years his senior. A theatre has been built upon the ground of the "New Place,"—a fitting tribute for such a spot,—but it is but a small building, and will sink into insignificance before the edifice that is still in course of erection,—the Shakspeare Memorial,—which owes its being to the ready thought and persevering energy of Grace Greenwood. This is to be museum, library, school of dramatic art, and will be an honor as well as a useful tribute to the place. One story alone was completed at our visit, which, I understood, was intended for the lecture-room. We could see the outline while standing in the church-yard looking over the gray wall at the current of the beautiful Avon, which flowed beneath us. The stone bridge of many piers which crosses the river owes its erection to Sir Hugh Clopton, Mayor of London about the year 1586, as the Church of the Holy Trinity does its beauty to John of Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter building is approached from the town by an avenue of lime-trees; but, after walking beneath its shady covert, we lingered in the old graveyard, and from its wall, watched the swans sailing majestically on the calm bosom of the Avon. The building is cruciform, of the early English type, and is of different centuries. The tower is square and low, and has circular windows of the most delicate carving. This was built in 1120, but it is now surmounted by an octagonal spire, erected in 1764, which makes the height of tower and spire one hundred and sixty-three feet, about one hundred and twenty more than at its first building. The nave dates back to 1400, the vestry-room to 1300; the choir, about 1480, was rebuilt by Dr. Thomas Ralshall, warden of the adjacent college; the transept was restored by the executors of Sir Hugh Clopton. The latter contains some very old and curious tombs. Sir Thomas

Crombie and wife lie here in effigy, with inscriptions on their sarcophagi extolling their virtues. Two other tombs, whose inmates' names I could not decipher, are colored in that odious style of the sixteenth century which renders the figures more like caricatures than representatives. The chancel, in which Shakspeare, wife, and daughter lie, is in the early perpendicular style of English architecture. It has five large windows on each side, and one near the bust of Shakspeare, —the great east window is receiving its stained lights by contributions from American citizens, representing the "Seven Ages of Man," scripturally illustrated. Only five had thus far been placed,—Moses in the bulrushes, Samuel studying under Eli the priest, Jacob as the lover of Rachel, David as a warrior, Abraham the patriarch. What the remaining two are to be, the future visitor can tell better than I. The oaken stalls for the choristers are quite grotesquely carved, and the sedilia inside the chancel railing is of stone. The flat stones which mark the graves of Shakspeare and family were once outside of the railing, but the tread of feet of the congregation, partaking of the Eucharist, wearing the inscriptions away, induced the vestry to move the balustrade outside of the tombs.

It is with difficulty now that one can decipher the quaint lines that were carved over Shakspeare's grave:

"GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE;
BLESTE BE Yᴱ MAN Yᵀ SPARES THES STONES
AND CURST BE HE Yᵀ MOVES MY BONES."

About five feet above this stone, on the wall, is placed the poet's monument. It is a shrine, between the pillars of which is a bust of Shakspeare. His arms rest upon a cushion, and in his right hand is a pen, with which he is represented as just writing upon a scroll of paper, which lies carelessly be-

neath his left hand. This was colored, "the lower part of the cushion being crimson, the upper part green, with gilt tassels. The poet's dress was a scarlet doublet, over which was a sleeveless black gown. His hair and beard were auburn, and his eyes a light hazel." Time destroyed the brilliancy of the hues, and in 1748 they were carefully restored by John Ward's company of actors, but in 1793 they were obliterated by a coat of white paint, with a brush in the hands of Mr. Malone. One writer says, "Whitewashing the poet's bust was Malone's atonement for having attempted to blacken his reputation." A few years ago, however, this act of vandalism was effaced by some admirer of the poet's genius, and the bust greeted our eyes in its original tints, though sadly dimmed by the past cruel usage. Beneath the cushion is this Latin inscription:

"Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mœret, Olympvs habet."

Then in English, beneath the Latin, these lines:

"Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs death hath plast
Within this monvment: Shakspeare, with whome
Quick natvre dide; whose name doth deck y^{s} tombe,
Far more than cost; sith all y^{t} he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.
Obiit, ano. doi. 1616.
Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."

Above the bust is Shakspeare's coat of arms, which I will describe according to heraldic terms.

"Or, on a bend sable, a tilting spear of the first, point upwards, headed argent."

For the crest, "a falcon displayed, argent, supporting a spear in pale or."

On each side is a figure of a boy in a sitting position; one

holds a spade, the other, with closed eyes, rests his right hand on a skull, while the left clasps an inverted torch. Surmounting all is a death's head. This mural monument to Shakspeare was erected in 1619, and is supposed to have been carved by Thomas Stanton, an English sculptor of no small renown.

Receiving directions from the courteous gray-haired sexton for our walk to Shottery, the pretty village, within a mile of Stratford, in which Anne Hathaway resided, we let our fancy roam back three hundred years and imagined the lover on that level country road, crossing the stile, taking the narrow path through the fields, lingering by the babbling brook (over which a rustic bridge has been thrown), and finally reaching the embowered cottage where dwelt his mistress. It has been divided into two tenements, and no descendant of the family occupies it; so, as one feels a reluctance to intrude upon family privacy, we contented ourselves with looking over the English hedge at the well-arranged kitchen-garden and then going back to the brookside, thought of the murmured words of love that had mingled with its rippling waters as the poet strayed on its picturesque banks with Anne Hathaway. We took the turnpike route back to Stratford, for, let me whisper it softly to you, and "tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in Askelon," that having passed safely, though timidly, through a herd of cattle in the lovely pasture-fields, we were afraid to venture back. On our return home we passed the mansion of an English gentleman, whose verdant park was studded with graceful deer, and reminded us of what Charlecote, the residence of Sir Thomas Lucy, must have been in Shakspeare's early days.

There are several sites distinguished as memorials of the poet's life, such as Welcombe, the dwelling-place of John-a-Combe, a usurer, of whom Shakspeare extemporized such a severe epitaph:

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Combe will have twelve he swears and he vows.
If any one asks, who lies in this tomb?
Ha! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

A crab-apple tree between Bidford and Stratford, under which tradition says the poet lay drunk one night after a tippling combat between the youths of the two villages, is also shown to visitors; whether it is the original tree, I think, is rather doubtful.

But we are too satisfied at having stood by his grave to listen to traditionary tales of his roystering boyish life; so, returning to our hotel, we made friends again with our *poker* waiter by our appreciation of Stratford-upon-Avon and Washington Irving's Parlor in the Red Horse Inn, and only regret that he did not set before us a good meal, for draughts from the inspiriting atmosphere of Genius make one physically hungry. However, mentally refreshed, we took the train again, and after a short ride stopped at Warwick, another exquisite English village, on the right bank of the Avon. Between the town and the river, on a precipitous cliff, stands Warwick Castle, the most magnificent feudal fortress in England that can still be used as a residence; its gray turrets towered against the deep-blue sky from above the green foliage that surrounded it. Tradition says it was founded by the daughter of King Alfred, Ethelfleda by name, but its most interesting history rests with the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose gigantic sword is shown to visitors, together with other military equipments of those early days. The family portraits are to be seen down to the present earl, who only came of age a year ago, and who gave a grand fête to his retainers on that memorable occasion. In the garden stands the Warwick Vase, a recollection of Italian days, as it was found in the depths of a lake near Tivoli.

Leamington, in the same shire as Warwick, was our next

station. It is a fashionable watering-place, as its springs of water are chalybeate, sulphurous, and saline. We had not time to visit Oxford, although it tempted us by its beautiful situation, surrounded by wooded meadows, with the Chiltern Hills in the distance, and the Cherwell River, on which the Oxford crew trained for boat-races, lying so calmly in the autumn sun.

The University, consisting of nineteen colleges and five halls, dating back to 872, the Cathedral of the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, and the ancient castle, all seen from the railway, gave an impressiveness of age and wisdom to the town that it well deserves. It was no slight defection to leave Oxford and stop at Banbury and warble softly to one's self:

"Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury cross,
And see an old woman
Upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes."

A jingle from the famous Mother Goose's melodies that would haunt us until we left Banbury and its far-famed cakes—which, I may as well mention here, are very good—in the distance, and arrived at Reading, which is as well known for its biscuits as the old woman of Banbury was for the cakes upon whose manufacture she made a fortune.

We came into London by the way of Vauxhall, which is no longer in the suburbs, so as to be a resort for persons wishing to leave the smoky city; it is a portion of London, and is sadly degenerated from its early days of garden entertainments. As we wished to take board on the Strand, No. 5 Norfolk Street, our coachman drove on the Thames Embankment, a spacious thoroughfare between Westminster

Bridge and Blackfriars' Bridge, which gave us a fine view of Cleopatra's Needle, which had been erected during our absence, as we had left it in a recumbent position on our departure. It does not appear to as good an advantage as the one in Paris does; the pedestal is either not high enough or the site itself is too low. Standing on London Bridge, it appears to be on a level with the Houses of Parliament, which detracts from its columnar proportions. Its position has been the subject of criticism by all the London newspapers, and probably some arrangement can be effected that might relieve it from its present *stumpy* appearance.

Having visited the Zoological Gardens of Paris, we thought we must not neglect those of London, as being the finest in the world; so on Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1878, we wended our way thitherward. They are situated in Regent's Park, and belong to the Zoological Society, instituted in 1826 by Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Stamford Raffles, and others as like eminent. The gardens were opened in 1828, and are divided into sixty-four compartments, which are arranged in a very picturesque manner, for one passes through rocky tunnels, over natural bridges, and bridges of art, through romantic ravines, into sequestered nooks, on verdant terraces, always seeing some curious specimen from the animal world. There were six elephants, a young lion, several antelopes and fawns, and a tiger, presented by the Prince of Wales on his return from his East India trip. The gardens had several elephants previous to his gift, one of which is used for carrying the children-visitors around the grounds. Unlike Paris, however, the English ladies and gentlemen considered it derogatory to their dignity to enjoy a ride on a dromedary or an elephant, so they were only patronized by the children. The band of the First Regiment of Life Guards discoursed some very fine and classic music for the

pleasure of the visitors, of which a regular programme was printed and distributed.

Being on the Strand, we had a much better view of the last gateway of Temple Bar, which relic probably now no longer exists, and which, we are happy to say, we saw before its entire demolition. The oaken gates were erected in 1670 by Christopher Wren, on the site of a house destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and it was considered the dividing line between the city of London and the outlying district of Westminster. It was long the custom, from Queen Elizabeth's time, to close the gates when the sovereign paid a visit to the city, and only opened after a formal demand by the herald, when the lord mayor presents the city-sword to the royal personage, which is immediately returned, and the court retinue enter the city. The heads of persons executed for high treason were placed upon iron spikes on the top of the Bar, and the last thus exhibited were the heads of Townley and Fletcher, who were implicated in the rebellion of 1745, and the skulls remained there for twenty-seven years. In what was Shire Lane, once the home of Sedley, the poet, Ashmole, the antiquarian, and Christopher Katt, the originator of the Kit-Kat Club, is now the New Courts of Law, an ornate building, very spacious, and a decided improvement to that section of the city, which is full of memories of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Isaac Newton, Cobbett, and Richardson.

I wished to attend service in the Old Temple Church, but it was closed for the summer. It is considered the oldest church edifice in London, the circular front dating back to 1185, the enlargement to 1200; it is planned after the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and was the chief ecclesiastical edifice of the Knights Templar in Britain, and is now the place of worship for the lawyers of the Inner and Middle Temples. The latter hall was built in 1562, but has received many alterations since, and is the only edifice now standing in which a

play of Shakspeare's was acted during the poet's lifetime. This was the Twelfth Night. What a transition from the bustle and glare of the city into this sequestered spot, with its quadrangular garden of five acres handsomely laid out, its cloistered walks, its buildings of Norman and Gothic architecture, and its many historic and literary recollections! The name Temple is derived from the Knights Templar, who moved here from Holborn in 1184, and the Knights Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem demised it to certain law students who wished to live away from the noise of the city. The property is now vested into the incorporated society of the "Students and Practisers of the Laws of England."

We were desirous of hearing the distinguished preacher Spurgeon before leaving the city, and therefore took Sunday morning, September 15, for another visit to the Tabernacle. Fearing a difficulty in the way of obtaining an omnibus when we reached Waterloo Bridge, we concluded to take a carriage, and thus give us an opportunity of obtaining a good seat in the chapel. Where we are now staying we find ourselves surrounded not only by churches but theatres. Of the former, we have St. Bride's, St. Mary Le Savoy, St. Mary Le Bow, the Temple of which I spoke, and Old St. Paul's. Of the latter, Adelphi, Theatre Royal, "Folly," Lyceum, Gaiety, Opera Comique, The Strand, and the Vaudeville. But here comes a four-wheeler, so we will engage that for the Tabernacle. On stepping from the carriage we were met by a man, who said to us, "Ladies, if you will contribute something to the 'Society for the Education of Young Men for the Ministry' you can go in the side-door and have good seats." Knowing that a crowd was always gathered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, we were willing to give towards the young men's assistance for a suitable recompense, particularly as the front doors were closed, and a motley assemblage was already gathered before it. I do not think our charity, although for

a laudable object, was induced by a laudable motive, hence its reward. We placed in an envelope, which we sealed, our contribution, were politely shown in by a side-door, and conducted to seats against the wall, as far away from the pulpit as possible, while the main body of the church was still empty. The ragged man, who ushered us in, needed the money we had given to the society much more than it did, but the "milk of human kindness" in our breasts was soured, and his hole-ly garments appealed in vain. We demanded the reason why the good seats were not forthcoming, but were told the centre was kept for the church members. We considered *that* perfectly correct, but we have had very serious doubts since, if that mode of raising money for the "Society for Educating Young Men for the Ministry" does not partake very much of the nature of a swindle, and we are certain that our donation did not receive a blessing from the Lord, either in its bestowal or in its subsequent use.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermon—text, St. Matthew i. 21—was not by any means a remarkable piece of eloquence, but suited to the capacity of those who daily listened to him. It was the simple gospel of Christ, excepting he made use of clap-traps in order to gain attention. One of his anecdotes, of which I can only say I saw no connection with the drift of the sermon, was in regard to the unsuitable choice of names for children by fond and doting parents. He said he was passing through a graveyard, and, as was his wont, reading the names and epitaphs inscribed on stones, of those who were sleeping beneath the sod. On one he read:

"Sacred to the memory of our
Dear departed Methusaleh,
Aged three months."

Mr. Spurgeon thought the connection between name and age incongruous at least, but could the sponsors foresee its early death?

On leaving the chapel we trusted ourselves to the tender mercy of an omnibus conductor, who promised to take us *almost* to our door, which he did *almost*, within the radius of six squares, when we could have taken one that would have brought us to the corner of Norfolk Street.

Query: What interest have the conductors of omnibuses that they *lie?* For this very man was obliged to refuse four other ladies to enter for want of room, when probably they knew better than we, their destination.

In returning we passed the Somerset House, once the site of a palace commenced by the Protector Somerset in 1547, but who was beheaded in 1552, and therefore did not see its completion. It was demolished after being the residence of several royal persons, and in 1776 the present building, after a design of Sir William Chambers, was erected, costing half a million pounds.

The river front is eight hundred feet in length, and the river terrace is fifty feet wide, and elevated fifty feet above the bed of the stream. The Strand front is one hundred and fifty-five feet long, having three arcades leading into a quadrangle three hundred and nineteen feet by two hundred and twenty-four feet. It is said there are three thousand six hundred windows in Somerset House, and nine hundred persons receive employment here, as it contains the offices of the Registrar-General, the apartments of the Astronomical and Statistical Societies, the Audit Office, the Inland Revenue Office, and others of a minor character. The quadrangle contains a bronze group, which consists of George III., with a rudder, a lion, and an emblematical figure of the Thames; the central water-gate is surmounted by a colossal mask, also emblematic of the river.

The South Kensington Museum occupied Monday, and we found it more interesting than the British Museum. It is situated at Brompton, one mile from Hyde Park Corner, and from our experience of Sunday we would only take the regu-

lar Brompton coach, although coaxed by many others to test their truthfulness in the matter of vicinity. We ignored the Patent Office, and entered the Architectural Department, where there were specimens or casts of the most curious buildings in the world,—there was the model of the pillar at Roslyn Chapel, the doorways of a gigantic temple at St. Salvador, South America, a pulpit from the temple at Delhi. Passing from this large collection, which it would take hours to describe, I noticed in another apartment iron screens from Hampton Court and a photograph of the Bayeux tapestry worked by Queen Matilda and her maidens, representing the entrance into Britain of her husband, William the Conqueror. The original was placed in the convent portion of the Bayeux Cathedral by Bishop Odo. It was two hundred and thirty feet long, and to our modern tastes very grotesque in design.

Passing into the Manuscript Room, we were attracted by an autograph letter from Macready to Forster, with his acting copy of Virginius, also an acting copy of Shakspeare, with Kean's letter. Dickens's manuscripts, together with those of Coleridge, Shelley, and other poets, being parts of the Forster collection. The Earl Spencer's collection consisted of the portraits of his family; Edmund Kean, painted by J. Halle; John Kemble; David Garrick, painted by Wooldige; Macready as Macbeth, and Kean as Sir Giles Overreach. The Dyce collection was of rare books and paintings, the latter being the choice ones of Murillo and Da Vinci. The former's "Savoyard Boy," which has been so often copied, belonged to this series. Here we also saw the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, which, together with the screens I have mentioned, have been transferred from Hampton Court. The original drawings were ten in number, made by Raphael, in 1513 and 1514, with chalk upon paper and afterwards colored in distemper, so that Pope Leo X. might have them copied

in Arras tapestry. Two sets were made, one of which still hangs in the Vatican; the second set was presented to Henry VIII., at that time Defender of the Faith. It was sold to Spain after the death of Charles I., but in 1823 an English gentleman bought it, and it was once more installed in England. Its destiny, however, was not to remain there, and it is supposed to be somewhere in Germany. Of the cartoons —there are only seven left—their history is more definite; these were purchased by Charles I., but when the royal collection was sold on his death, Cromwell bought them for three hundred pounds. George III. removed them to Buckingham Palace, then to Windsor; after twenty years' duration there, they were hung in a gallery built expressly for them by Wren in the palace at Hampton, but in 1873 they were taken to this museum, where we hope, after such vicissitudes of fortune, they may be allowed to remain.

Tuesday, September 17, 1878.—Taking the South-Western Railway we had studied, was the most expeditious way of reaching Hampton Court. It was the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, in Middlesex, on the north bank of the Thames, twelve miles from Hyde Park, and covers eight acres of ground. The cardinal presented it to Henry VIII. when he discovered that his sovereign viewed its magnificence with a jealous eye. The scenery was of the lovely lowland type, and our ride though short was pleasant. But we were beset after crossing the bridge from the station by rival hotel-keepers, endeavoring to make us promise that we would stop at each restaurant on our return to dine. We declined making any rash promises, Erato saying that we were not sure of ever returning. To which remark one man gallantly, or perhaps mercenarily, said; "I hope for your return." We dined at his house on our way back to the station, simply because, being the most energetic of the rivals, he met us up the road and escorted us in triumph to his dining-room. It

was very amusing to see his white-aproned figure dancing out of his door waving his large napkin before every pedestrian like a signal-flag.

The *magnificent residence* of the cardinal appeared to us like an almshouse or a hospital, being of brick in the quadrangular form, and no elaborate carving to please the eye. We were very much disappointed, as we had been at Versailles, but, like that palace, on entering, the handsome interior makes one forget the homeliness of the exterior. Passing the low buildings used as barracks by the soldiers stationed here, we witnessed an inspection drill of seven men by a commanding officer, which occupied about a few minutes, exercise sufficient for the rest of the day. One wing of Hampton Court has been assigned by the Queen for the home of decayed gentlewomen, widows of eminent men, and pensioners on the Queen's bounty. Lady Havelock resides here, and we saw the name of Lady Hill on the door leading to her apartments and on her garden-chair. One lady went out at the same time with us, who walked with a cane, being lame, and was dressed according to the prevailing English fashion, in a sky-blue silk with a long train, and a white lace shawl around her shoulders, and a Leghorn hat and feather. This was a travelling costume for a morning's ride in the cars! Leaving the barracks, we entered the quadrangle formed by the building, and crossing this, we reached an arched passage, and entered first the Clock Court. On its towers are terra-cotta busts of some of the Roman emperors,—a present from Leo X. to the cardinal. The next court is called "The Fountain Court," from the beautiful marble basin of water in the centre, and on its walls are paintings by Laguerre, representing the twelve labors of Hercules. The different apartments once occupied by royalty, now hung with pictures by Titian, Holbein, Vandyke, Bassano, Lely, and others of lesser merit, are divided into the First Presence Chamber, Second Presence Chamber, Audience

Chamber, King's Drawing-Room, William III.'s Bedroom, containing Queen Charlotte's state bed,—the clock at its head goes twelve months without winding; the pictures of the Windsor beauties of the court of Charles II., painted by Lely, are hung here; Dressing-Room, Writing-Closet, Queen Mary's Closet, Queen Mary's Gallery, containing four portraits of Queen Elizabeth,—one when a child, then a young woman, then in fancy dress, and her last portrait; the *Queen's Bedroom*, containing Queen Anne's state bed,—the velvet furniture and hangings being of Spitalfields manufacture; the *Queen's Drawing-Room*, which gives a splendid view from the window of the avenue of lime-trees and the canal for three-quarters of a mile, and Kingston Church in the distance; the Queen's Audience Chamber, containing some very curious paintings by Holbein, representing scenes in the life of Henry VIII. From there to the Public Dining-Room, then to the Prince of Wales's Presence Chamber, next to what was once his Drawing-Room, and then to his Bedroom, containing pictures of the families of Georges II., III., and IV. We saw the state beds of William III. and Mary, and that of George II., and then reached the gallery where once hung Raphael's cartoons, but whose titles I did not give in my account of them. The finest is "St. Paul Preaching at Athens," the remainder are: "The Death of Ananias," "Elymas struck with Blindness," "Peter and John Healing the Lame Man," "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "Christ's Charge to Peter," and "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra." We saw in the Portrait Gallery the likeness of Queen Henrietta Maria's dwarf, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, painted by Mytens. His life had been an eventful one: he had been served up at a dinner party in a pie; he had been sold as a slave in Barbary; he served as captain of horse in the civil wars; fought a duel and killed his opponent; died in prison at the age of sixty-three, where he had been immured on account of being in

the Popish Plot of 1682. Next came the Queen's Guard Chamber, Anteroom, and Presence Chamber, through which we went quickly, and returned to the quadrangle to enter "The Great Hall," which Henry VIII. completed when he made Anne Boleyn queen. It is in the Gothic style, with figures clad in mail around in niches, and the roof richly carved with the arms of Henry. The oriel window at the south bears the armorial device of Jane Seymour, as well as those of the king, also of the several bishoprics held by Wolsey. Six windows contain the coat of arms of each of Harry's six wives; the other seven bear his own heraldic devices. The tapestry on the wall gives in eight scenes the life of Abraham,—it is the work of some Flemish artist unknown; but as you ascend from the stairway, the tapestry at the entrance shows a greater age; it personifies Justice and Mercy pleading before judges. This hall is one hundred and six feet long, forty wide, and sixty high, and we can now realize the covetousness of King Henry, when a subject could surround himself with so much splendor of decorations and carvings.

Tradition gives this as the hall in which Shakspeare played before Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. It was here that the play of Henry VIII. was enacted before George I. The very spot on which the real tragedy of Wolsey's fall reached its culmination became the mimic theatre! In the Withdrawing Room, an excellent portrait of the cardinal is empanelled over the marble fireplace. In this palace Edward VI. was born; Queen Mary spent her honeymoon here with her Spanish bridegroom. Queen Elizabeth spent a portion of time here, as also did James I., and the remarkable conference between the State clergy and the Presbyterian divines took place in this edifice. James I.'s wife died here, and during the plague of 1625 Charles I. and Henrietta retired from London to this court.

One of Oliver Cromwell's daughters was married from this palace, and one died within its walls. William III. enlarged it, and laid out the park and gardens, in the manner which is criticised, as Dutch. I must own that the Dutch style was rather pleasing. His queen loved this spot, and spent most of her time here in needle-work. George II. was the last sovereign who made it a residence.

We regretted that we had not time to linger long in the "*Dutch Garden*," with its curious Maze in the portion designated as the Wilderness. The avenue of lime-trees I spoke of as presenting a beautiful vista from the window; a conservatory contains very large orange-trees, and a vinery, a black Hamburg, which is said to be the largest in Europe, were attractive scenes. The vinery has been very productive, some years yielding twenty-five hundred bunches. But the avenues with the noble trees enclosing the green sward at the side with beds of rare flowers dotting its verdure, have obliterated from our remembrance the dull exterior view of Hampton Court. It is truly a lovely spot to end one's days, as those old ladies will do, who have spent their younger hours in palaces as belles and amid the historic haunts of old England, thus to live their lives over again in mutual reminiscences or hearing of the honors gained by the present peeresses in the Court of St. James.

PART NINTH.

RETURNING.

"We're homeward bound, homeward bound."

THIS is to be, September 17, our last entire day in London, for a while at least, so we must make good use of it, and for a woman to make good use of time, is to go a shopping, so a shopping we went. Clio must have a tin box, like all the Englishwomen carry in travelling. She had insinuated *tin box*, hinted *tin box*, avowed *tin box*, decided *tin box*.

"What will you do with it when you have it at home? American ladies do not carry tin boxes."

"I shall use it as a bread-box," she answered, triumphantly.

We succumbed to this; a masculine tongue might argue away this domestic sophistry, but a feminine eye saw economy in a bread-box.

So we concluded to walk to the Strand by the way of Holborn, thence on to Threadneedle Street, visit our dear friends Brown and Shipley, in Founder's Court, Lothbury, and pick up whatever notions we thought we would like on our way, such as tin boxes, etc.

One of our subjects of wonderment during our stay in London was the very poor taste evinced by the English ladies in regard to dress; we, charitably, laid their unartistic appearance to the variableness of climate, but candidly think weather is a poor argument for lawn dresses and velvet polonaises, the latter trimmed with common lace, and heavy furs in summer-time are certainly not the apparel of necessity. The reserve and hauteur of the English people were more

apparent to us after the warm hospitality and ready speech of the Irish and the volubility of the French, and only twice had we the satisfaction of arousing a Londoner from his immobility, although both incidents were entirely unpremeditated.

Once we were taking our usual walk to the bankers, and remarking upon the public buildings, Pomona said, "Now, there's the Bank of England——"

"Why, my dear, that's St. Paul's!" was instantly remarked by a gentleman passing.

"I know that; thank you, sir," was the reply. "I was only speaking about the bank as an edifice."

"Beg pardon, madam," and lifting his hat, as English gentlemen invariably do when speaking to a lady, walked on.

If we had wanted to be informed of our whereabouts, we would have been querying on all sides before we could have obtained it. Another time Clio burst out laughing at an amusing episode of Erato's, and a remark by a passer-by, "*What a hearty laugh!*" recalled her to the fact that she was in a city of sombre visages, where even a smiling countenance provoked a stare.

Going lazily along Southampton Row, where hansoms and four-wheelers were ranged in single-file like a funeral, we noticed one very similar to an old stage-coach, and heading the line like a veteran of coaches. A brilliant idea seized Erato, and calling the driver, she asked him his fare to Fen Church Station for four ladies, four trunks, and hand-luggage.

"*Six shillin's, ma'am.*"

"What will you ask for the same party to the head of Tidal Basin, Victoria Docks?"

"Eleven shillin's, ma'am," was the reply.

We saw at once the trouble this arrangement would save us,—once in the coach, no more jumping in and out with sundry parcels, but be safely landed on the Italy.

"For my part, I shall be thankful when I can lay this burden of luggage down. I do not mean literally as much as figuratively, for I find myself counting parcels in my sleep, until my brain is weary," said one of *us* four.

"We'll engage that coach; bring a man to help you with the *boxes*," as they say in England, "and be sure to be at No. 15 Brunswick Square exactly at eleven o'clock, and have something to cover over our baggage in case of rain."

It was well the last suggestion was made, for rain it did on that eventful day of September 18 when *we four* started away from London, with the song of "*Home, Sweet Home*," fluttering on our lips and nestling closely in our bosoms.

Rain! aye, marry, *rain;* like the memorable 18th of June in Philadelphia, so fell the rain in London on the 18th of September. Two hours and a half's ride with the cab-windows closed was not a pleasant sensation, but we were old travellers now and bore discomforts with equanimity.

"There's the Seamen's Rest! We must be near the Victoria Docks."

"Yes, and the Mariner's Bethel!"

So we talked; but on, on we went; passed sailors' homes and mariners' rests and seamen's bethels, dog's-meat establishments, cat's-meat establishments (for these are special industries in London, the venders supplying private families with meat for their domestic animals), until we thought London one avenue of wharves or a depthless mercantile whirlpool. But here we are at last, the flag-ship Italy looking more immense beside one of the neat but smaller craft of the Anchor Line that lay within a few feet of the national bark. Still the rain cometh down, and our "*boxes*" remain on the quay, becoming more and more wet, as the officers of the company must finish their dinners before they can be taken aboard. We had passed on our way an open wagon full of people dressed in bright colors and without umbrel-

las, so that the artificial flowers in their hats were beginning to look faded and the ribbons limp. Standing on the deck of the Italy, we saw this same wagon approaching, and learned that two of its occupants were going to seek their fortune in America, and had taken passage in the steerage. There was one woman there who had left the United States, so we were told by the stewardess, as a first-class passenger about one year ago, but had squandered her money in Europe, and now was going back to retrieve her fallen fortunes, to the only country in which she could be sure of a living for herself and two children,—this America, the Paradise of the poor.

How different were the two startings! We left New York amid cheers and smiles, every one wishing us "bon voyage." It was a pleasure-trip for the saloon passengers and for the steerage. If those of the latter were not going on a visit, they were returning, comfortably clad and well supplied, to live in their native land.

But it was a sad sight to leave Victoria Docks, London. The steerage comprised one hundred and eleven souls seeking a land where this poverty that clung to them like an incubus could be shaken off; where life had some attractions beyond the mere sickly toil that seemed to be their birthright; and those who stood on shore and blessed their departure with trembling hands, and bade them farewell with tear-stained faces, knew that the eternal fiat had gone forth, "*they would never meet again on earth!*" And as for the cabin passengers, numbering fifty-eight, many, like us, were only tourists, who left no ties in Europe but those of pleasant associations, which can again be renewed. Others, mostly Canadians, bade affectionate good-byes to relatives, with the promise of visiting them soon again. Still, the dark shadow of that farewell, and the weeping clouds above us, threw a gloom over our departure, which was not removed by lying at Gravesend all night; but when the sun rose brightly on

Thursday morning, and the billows dimpled and smiled in the sunlight, we felt our spirits lighten as we steamed merrily on. But suddenly the passengers crowded to the lee side of the vessel.

"What is the matter?" sounded from many mouths and looked from questioning eyes.

"The wreck of the Princess Alice," was the reply.

And as we floated past that dark hull, just seen above the surface, that terrible incident loomed before us that threw all London in mourning, when over six hundred men, women, and children were hurried into eternity without scarcely a warning, in the very midst of pleasant thoughts and pleasant surroundings!

We numbered seven of the former passengers of the Canada, but did not have as agreeable a voyage on account of the autumnal storms, which not only augmented sea-sickness but originated fear. We had two accidents, which lost us two nights of travel; one was caused by the eccentric rod of the engine breaking, and the other by the somewhat eccentric action of the propeller; to remove the latter injury the immense vessel was thrown to leeward, while the men were lowered by means of ropes to mend the damaged screw, which gave the passengers reasons for supposing that our destination was downwards instead of onwards, causing much consternation. We had only been out three days before a rumor was circulated that we would put back for repairs, but I believe our dangers were more imaginary than real, for we had a good captain and a staunch crew, and in these days of so much ocean travel, the distance across is comparatively short. I often thought and spoke of Columbus in his first voyage to an unknown bourne, and pictured him straining his eyeballs far over the trackless ocean, until one of our gentlemen passengers ridiculed my fancy stretches into the illimitable past, so I cherished my Columbus views alone. One lady said to

us, "Just think of drifting for days and weeks, as we seem to be doing now, with nothing but crackers and water to live on."

"Crackers and water! what a blessing!" was the answer the remark called forth.

"A blessing! What do you see in that for a blessing, for even now the provisions are spoiling?"

"Oh, I only thought you were going to mention drifting for days and weeks, without putting in the crackers and water."

"I believe," and the sea-sick lady spoke vehemently, "you have no fear at all, or else do not see our danger!"

"True!" the other replied. "I had that compliment paid to me once before, when in peril, that *I was too stupid to see danger*. It may be so, but I had christened the feeling *Faith* instead of stupidity."

We endeavored to get up another entertainment, similar to the one we had on the Canada, but it failed for lack of energy on the part of the sea-sick passengers, although there was talent enough for the purpose.

We had on board a very quiet gentleman, who took no part in any of the amusements of the passengers, such as checkers or cards when it was stormy, or a shuffle-board pastime on deck when it was clear, but at length he was induced to play a game of checkers with our best player on board, and his wonderful moves astonished his opponent so much that the query burst forth, "*Who are you?*" The name was quietly uttered, but it was of one who had taken a successful part in the "Grand Chess Contest" that was held in Paris in 1878. He was not solicited very often afterwards to be a victor in a petty game.

So dull and spiritless, with "*dirty weather*," as the sailors termed it, always upon us, and with their cheering promises that we were approaching the "*Devil's Hole*," that made us think every time we made a lurch and found ourselves in the trough of the sea that we had certainly arrived at the station

designated, it was a joyous relief to see the revolving beacon off of Rhode Island, and to be told that the pilot would board us that night. How anxiously we watched that dark mass on the horizon, with just a glimmering light, as it appeared in the fog, at its bow, when we were told it was the *pilot ship!* A small boat was lowered from its side with a lantern swinging above it, and as it came towards us, sometimes rising on the breast of the wave and then sinking with its pulsations into its depths, it looked like a fairy shell that the enchanter's wand would cause to disappear before our anxious vision. But no! cheerily she still comes on, a very insect sporting before our mammoth ship, until she is near enough for the usual formal questions to be asked and answered, then nearer again, and the rope-ladder is thrown over the side of the Italy and Pilot Number 6 has boarded us, and with the prospect of home we retire to our berths under the protecting care of our new arrival. Soon we will listen no more for the cry of "*All's well*" in the silent hours of the night, or count the bell-strokes to know the hours before the morning dawns, for will we not in the morning see the hills and the valleys of our own land?

I must tell you of a dogmatic Englishman, who had been one of the *crosses* we had to bear on our voyage *across*. He had never been outside of his "*tight little island*," and had some very erroneous ideas on the subject of the United States, which notions the American gentlemen took especial care to foster. He was already supplied with revolvers and other weapons for self-defence in that terrible city of New York, to which he was going for a week's visit. He imagined the Fifth Avenue Hotel was a shanty, where *roughs* met and meals could be obtained at the rate of twenty-five cents apiece. "I understand, miss," he said to me in his unmistakable English drawl, "that in your cities the poor are obliged to keep on one side of the street, as the rich monopolize the other. Is it so?"

The absurdity of making such a distinction inclined me to laugh, but I answered as well as my risible muscles would allow me, "Indeed, Mr. B., I have never noticed any distinction, as I try to take the wealthy side of the roadway myself."

As we approached New York we asked another English gentleman, but who was much better posted in regard to American affairs, to explain the position of the city to Mr. B.

After admiring the fort with its bristling guns, the villas on the banks, the splendid bridge that connects the sister cities, looking like a ribbon in the autumnal haze, the spires and domes of the churches and public buildings, the trees just arraying themselves in their gorgeous splendor, he quietly remarked "that things looked different from what he expected."

We hope he has gone back to his native shore with enlarged opinions, with broader charity, with increased love for the good and beautiful wherever it may be found, with tender reminiscences of his voyage and visit, having grown in knowledge and expansion of thought and feeling as *we four* have done from our trip to Europe.

I have brought my book to a close with reluctance. Even over the small portion of the Continent and Great Britain that we traversed there is revealed a wealth of information that I have found myself too trammelled within the limits of this book, to lavish as I would, and only the thought of not being burdensome to my readers has led me to cull out from my notes what I hope will prove the choicest bits for their tastes.

THE END.

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